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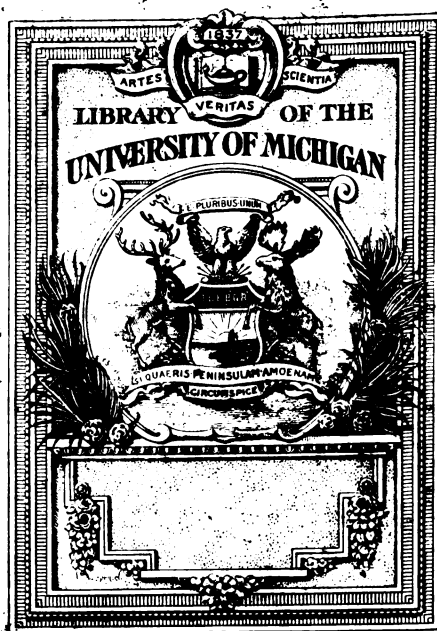
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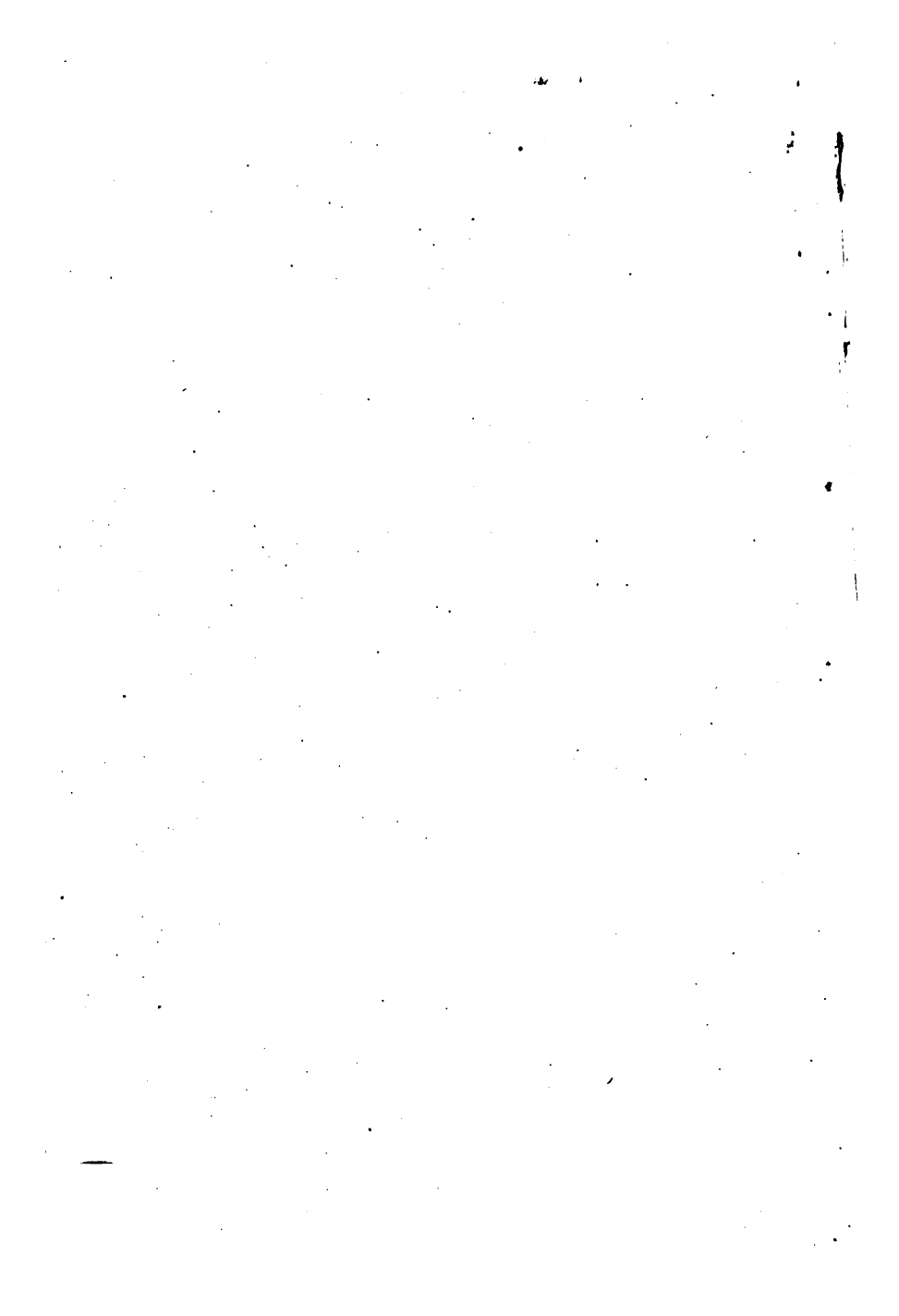
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KING CHARLES II.

London Richard Bentley 1855

MEMOIRS
OF
THE COURT OF ENGLAND
DURING
THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS,
INCLUDING
THE PROTECTORATE.

By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE.

NEW EDITION, REVISED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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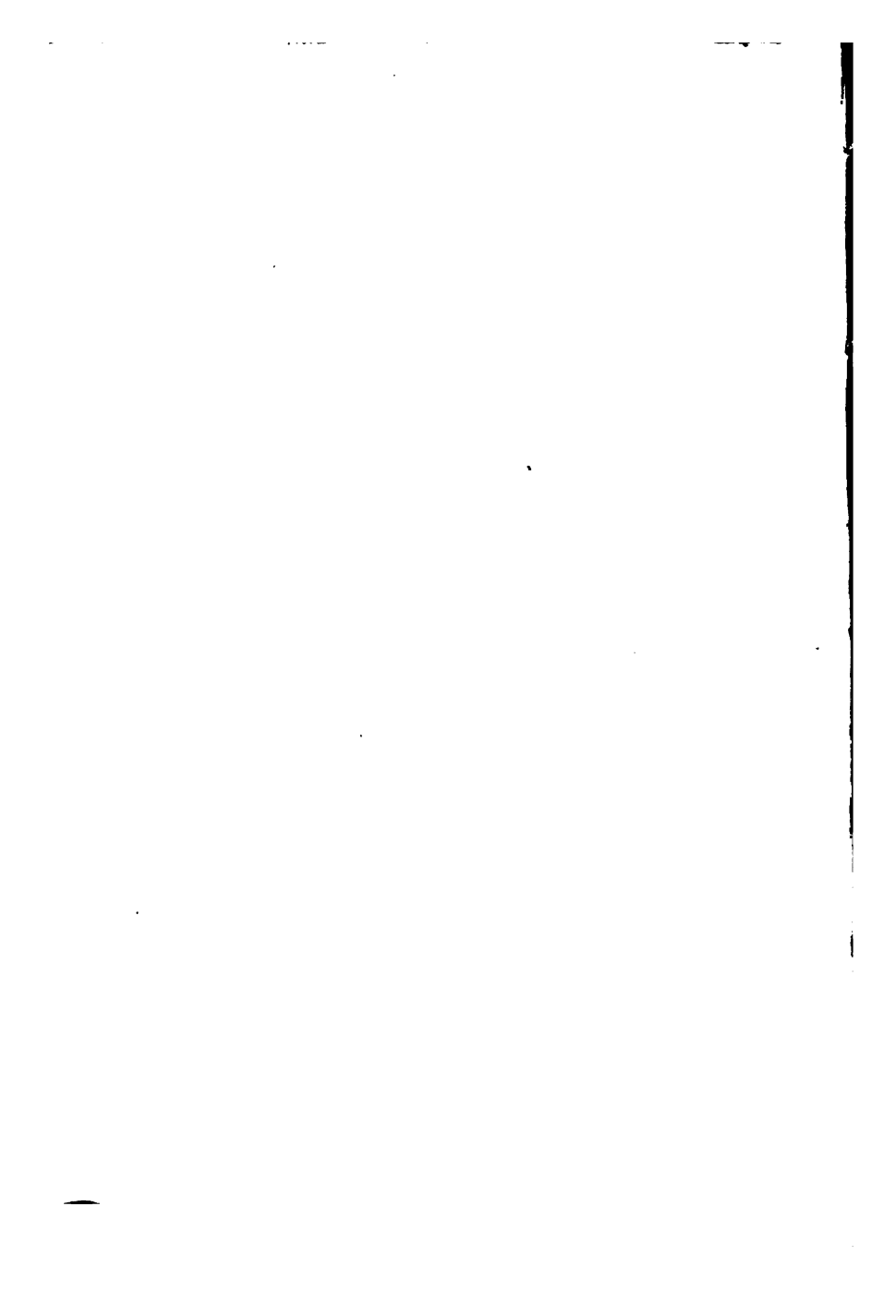
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MEMOIRS

CONCERNING

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ALTHOUGH her position as Queen of Great Britain was a splendid and an envied one, and although few persons, who have attained to the age of threescore years and ten, have passed through life more happily exempt from those domestic afflictions which are the lot of humanity, the story of Catherine of Braganza is nevertheless a melancholy one. Accustomed in her childhood to the strict rules, the rigid discipline, and narrow intercourse

of a convent ; ignorant of the vices of the other sex, and incapable of comprehending the possible existence of such a character as Charles the Second, she was suddenly led forth to become the wife of an unprincipled voluptuary, and to preside over the most licentious court in Europe. As many as five years had elapsed since she had last emerged from the quiet courts and gardens of her father's palace, when, as the accepted and affianced wife of Charles, she ventured into the streets of Lisbon, to return thanks to her tutelary saints for the splendid future which she believed to be her destiny. So charmed was the Queen of Portugal with her daughter's elevation, and so satisfied was Catherine herself that a life of happiness awaited her, that when they parted for the first and last time on the Quay of Lisbon, neither mother nor daughter shed a single tear. She was destined to be signally and bitterly disappointed. Friendless and almost companionless in a foreign land ; exposed, by the eccentricity of her national costume and the stiffness of her foreign manners, to the merciless ridicule of licentious men, and the half-suppressed titters of shameless women ; deserted, almost in the first weeks of her marriage for more alluring charms ; uniting moreover the conventional pride which is engendered in the atmosphere of a small court, with all the deep sensitiveness of her sex, and the proverbial jealousy of her native land,—thus rendering the indignities to which she was exposed the more insufferable,—we can imagine few trials more bitter, few situations more mortifying, than were those of this unoffending and ill-treated Princess.

Charles had scarcely been settled quietly on his throne, when his future marriage became no less a matter of common interest and gossip among his subjects,

than one of solemn discussion at the council-board. The eligibility of one or two German Princesses had been advocated by some of his councillors, but Charles rejected such an alliance with horror. "Odd's fish," he exclaimed, "I could not marry one of them; *they are all foggy*." The fact was that they were portionless. The King was in want of money, and accordingly the wealthy daughter of the House of Braganza, endowed as she was with some personal charms, presented herself to him as the most eligible consort he could select. Half a million of money; the Island of Bombay in the East Indies; the fortress of Tangier on the coast of Africa,—which promised protection in the Mediterranean to the merchant-trade of England,—and lastly a guarantee of sharing in the hitherto exclusive trade with Brazil and the East Indies,—certainly constituted a tempting and splendid dowry. Lastly, the favourable reports which he received of the Infanta's accomplishments, and the not untempting features presented in a miniature-portrait of her, which he received from Lisbon, decided the choice of the unscrupulous monarch. Contemplating her portrait for a few moments,—“He was sure, he said, that person could not be unhandsome.” A well-known miniature, sold at the recent spoliation of the famous collection at Strawberry Hill, is said to have been the identical portrait which influenced Charles in his selection of a partner of his throne.

Catherine, Infanta of Portugal, was the only daughter of Juan, Duke of Braganza, who so nobly threw off the yoke of Spain, and restored monarchy to Portugal, after an interruption of nearly sixty years. Her mother was Lucia, daughter of Guzman Duke of Medina Sidonia, a Spanish grandee. Catherine was born at Villa Vicosia, in Portugal, on St. Catherine's Day, the 25th of November,

1638, and had attained her twenty-fourth year at the time of her marriage.

The articles of the marriage treaty having been signed on both sides, the Earl of Sandwich was despatched from England with a gallant squadron of ships, with directions to take possession of Tangier, and, on his return, to bring home the bride. According to Echard and other writers, the Earl married her for the King by proxy. We have the authority, however, of King James that she refused to be married to a Protestant representative, and consequently trusted herself implicitly to the faith of the English nation.* The experiment, considering the character of Charles, was rather dangerous; especially as her dowry was only half paid at the time, and then in the shape of jewels, cotton, sugar, and other articles of merchandise. It was not till the eve of the embarkation of the Infanta, that Lord Sandwich received an intimation from the Court of Lisbon, of its inability to pay the stipulated sum. Thus Charles received his bride and his disappointment at the same moment. As the dowry was to have been paid entirely in gold, the long face of the "merry monarch," over his bales of cotton and tubs of sugar, must have been sufficient to provoke the mirth even of his dullest courtier.

The Infanta sailed from Lisbon on the 23rd of April,

* To enable her to be married in Portugal to a Protestant Prince, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, it was necessary that a dispensation should be obtained from the Pope. As the independence of Portugal had not yet been acknowledged by the See of Rome, Catherine would necessarily have been designated, in the deed of dispensation, merely as the sister of the Duke of Braganza. "Accordingly," says Lord Clarendon, "before they would receive that affront, the most jealous nation in the world chose rather to send the daughter of the kingdom to be married in England; and not to be married till she came thither."

and after a voyage, which lasted three weeks, during which she suffered severely from sea-sickness, arrived at Portsmouth on the 14th of May, 1662. She had been met off the Isle of Wight by the Duke of York, then Lord High Admiral of England, who was instantly admitted into her cabin and placed in a chair on her right hand. Catherine was seated under a canopy, on a throne which was contrived for the occasion. Lord Chesterfield says in his "Short Notes:"—"His royal highness, out of compliment to the King, would not salute her; to the end that his Majesty might be the first man that ever had received that favour; she coming out of a country where it was not the fashion." * Notwithstanding her sufferings during the voyage, it appears that, from some unaccountable reason, it was six days before she landed.

At Portsmouth, Catherine was received with every possible honour. "The nobility and gentry," says Heath, "and multitudes of Londoners, in most rich apparel, and in great numbers, waited on the shore for her landing. And the Mayor and Aldermen, and principal persons of that corporation, being in their gowns, and with a present and speech, were ready to entertain her; the cannon and small shot, both from round that town, and from the whole fleet echoing to one another the loud proclamations of their joy." In consequence of having some important bills to pass through Parliament, it was not till the 19th of May, five days after the arrival of Catherine at Portsmouth, that Charles set off from Whitehall to welcome his bride. At nine o'clock at night, accompanied only by Prince Rupert, and attended by a troop of the life-guards, he entered the Duke of

* Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, Memoir, p. 21.

Northumberland's coach, and soon after ten arrived at Kingston-on-Thames. At the further end of the town he entered a coach of the Earl of Chesterfield, which was in readiness, and, attended by the Duke of York's guard, reached Guildford before twelve; thus performing a distance of thirty-five miles in less than three hours. At Guildford the King passed the night, and after travelling on the following day with the same speed, arrived at Portsmouth at noon.

Catherine, in consequence of being indisposed, was in her own chamber, and in bed, when the King arrived. He was nevertheless admitted to the apartment. Of their interview he has himself given us an account. The following letter in his own hand-writing, addressed to Lord Clarendon, and indorsed by the Chancellor, is preserved in the British Museum. It contains a graphic picture of the royal bride, and is remarkable for that easy conversational style, so seldom to be found in the epistolary correspondence of the seventeenth century.

“Portsmouth, 21st May, eight in the morning.

“I arrived here yesterday about two in the afternoon, and as soon as I had shifted myself, I went into my wife's chamber, whom I found in bed, by reason of a little cough and some inclination to a fever. I can now give you an account of what I have seen, which, in short, is:—her face is not so exact as to be called a beauty, though her eyes are excellent good, and not anything in her face that in the least degree can shame one; on the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks as ever I saw, and if I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born. Her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good, for she has wit enough, and a most agreeable

voice. You will wonder to see how well we are acquainted already; in a word, I think myself very happy, for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together. I have not time to say any more. My Lord Lieutenant will give you an account of the rest. C."

To Clarendon he again writes, four days afterwards:—"I cannot easily tell you how happy I think myself; and I must be the worst man living (which I hope I am not) if I be not a good husband: I am confident never two humours were better fitted together than ours are."

Such, at the first days of their married life, was the favourable impression made by Catherine of Braganza on the fickle heart of Charles. In the circle, however, of his gay courtiers, he seems to have subsequently spoken of her in very different language. To Colonel Legge he said, that when he first saw her, "he thought they had brought him a *bat* instead of a woman." *

The day after the King's arrival, they were married—privately in the first instance, and according to the rites of the Romish faith—by Lord Aubigny, almoner to the Queen Dowager. The ceremony took place in Catherine's bed-chamber, in the presence of Philip, afterwards Cardinal Howard, and five of her Portuguese attendants, male and female, who were pledged to the profoundest secrecy. Subsequently, Sheldon, Bishop of London, united them publicly according to the ceremonials of the Protestant Church. King James informs us that Catherine refused to be "bedded," till the bishop had pronounced them man and wife. As soon as the ceremony was at an end, a profusion of blue ribbons, with which the bride was decorated, was detached from her dress by the Countess of Suffolk, and distributed among

* Burnet, vol. i. p. 315; Note by Lord Dartmouth.

the scrambling spectators. Charles presented his bride with a gold toilet, valued at four hundred pounds. They remained at Portsmouth till the 27th, and from thence proceeded, by way of Windsor, to Hampton Court, at which latter palace they arrived on Charles's birthday, the 29th of May. In the parish register of St. Thomas à Becket, of Portsmouth, may still be seen an entry recording the ill-assorted marriage of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza.

We have accounts, from more than one contemporary writer, of Catherine's personal appearance at this period. When Evelyn was first admitted into her presence, he found her surrounded by her Portuguese ladies, remarkable, he tells us, for their olive complexions and "immense fardingales." The Queen, he says, had the same appearance, but was much the handsomest of the party. Though short in stature, her figure was good, and her eyes "languishing and excellent." The only fault the philosopher had to find, was that her teeth projected a little too far; a blemish also remarked by Lord Dartmouth. But the most pleasing portrait of Catherine was drawn by her chamberlain, Lord Chesterfield, who was introduced to her previous to her landing, and who thus describes his first impressions in a letter to a Mr. Bates:—"Now as for the Queen, of whom I know you desire the description, you may credit her being a very extraordinary woman; that is, extremely devout, extremely discreet, very fond of her husband, and the owner of a good understanding. As to her person, she is exactly shaped, and has lovely hands, excellent eyes, a good countenance, a pleasing voice, fine hair, and, in a word, is what an understanding man would wish a wife. Yet, I fear all this will hardly make things run in the right channel; but if it should,

I suppose our Court will require a new modelling, and then the profession of an honest man's friendship will signify more than it does at present, from your very humble servant." *

Reresby, too, had an early sight of the new Queen :—
 "She was a very little woman," he says, "with a pretty tolerable face: she, neither in person or manners, had any one article to stand in competition with the charms of the Countess of Castlemaine, since Duchess of Cleveland, the finest woman of her age." Pepys says that, though not very charming, the new Queen had a good, honest, and innocent look. Waller is, as usual, fulsome in her praise. He not only speaks of her "matchless beauty"† at this period, but twenty-one years afterwards, when she was in her forty-fourth year, the old but still courtly poet thus celebrates her charms :—

"She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
 Bright as she was at her arrival here."

Waller has especially celebrated the beauty of her eyes. In an ode, addressed to her on her birthday, in 1663, he exclaims :—

"An hundred times may you,
 With eyes as bright as now,
 This welcome day behold!"

And again, "On a card that her Majesty tore at ombre" :—

"The cards you tear in value rise;
 So do the wounded by your eyes;
 Who to celestial things aspire,
 Are by that passion raised the higher."

The disagreeable portrait, which Lord Dartmouth has

* Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, p. 123.

† Ode to "To the Queen, after her Majesty's happy recovery from a dangerous sickness."

drawn of Catherine in her more advanced years, affords a striking contrast to the encomiums of Waller. "She was very short and broad," he says, "of a swarthy complexion; one of her fore-teeth stood out, which held up her upper lip; had some very nauseous distempers, besides exceedingly proud and ill-favoured." *

The high ruffs and "monstrous fardingales" worn by the Queen and her olive-coloured attendants, as well as the surpassing ugliness of the latter, excited the horror of all the admirers of female beauty, and was a fund of amusement to the wits of the Court. The poor Queen had been persuaded by her own people that the English ladies would willingly adopt their fantastic attire:—

"She seemed a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a topknot, and a ruff."—SWIFT.

But though our countrywomen have never been famous for their taste in dress, and have usually adopted any ridiculous fashion of their French neighbours, yet the costume of the new-comers was too outrageous even for them. The world, however, had not long reason to complain of the vast circumference of the Queen's hoop nor of the height and stiffness of her ruff. Yielding to the entreaties of her husband, she not only conformed to a more becoming attire, but even fell into the opposite extreme. "The Queen of Charles II.," says Mr. D'Israeli, "exposed her breast and shoulders without even the glass of the lightest gauze; and the tucker, instead of standing up on her bosom, is with licentious boldness turned down, and lies upon her stays."

Of the hideous train which accompanied her, De

* Burnet, vol. i. p. 315; Note by Lord Dartmouth.

Granmont has left us an amusing account. "The new Queen," he says, "gave but little additional brilliancy to the Court, either in her person or her retinue, which was then composed of the Countess de Panétra, who came over with her in the quality of lady of the bed-chamber; six frights, who called themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to these extraordinary beauties. Among the men were Francis de Melo, brother to the Countess de Panétra; one Taurauvégez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but a greater fool than all the Portuguese put together. He was more vain of his names than of his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the nickname of Peter of the Wood. Poor Pedro was so enraged at this, that after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, he was obliged at last to quit England, leaving to the happy Buckingham the possession of a Portuguese nymph, still more hideous than any of the Queen's maids of honour, whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, and a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, apparently without employment, who called himself her Highness's barber." Catherine of Braganza was far from appearing with splendour in the charming Court where she came to reign: however, in the end she was pretty successful. Lord Clarendon speaks of her female attendants, as "for the most part old, ugly, and proud." Charles, with the exception of the Countess Penalva and a few underlings, shortly afterwards despatched them to their own country. Lord Chesterfield tells us that the ladies of the Queen's train carried their prudery to such a ridiculous length,

as to refuse to lie in any bed which had ever been lain in by a man.

Shortly after her arrival, an allowance of 40,000*l.* a-year was settled on the new Queen for the maintenance of her court,* which, if not brilliant, was at least sufficiently numerous. There may be some persons to whom it may be interesting to glance over the list of her household as it appears in the *Angliæ Notitia* for 1669,—the “Court Guide” of the reign of Charles II.

ECCLIASTICAL GOVERNMENT.

Grand Almoner, with the Superintendence of the Ecclesiastics—

Father Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk.

Almoners—

Bishop Russell.

Father Patrick.

Father Manuel Pereira.

*Her Majesty's Confessor.—*Father Antonio Fernandez.

*Treasurer of the Chapel—*Dr. Thomas Godden.

Two Portuguese Preachers.

Six English Fathers, Benedictines.

Eleven Franciscan Friars.

Musicians belonging to the Chapel, Persons serving at the Altar,

Porters, &c.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT OF HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

*Lord Chamberlain—*Viscount Cornbury.

*Stewart of the Revenue—*Lord Hollis.

*Chancellor and Keeper of Her Majesty's Great Seal—*Viscount Brounker.

*Vice Chamberlain—*Sir William Killigrew.

*Treasurer and Receiver-General—*John Harvey, Esq.

*Master of the Horse—*Ralph Montagu, Esq.

*Principal Secretary and Master of Requests—*Sir Richard Bellings, Knt.

*Surveyor General—*Sir Francis Slingsby.

*Attorney General—*William Montagu, Esq.

*Solicitor General—*Sir Robert Atkins, K.B.

* It would seem that up to the month of May, 1663, she had received but 4000*l.*—*Pepys' Diary*, vol.ii. p. 149.

Auditor General—Harold Kinnesman, Esq.
Sergeant-at-Law—Sir Frederick Hyde, Knt.
Clerk of the Council—Richard Mariot.

Gentleman Ushers of the Privy Chamber—
 Sir Hugh Cholmley, Bart. Francis Roper.
 George Porter, Esq. John Horn.
 Alexander Stanhope.

Cup-bearers—
 Sir Nicholas Slaning, K.B. Henry Guy, Esq.

Carvers—
 Gabriel de Sylviis, Esq. Sir John Elwes, Knt.

Sewers—
 Sir Charles Windham, Knt. John Griffith, Esq.
 Five Gentleman Ushers, Daily Waiters.
 Six Grooms of the Privy Chamber.
 Seven Gentlemen Ushers, Quarterly Waiters.
 Apothecary. Surgeon.
 Six Pages of the Bed-chamber attending the Back Stairs.
 Four Pages of the Presence.

Officers belonging to the Robes—
 A Purveyor, a Proveditor, Clerk, Yeoman, Groom, Page, Taylor, and
 Brusher.

Twelve Grooms of the Great Chamber.
 One Porter of the Back Stairs.
 A Master of the Queen's Barge, and Twenty-four Watermen.
Groom of the Stole and Lady of the Robes and Privy Purse—
 The Countess of Suffolk.

Ladies of the Bedchamber—
 Duchess of Buckingham. Countess of Falmouth.
 Duchess of Richmond. Lady Marshall.
 Countess of Bath. Lady Gerard.
 Countess of Castlemaine.

Maids of Honour—
 Miss Simona Carew. Miss Henrietta Maria Price.
 Miss Catherine Bainton. Miss Winifred Wells.

Mother of the Maids—Lady Sanderson.

Chambriers or Dressers—
 Lady Scrope (also Madam Nurse). Mrs. de Sylviis.

Lady Killegrew.

Mrs. Thornhill.

Lady Fraser.

Lady Clinton.*

A Laundress, a Semstress, a Starcher, &c.

The officers below stairs, as well as those attached to the Queen's stables, were paid by the King. The further sum of 20,000*l.* a-year was allowed for these services.

Catherine was possessed of no shining qualities, and of few graceful accomplishments. A love of music and dancing formed almost her only gratifications. To the latter amusement she was childishly attached. In some verses, entitled, "The Queen's Ball," published in the *State Poems*, she is styled,—

" Ill-natured little goblin, and designed
For nothing but to dance and vex mankind."

"The greatest fault of Catherine of Braganza," says Sir Walter Scott, "was her being educated a Catholic; her greatest misfortune bearing the King no children: and her greatest foible an excessive love of dancing."† The fact that Catherine possessed graces neither of mind nor body, by which she could long hope to enchain her wayward and libertine husband, was the great misfortune of her life. Clarendon, however, attributes her loss of his affection rather to her bigotry and indifferent education than to her want of personal accomplishments. At first, he says, her person had rather pleased the King, but the charm ceased with the novelty, and indifference speedily followed. Pepys, who first saw her at the court of Queen Henrietta Maria, at Somerset House, mentions a pleasing anecdote illustrative of the affectionate interest which, in spite of the tears and

* In the last year of King Charles's reign, we find the number of the Queen's dressers increased to fifteen.

† Dryden's *Works*, edited by Sir Walter Scott.

remonstrances of Lady Castlemaine, Charles continued to take in his foreign bride during the first few months after their marriage. Charles, it seems, excited a good deal of merriment among the bystanders by endeavouring to prove that his wife was with child. Some good-humoured *badinage* followed, to which she at length retorted, in plain English, "You lie." As these were the first words she had been heard to speak in that language, the King's mirth increased, and he endeavoured to make her repeat in English, "Confess and be hanged."

But this uxorious playfulness was destined to have a speedy termination. The fame, it seems, of the King's connexion with the Duchess of Cleveland (then Lady Castlemaine) had reached Lisbon in the days of the Queen's betrothment. Accordingly, when Catherine had departed for England, her mother very properly enjoined her never even to permit the name of the royal mistress to be repeated in her presence. What, then, must have been her feelings when, on perusing the list of her new household, she discovered the name of her rival as one of the ladies of her bed-chamber! She instantly and very spiritedly drew her pen across the hateful name, and, when the King remonstrated with her, retorted proudly that she would sooner return to her family than submit to such an atrocious insult. Her opposition had its effect at the time. Charles, however, imagining that she had subsequently become more pliable, a short time afterwards made a second and still more cruel attempt to thrust his mistress into the private society of his wife. The Queen, on a state-day, was receiving company at Hampton Court, when Charles, to the astonishment of the gay crowd, led his beautiful mistress into the apartment, and formally presented her

to the Queen. The name was, perhaps, imperfectly pronounced, for Catherine at first received her rival without any apparent emotion. Suddenly, however, a bitter consciousness of degradation seemed to flash across her mind; the colour went from her cheek, and she burst into tears. A moment afterwards the blood flowed from her nose, and she fainted. She was carried into another room, and the company retired.

This painful scene, and the disgraceful circumstances which gave rise to it, were much canvassed at the time. It was now evident to the courtiers that it was a contest between the Queen and the favourite sultana; and accordingly the Court waited in anxiety for the result. In addition to the anxiety which he felt to domesticate his beautiful mistress in the royal apartments at Whitehall, Charles had many other motives which induced him to persist in these grievous acts of injustice against his friendless consort. He was alarmed for the reputation of his mistress; he believed his own character for manliness to be at stake; he imagined the world would think he was governed by his wife; and, above all things, he feared the ridicule of his friends. After a short interval, therefore, during which he treated the Queen with all possible kindness, and made use of all those arts which he well knew how to exercise towards women, he again took an opportunity of reverting to the painful subject. He intimated to her that his honour was at stake: he assured her that his intimacy with her rival had entirely ceased since his marriage; and concluded by solemnly promising her that not only should it never again be revived, but that on no occasion whatever should she ever have to reproach him with infidelity. The poor Queen, however, could scarcely hear him to an end: all her native jealousy was aroused, and she burst

forth into a fit of uncontrolled agony, even more overpowering than the first.

Charles now applied himself to his Lord Chancellor. He related to him all that had passed between Catherine and himself, and concluded by earnestly desiring him to propitiate the Queen, and to induce her to consent to the discreditable arrangement which he had so much at heart. It was a delicate negotiation, not only for a Lord Chancellor to undertake, but for any man of honour; or indeed for any person possessed even of the commonest feelings of humanity. To Clarendon it must have been especially disagreeable. Not only must it have been a most painful task to persuade a friendless woman and a foreigner to associate with her husband's concubine,—to take advantage of her weakness and ignorance,—to pander for another man,—to have persuasion on his lips, with a lie in his heart,—but, moreover, the Chancellor was unfortunately on the worst terms with Lady Castlemaine. She was at the head of the party who exposed him to daily ridicule; and, indeed, the quarrel had commenced by his forbidding his wife to visit her on account of her indifferent morals. How, therefore, could he conscientiously advise his Queen to associate with an abandoned woman, whom he had himself excluded as a contamination from his own hearth!

Clarendon very honestly and very forcibly laid these objections before the King. He reminded Charles how he himself had formerly blamed a neighbouring monarch, who had been guilty of similar cruelty: he implored him to desist from so dishonourable an act; and, as he himself tells us, expatiated on "*the hard-heartedness and cruelty in laying such a command upon the Queen, which flesh and blood could not comply with.*" Charles, though he listened to the Chancellor with

patience, yet obstinately refused to retract. Clarendon, therefore, should have acted the part of an honest man: it was his bounden duty to have declined to interfere further in the disgraceful negotiation; and, if necessary, he should have thrown up the Chancellor's seals. But no: notwithstanding all the canting abhorrence which he professes at the part which he was called upon to play, we find him entering dispassionately on the disgraceful task, and hastening to deceive and mystify the unfortunate and friendless Queen.

There can be no excuse for Lord Clarendon;—indeed, more cowardly conduct towards an unoffending woman could scarcely have disgraced a man of honour. For Charles, cruel and indefensible as his conduct appears, some slight palliation may be found. He was infatuated with a beautiful woman, who had sacrificed everything for his sake: he was inflamed and hurried on by the passions of youth; he considered his character for manliness at stake, and he was in awe of the ridicule of the world. But these somewhat extenuating circumstances have no application to Lord Clarendon. Moreover, the transaction is not related by his enemies, nor even by an indifferent person, but comprises, in fact, the Chancellor's own deliberate statement of what occurred; apparently intended as a formal apology for his conduct.

During the period that this disgraceful negotiation was continued, three different visits were paid by Clarendon to the Queen. On the first occasion she was so painfully affected at the mere allusion to the subject, that the Chancellor was compelled to withdraw. But his own account of their subsequent interviews affords the most distressing picture of Catherine's wretchedness; a picture, indeed, which might have melted the heart of any other man. Generally speaking, the Queen was either over-

whelmed with grief, or excited to the most furious pitch of jealousy and anger. At other moments she appeared more calm, but at the same time no less decisive and determined. Clarendon's account of these interviews, and of her eloquent appeals to his humanity, is extremely moving. She told him that he was one of the few whom she could call her friends: she spoke pitiaibly of her defenceless situation, and, though she professed the truest affection towards Charles, and expressed her willingness to submit entirely to his authority in all other matters, yet on the present occasion, she said, she shrank with abhorrence from the gross indignity to which she was threatened to be exposed.

Charles was not naturally of an irritable disposition. So deeply, however, had he the cause of his mistress at heart; so exasperated was he with the Queen's obstinacy, and annoyed by the length to which this miserable domestic negotiation was protracted, that we find him addressing the following extraordinary and indignant appeal to the Chancellor:—

“Hampton Court, Thursday morning.

“FOR THE CHANCELLOR,

“I forgot when you were here last to desire you to give Broderick good council not to meddle any more with what concerns my Lady Castlemaine, and to let him have a care how he is the author of any scandalous reports; for if I find him guilty of any such thing, I will make him repent it to the last moment of his life.

“And now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good council, lest you may think that by making a farther stir in the business you may divert me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do, and I wish I may be unhappy in this

world, and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I resolved, which is of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wife's bed-chamber, and whosoever I find endeavouring to hinder this resolution of mine, except it be only to myself, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how much a friend I have been to you: if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of; for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come of it, which again I solemnly swear before Almighty God; wherefore, if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to beat down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in: and whosoever I find to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may show this letter to my Lord Lieutenant, and if you have both a mind to oblige me, carry yourselves like friends to me in this matter.

"CHARLES R."

Well may Pepys have observed:—"Strange how the King is bewitched to this pretty Castlemaine!"

In the mean time, Charles had not only altered his demeanour towards his Queen, by treating her with studied coldness and neglect, but he even set her inclinations at open defiance. The mistress was not only lodged in the court, but appeared daily in the presence of the Queen, and in gay and frequent conversation with the King. At these moments, Catherine usually sat alone and unnoticed by the heartless courtiers. At times she could even overhear the insulting and significant whisper; and when, in natural indignation, she arose and retired to

her own chamber, there was scarcely a person who was generous or independent enough to follow her from the room.

Charles had hitherto appeared dejected and melancholy; and inwardly, as it was supposed by those who were best acquainted with his disposition, regretted the persecution which he had set on foot. But his courtiers, with their usual freedom, continued to banter him on being *hen-pecked*, and he was either too proud or too stubborn to yield. He now, therefore, assumed an air of recklessness and gaiety, and, in the presence of his Queen and the court, appeared in the wildest spirits. Closer observers believed it to be a feigned gladness, but on Catherine it had the intended effect.

Had the friendless Queen remained steadfast in her purpose, the King might probably have been softened by her distress; or, at all events, her dignified opposition would have secured for her the respect and commiseration of all good men. But her spirit was at length completely broken. She found herself in a cruelly isolated position in a gay and brilliant court. In every other society there was mirth and happiness. She was left out in all parties of amusement, and deserted almost by her own attendants, who flocked round her fortunate rival. In this mortifying conjuncture, she suddenly, and to the astonishment of the whole court, fell into the wishes of Charles. The world blamed her at the time, and posterity has harshly echoed the rebuke. When she at length yielded to the force of circumstances, it was without a compromise, and apparently without a complaint. She even took an opportunity of conversing with her rival before a large party, and shortly afterwards distinguished her by the most marked familiarity. In public, they were seen

frequently smiling and conversing together, and in private she treated no one with greater kindness. Soon afterwards we find Charles, Catherine, and Lady Castlemaine journeying together in the same coach. This sudden relinquishment of her former haughty resistance, if it increased the personal comforts of the unhappy Queen, had the effect of lowering her in the esteem of the world. Even Charles, who could not, at first, but have secretly respected her spirited opposition and womanly pride, was annoyed at her undignified submission; and though he ever afterwards behaved towards her as a civil and obliging husband is bound to behave towards his wife, it was too evident that she had for ever forfeited his respect.*

From this period Catherine became an altered being. She not only persisted in dancing as high, and wearing her dress as low, as the giddiest maid of honour of her court, but even entered into and promoted the wild frolics of the period, in hopes probably of regaining the affections of her libertine husband. In a letter from a Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, dated 13th October, 1670, there is the following entertaining passage:—"Last week, there being a fair near Audley End, the Queen, the Duchess of Richmond, and the Duchess of Buckingham, had a frolic to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, waistcoats, &c., and to go see the fair. Sir Bernard Gascoigne,† on a cart jade, rode before the Queen; another stranger before the Duchess of Buckingham; and Mr. Roper before Richmond. They had all so over-done it in their disguise, and looked so much more like antiques than country

* Clarendon's Life, Cont. vol. ii. p. 165 to 195. Oxford.

† A Florentine. He was sent to Vienna in 1671, to negotiate a marriage between the Duke of York and the Archduchess of Inspruck.

folk, that as soon as they came to the fair, the people began to go after them: but the Queen going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves stitched with blue for his sweetheart, they were soon, by their gibberish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger stock about them: one amongst them had seen the Queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of his knowledge. This soon brought all the fair into a crowd to stare at the Queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses; but as many of the fair as had horses got up, with wives, children, sweethearts, and neighbours behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court gate. Thus, by ill-conduct, was a merry frolic turned into a penance.”*

These fashionable freaks are alluded to by Burnet. “At this time,” [1668] he says, “the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading; both King and Queen, and all the court, went about masqued, and came into houses unknown, and danced there with a great deal of wild frolic. In all this people were so disguised, that without being in the secret none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once, the Queen’s chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her: so she was alone and much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney-coach: some say it was in a cart.” Certainly this was a strange revolution of conduct for an inexperienced inmate of a convent. Probably her altered demeanour was gratifying to Charles, for the fastidious De Grammont pays her a doubtful compliment on the change:—“The Queen,” he says, “was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavours to please the King by that

* Ives’s Select Papers, p. 39.

kind obliging behaviour which her affection made natural to her. She was particularly attentive in promoting every kind of pleasure and amusement, especially such as she could be present at herself."

Had Charles been as entirely heartless as were some of his courtiers, Catherine's masquerading fancies might possibly have proved fatal to her remaining Queen of England. It has been confidently asserted that a proposal was actually made to the King by the Duke of Buckingham, that, in one of her nocturnal frolics, they should carry her off, and ship her to the plantations. But even Burnet allows that Charles rejected the proposition with horror. "It was a wicked thing," he said, "to make a poor lady miserable, only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers." On the other hand, the assertion of Bishop Burnet, that Charles would have had no objection had she voluntarily retired into a convent, and that her confessor was tampered with to reconcile her to the idea, may not improbably have had its foundation in more than common rumour.*

The notion that Charles desired to be separated from his Queen was certainly not confined to the Court. Andrew Marvell writes, in a letter dated 14th April, 1670, "Some talk of a French Queen for our King. Some talk of a sister of Denmark. Others of a good virtuous Protestant here at home. The King disavows it; yet he has said in public, he knew not why a woman may not be divorced for barrenness, as a man for incompetency." It was to the credit of Charles that, even when under the influence of the surpassing beauty of Frances Stewart, he turned a deaf ear to the counsels of his unprincipled

* Burnet, vol. i. pp. 482, 483.

courtiers, and positively refused to discard his unfortunate Queen.

Notwithstanding the gaiety of Catherine's manners, and her seeming indifference to the gallantries of her husband, it appears but too evident that she was jealous and unhappy. On one occasion, the Duchess of Cleveland happened to enter her apartment when Catherine was under the hands of her dresser. As the business of the toilet occupied a considerable time, "I wonder," said the Duchess, "your Majesty can sit so long."—"I have had so much reason to exercise my patience," answered the Queen, "that I can bear with it very well." The indignities she was exposed to were almost of daily occurrence. At the time that Charles was enamoured of Frances Stewart, it was the custom of Catherine to hesitate before she opened the door of her dressing-room, in order to ascertain if the King were within. She had, it seems, on a former occasion, been unfortunate enough to disturb her husband, while he was at the feet of her beautiful maid of honour.

At a later period, (in the course of some private theatricals at Whitehall, in which a new mistress of the King, Mary Davis, was to dance a jig,) we find the Queen rising indignantly from her seat, at the moment that the actress made her appearance. Even as late as 1684, the year before the death of Charles, a very slight incident reminded her of her position, and affected her to tears. "The Duchess of Portsmouth," says Reresby, "contrary to custom, waiting on the Queen at dinner, as lady of the bed-chamber, her Majesty was thereby thrown into such disorder, that the tears stood in her eyes, while the other laughed at it, and turned it into jest."

When Catherine had been first mentioned as an eligible consort for the King, Lord Clarendon had

supported the project with all his weight. Accordingly, when the Queen afterwards disappointed the country in its hopes of an heir, Clarendon, as is well known, was accused of having been in the secret of her being physically incapable of becoming a mother; and consequently of having recommended her to the King as an eligible consort, in hopes of ensuring the succession to the throne of his own grandchildren, the offspring of the Duchess of York. That Catherine, however, was *enccinte*, at least on two different occasions, there cannot be the slightest question. The first time was in 1666, and is mentioned both by Clarendon and Pepys. The second occasion occurred in 1669. On the 1st of June in that year, Lord Arlington writes to Sir William Temple,—“I cannot end this letter without telling you that the Queen is very well, and gives us every day cause to rejoice more and more, in the hopes of her being with child.” But their expectations were destined to be frustrated; King James informing us in his Memoirs, that she miscarried in the commencement of the very month in which Lord Arlington writes. “Buckingham,” he says, “attempted to deny it, and spread a report that she was incapable of bearing children.” Pepys incidentally mentions that she miscarried on both occasions.

To give birth to a child;—to beguile her dreary grandeur by sharing the joys and solitudes of a mother’s love;—to become of importance in the eyes of her husband and of his subjects by presenting them with an heir to the throne,—appears to have been the one secret but vainly-cherished hope of the unfortunate Catherine. Accordingly, during a dangerous illness, by which she was attacked in the month of October, 1663, we find her thoughts centering in this all-engrossing subject, and her wandering mind impressed with the notion that heaven

at last had listened to her prayers. Among other morbid fancies to which she gave language in her delirium, she expressed her wonder that she should have been delivered without pain, and seemed to have been especially distressed at the imaginary ugliness of her offspring. Charles, who was standing by, insisted, with a view of soothing her, that it was a very pretty boy. "Ah!" she replied, "if it were like you it would be a fine boy indeed, and I should be well pleased." The compliments which she had so often heard paid to the extraordinary beauty of the King's natural son, the Duke of Monmouth, had probably made a painful impression on her mind. Charles, who by nature was far from being of an unfeeling disposition, is said to have been deeply affected as she grew worse, and even to have wept over his injured wife. Waller, in his verses to the Queen on her recovery, alludes to the unexpected sympathy of her husband in the following pleasing lines:—

"He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserved for you : more dear,
More prized than all those kingdoms were.
For, when no healing art prevailed,
When cordials and elixirs failed,
On your pale cheek he dropped the shower,
Revived you like a drooping flower."

The Count de Comminges, the French Ambassador, in his despatches to his own Court, describes Charles as apparently "*fort affligé*,"* and Pepys observes: "The King is most fondly disconsolate, and weeps by her, which makes her weep."

During her sickness, and in the belief that her days

* Pepys' Diary, vol. v. p. 433.

were numbered, the Queen affectionately appealed to her husband's feelings, imploring him to give his support to her native country in its contest with Spain, and, when she should be no more, to allow her body to be interred among her own relatives and in her own land. Charles, at this moment, is said to have fallen on his knees, and, bathing his wife's hands with his tears, to have begged her to "live for his sake." * Notwithstanding his affliction, however, he persisted in his course of libertinism, and, during the Queen's illness, his toyings with Frances Stewart, and his suppers in the apartments of the Duchess of Cleveland, appear to have been nightly continued.†

In 1679, Titus Oates, one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity, not only endeavoured to implicate the unoffending Queen as having been an accessory to the famous Popish Plot, but actually accused her of being engaged in a conspiracy to poison Charles. He even affirmed before the Privy Council that he had overheard her plotting on the subject at Somerset House ; but, subsequently, being conducted thither in order to point out the spot from whence he had listened to the conversation, his evident ignorance of the locality afforded the clearest proof of the Queen's innocence. According to the Stuart Papers, Oates "directed them first to the guard-room, then to the privy-chamber, out of which he said he went up a pair of back stairs into a great room ; but unfortunately for him, there was neither any such stairs thereabout, nor any large room in that story." Many years afterwards, when Catherine was on her death-bed at Lisbon, she assured an English physician who attended

* Letter from Lord Arlington to the Duke of Ormond, in Brown's *Miscellanea Aulica*.

† Letter from the Count de Comminges to Louis XIV.—Pepys, vol. v. p. 433.

her, that she had on no occasion intrigued for the restoration of Popery in England; adding, that she had never desired nor demanded any greater favour for those of her own religion, than what was secured by the marriage articles.*

Catherine, notwithstanding the neglect and repeated adulteries of her libertine husband, appears to have maintained a strong affection for him to the last. We have evidence that she was deeply affected by his death. She received the addresses of condolence, in an apartment lighted with tapers, and covered with black even to the foot-cloth. From this period she resided principally either at Somerset House or Hammersmith. She was fond of music, and in London had regular concerts, though in other respects she lived in great privacy.

Catherine was residing in England during the whole of the Revolution of 1688, but, with the exception of the arrest of her chamberlain, Lord Feversham,† for his adherence to the cause of James, she escaped without annoyance or inquiry. William the Third paid her an early visit after his arrival in London, and subsequently treated her with civility if not with marked kindness. Among other questions, he inquired of her how she employed her time, and whether she continued to play her favourite game of basset? Catherine, very good-naturedly, put in a word for Lord Feversham. "She had not played the game," she said, "since the absence of her chamberlain, who

* Oldmixon; *History of the Stuarts*, p. 618.

† Louis Duras, Marquess of Blanquefort in France, was naturalised in England, by Act of Parliament, in 1665; created Baron Duras of Holdenby 19th January 1672, and Earl of Feversham 8th April 1676. He was a nephew of Marshal Turenne, and commanded the royal forces at the battle of Sedgemoor. From his intimacy with the Queen-dowager, and having the management of her affairs, he was commonly called the "King-dowager." He died in 1709.

used to keep the bank." * William took the hint, and, assuring her that he would by no means interrupt her Majesty's diversions, ordered Feversham to be released on the following day.† In a letter dated 31st July, 1688, "The Queen-dowager," says the writer, "begins to be weary of the town, and would have a good country-house to pass some time of the summer in: her Majesty is said to have a mind to go to Chatsworth, the Earl of Devon's, or else will lay out a sum to build her one of her own." In a letter dated in August following, Knowle is mentioned as the probable scene of her retirement,‡ and again on the 8th of September, 1688, she is spoken of as "thinking of going to live retiredly, and to receive no visits but from the Royal family." §

In Oldys' MS. Notes to Langbaine, there is a curious picture of Catherine's person, as she appeared towards the close of her life. "The Lady Viscountess de Longueville (grandmother to the Earl of Sussex), who died in 1763 near one hundred, was a living chronicle, and retained the most perfect memory to the very last. She was daughter of Sir John Talbot, and had been Maid of Honour to Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark, before the Revolution. She was wont to tell many anecdotes of Queen Catherine, whom she described as a little ungraceful woman, so short-legged, that when

* Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, 14th July, 1748:—"I truly and seriously this winter won and was paid a mille-leve at pharoah; literally received a thousand and twenty-three sixpences for one: an event that never happened in the annals of pharoah, but to Charles the Second's Queen-dowager: ever since I have treated myself as Queen-dowager, and have some thoughts of being drawn so."—*Walpole's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 226. Ed. 1840.

† Echard, vol. iii. p. 947.

‡ Ellis's Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 85 and 129.

§ Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iv. p. 123, 2nd Series.

she stood upon her feet, you would have thought she was on her knees; and yet so long-waisted, that when she sat down she appeared a well-sized woman."

Catherine remained in England till the 30th of March 1692, when she returned to her native country. Her long habits of economy had enabled her to accumulate a large fortune, which she bequeathed to her brother Pedro II. She died at Lisbon, 31st December 1705, in the 68th year of her age. She appointed her former Chamberlain, Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, her chief executor; an honour he declined on account of ill health, but which he gratefully acknowledges in a memorandum in which he records this flattering testimony to his merit.

PRINCE RUPERT.

Military capacity of Prince Rupert—His early Attachment to England—His Services in the German Wars—Taken Prisoner by General Hatzfeld—Proposed Marriage with Mademoiselle de Rohan—Her generous Conduct towards him—Military Exertions of Prince Rupert in favour of Charles I.—The Prince's uncalled-for Surrender of Bristol—His Quarrel with the Earl of Southampton—Distinguishes himself in Naval Warfare—Turns Philosopher—His Skill at Tennis and in Pistol-shooting—Imitates the Fashionable at the Restoration—His Mistress—His natural Children—Notice of his gallant Son, Dudley Rupert—Death and Burial of the Prince.

PRINCE RUPERT, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Cumberland, Earl of Holderness, and a Knight of the Garter, was the third son of Frederick King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James the First. He was, consequently, nephew to Charles the First, and first cousin to Charles the Second. He was born at Prague, on the 19th December, 1619.

Prince Rupert was a soldier of fortune, and loved war for its own sake. Had his head been as cool as his heart was valiant, he would probably have changed the fortunes of the civil wars. Unfortunately, however, his headstrong and imprudent valour proved highly injurious to the cause for which he so loyally and gallantly fought. Though generally successful whenever he led the charge, he was ever dissatisfied with present advantages, and, by pushing his fortunes too far, almost invariably lost the superiority he had previously obtained. Rash, enterprising, and opinionated, he turned with contempt from the counsels of others, and yet was generally discomfited whenever he followed his own.

The childhood of Prince Rupert was passed in England, which he ever regarded as the country of his choice. Delighted with its society, and with its rural amusements and sports, he once, in a moment of enthusiasm, exclaimed to a friend in the hunting-field,—“Ah! I wish I could break my neck, for then I should at least leave my bones in England.”*

Ardently devoted to the military profession, he became in early boyhood a denizen of the camp; and, when only thirteen years of age, distinguished himself under Henry Prince of Orange at the siege of Rheinberg. About three years after this period, in December, 1635, he again returned to England, where he continued about two years. He again left the English court in 1637, and, having succeeded in raising a small force in conjunction with his brother, the Elector Palatine, found himself at the age of eighteen, in command of a regiment of horse in the German wars. The following year he accompanied his brother in an irruption into Westphalia. Their force, however, proved insufficient, and, at the battle of Vlot, in 1638, they were completely routed by the Imperial General, Hatzfeld; and Prince Rupert was taken prisoner. In vain the Imperialists offered him freedom and military preferment, if he would abjure the reformed religion. He continued staunch in his faith, and consequently remained a prisoner about three years.†

Charles the First had been anxious to marry the Prince to Mademoiselle de Rohan, the rich heiress of the celebrated Duke de Sully, and accordingly the Earl of Leicester, the English ambassador at the Court of France, was employed to bring about the match. The letters which passed between the Earl on the one hand,

* Letter from Mr. Gerard to Lord Strafford, 9th October, 1633.

† Winstanley's Worthies, apud Lloyd, vol. ii. p. 86.

and Charles and Secretary Windebank, on the other, are not a little amusing. Leicester describes the lady as "far handsomer than is necessary, and much discreeter than is ordinary." But the great obstacle to their union was Cardinal Richelieu, who was naturally averse to confer so wealthy an heiress on a Protestant and a foreigner. The matrimonial treaty was still pending, when the report of Prince Rupert having been taken prisoner was communicated to Mademoiselle de Rohan; accompanied, moreover, by a friendly recommendation that she should abandon him for some more prosperous suitor. To her credit, she turned a deaf ear to the unromantic and unpalatable advice. "It was true," she said, "that she had never been engaged to the Prince, but nevertheless she had entertained her inclinations which still existed. It would be a crime," she added, "to desert a suitor because of his misfortunes; and, on the other hand, it was a generosity to regard him with the same feelings as when he was in prosperity."*

The unfortunate military exertions of Prince Rupert, in the service of Charles the First, are well known. At the commencement of the civil troubles, in 1642, he hastened to England to offer his services to his uncle. He was only in his twenty-fourth year, when he joined the King at York: shortly after which period he was elected a Knight of the Garter, at the last feast of the order which was ever held by that unfortunate monarch. From this period, until 1645, we find him engaged in all the military operations of that eventful time, including the actions of Edgehill, Marston-Moor, and Naseby. In each of these he distinguished himself alike by his usual want of caution, and by his unconquerable intrepidity and fruitless courage.

* Collins, Memorials, vol. ii. pp. 545, 575.

But his uncalled-for and unaccountable surrender of the city of Bristol to Fairfax, in 1645, was as fatal to his character as a soldier, as it proved to the cause which he had embraced. From the strength of the garrison, and from his own reputation for military experience, a vigorous and successful resistance had been anticipated by his friends. He had himself written to the King, undertaking to retain possession of the place for four months, and forces were being actively collected for its relief, when suddenly the astounding news of its having capitulated was communicated to Charles. By the fall of Bristol, the King not only lost his principal magazines, but South Wales and the West of England were also placed at the mercy of the enemy. Notwithstanding their near relationship, Charles, with an energy for which he has rarely received credit, instantly deprived his nephew of all his commissions. The letter, in which he dismisses his luckless nephew from his service is sufficiently curious :—

“ NEPHEW,

“ Though the loss of Bristol be a great blow to me, yet your surrendering it as you did is of so much affliction to me, that it makes me not only forget the consideration of that place, but is also the greatest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me. For what is to be done, after one that is so near to me, both in blood and friendship, submits himself to so mean an action? I give it the easiest terms such ———. I have so much to say that I will say no more of it, only lest rashness of judgment be laid to my charge, I must remember you of your letter of the 12th of August, whereby you assured me, that if no mutiny happened you would keep Bristol for four months. Did you keep it four days? Was

there anything like a mutiny? More questions might be asked, but now, I confess to little purpose. My conclusion is, to desire you to make your subsistence, until it shall please God to determine of my condition, somewhere beyond sea; to which end I send you herewith a pass; and I pray God to make you sensible of your present condition, and give you means to redeem what you have lost; for I shall have no greater joy in a victory, than a just occasion, without blushing, to assure you of my being

“Your loving uncle and most faithful friend,

“C. R.”

The Prince immediately hastened to explain his conduct to Charles, and to endeavour to recover his good opinion. The King, however, though he exonerated him from all suspicion of disloyalty or treason, very properly refused to absolve him from the charge of indiscretion, and never again became a suitor for his services.

His rash intrepidity seems to have been exceeded only by his readiness to take offence at some imaginary insult; the common failing of a weak mind. About the time that Charles fled from Oxford to the Scots' army, we find the Prince on the point of fighting a duel with the loyal, virtuous, and high-minded Earl of Southampton,* the friend of Lord Clarendon, and afterwards his own chosen companion in the days of their adversity. The latter having made use of some expressions at the council-table, which the hot-headed Prince interpreted as applying personally to himself, he instantly despatched

* Thomas Wriothesley, fourth Earl of Southampton, K.G., Lord Treasurer of England, and father of the celebrated Rachael, Lady Russell. He died 16th May, 1667.

Lord Gerard * to the Earl, in order to insist upon his making an immediate apology. Southampton, however, so far from retracting, persisted in repeating the language which he had made use of at the council-board. Accordingly, Prince Rupert, laying aside his near relationship to the King, desired Lord Gerard to return to the Earl as the bearer of a formal challenge. They were to have fought the next morning, with pistols; but Lord Gerard's frequent visits having excited suspicion, and the words spoken at the council-table having been called to mind, the gates of Oxford were closed to prevent the egress of the intended combatants, and eventually a reconciliation was effected between them.†

Prince Rupert having returned to England at the Restoration, he was shortly afterwards made a Privy Councillor, Vice-Admiral of England, Constable of Windsor Castle, and granted a pension of 4000*l.* a year. From the period of the loss of his military reputation by his surrender of Bristol, he had adopted and distinguished himself in the naval profession; and accordingly, at the Restoration, Charles the Second willingly availed himself of the Prince's undoubted valour and valuable experience at sea. In the great sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1665, he was second in command under the Duke of York; and, in the doubtful naval engagements with the Dutch in 1673, was Admiral of the English fleet.

Later in life he became a mechanist and a philosopher, and amidst his forges and furnaces found a sufficient equivalent for the tumultuous excitement of his former career. He is well-known as the inventor of mezzotinto, of which the accidental circumstance of his observing a soldier scraping a rusty fusil, is said to have supplied

* Charles Gerard, fourth Baron Gerard. He died in 1667.

† Clarendon's *Life of Himself*, vol. ii. p. 356.

him with the idea. He also invented glass drops, and a metal, known by his name, which was used for casting guns: his method of boring them was much esteemed. The angler of the seventeenth century was indebted to his contrivance for the best-tempered fish-hooks which were then made in England.

Prince Rupert was famous for his play at tennis, and was also an excellent marksman with fire-arms. A particular instance of his skill is mentioned in Plot's History of Staffordshire, where he is said to have sent two balls successively, with a horse-pistol, through the weather-cock of St. Mary's steeple at Stafford, a distance of sixty yards. The feat was performed in the presence of Charles the First.

An excessive admiration of female beauty had always been a failing of Prince Rupert. Accordingly, at a somewhat advanced age, we find him imitating the fashionable vices of the Court of Charles the Second, and even supporting Mrs. Hughes, a handsome actress belonging to the King's company, as his acknowledged mistress. As this person was on the stage as early as 1663, which was very shortly after female characters had ceased to be performed by men, she must have been one of the earliest actresses who figured in public. She was still on the stage as late as 1676.

Evelyn remarks in his Diary (18th October, 1666),—"This night was acted my Lord Broghill's tragedy, called 'Mustapha,' before their Majesties at Court, at which I was present, very seldom going to the public theatres for many reasons now, as they were abused to an atheistical liberty; foul and indecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act, who, inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some their wives; witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R.

Howard, Prince Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families, and ruin of both body and soul."

The Prince, soon after the commencement of their intercourse, purchased for his mistress, of Sir Nicholas Crispe, the splendid mansion at Hammersmith, afterwards known as Brandenburg House. His connection with this lady appears to have wrought a considerable change in his character and habits. "Prince Rupert," says Count Hamilton, "found charms in the person of a player called Hughes, who brought down and greatly subdued his natural fierceness. From this time, adieu alembics, crucibles, furnaces, and all the black furniture of the forges. A complete farewell to all mathematical instruments and chemical speculations. Sweet powders and essences were now the only ingredients that occupied any share of his attention. The impertinent gipsy chose to be attacked in form, and proudly refusing money, that, in the end, she might sell her favours at a dearer rate, she caused the poor Prince to act a part so unnatural, that he no longer appeared like the same person. The King was greatly pleased with that event, for which great rejoicings were made at Tunbridge; but nobody was bold enough to make it the subject of satire, though the same constraint was not observed respecting the follies of other personages."

By this person the Prince had a daughter, Ruperta, born in 1671, who became the wife of Lieutenant-General Emanuel Scroope Howe: she died at Somerset House, about 1740. Lord Lansdown celebrates her in his "Progress of Beauty,"—

"Rupert, of royal blood, with modest grace,
Blushes to hear the triumphs of her face."

The Prince also left a son, Dudley Rupert, by Francisca Bard, daughter of Henry Bard, Viscount Bellomont. In his will he styles him Dudley Bard, and leaves him a considerable property in the Palatinate.* This youth was educated at Eton, where he is said to have been remarkable for his modesty and mild disposition. He seems, notwithstanding, to have inherited the intrepidity of his father, and to have gladly seized the earliest opportunity of presenting himself in arms. At the age of nineteen he entered as a volunteer in the Emperor's army, and served in a campaign against the Turks. He particularly distinguished himself by his valour at the siege of Buda, where he was killed in storming a breach, on the 13th of July, 1686.

Prince Rupert died of a pleurisy and fever, at his house in Spring Gardens, on the 29th of November, 1684, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was buried privately, on the 6th of December following, on the south side of Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

* Wood's Fasti, vol. i. p. 263.

GEORGE MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

Lineage of this Personage—Cudgels the Under-Sheriff for arresting his Father—Adopts the Military Profession—Sides with the King in the Civil War—Taken Prisoner by Fairfax—His Imprisonment in the Tower—Released by Cromwell—Curious Particulars relating to his Wife, Anne Clarges—Her Character and Share in the Restoration—Monk effects the Return of the King—Honours heaped upon him by Charles—Anecdotes—Monk's Conduct during the great Plague—Gumble's Account of its Ravages—Instances of Monk's Intrepidity—Summary of his Character—His last Sickness—His Death and Burial—Notice of Christopher, the second Duke of Albemarle—Extraordinary Character of his Duchess—Suitors of this Lady—Her Death.

THIS celebrated person was a younger son of Sir Thomas Monk, of Potheridge (or, as it was anciently styled, 'Pon-the-ridge), in Devonshire. He was born at the manor-house of that place on the 6th of December, 1608, and received his education in his native town. His family were among the most ancient in the county, having been settled at Potheridge as early as the reign of Henry the Third. The levellers in politics are not unfrequently the greatest admirers of rank: accordingly, in after times, when Monk, at the death of Cromwell, became the first person in the Commonwealth, we find his flatterers actually putting forward his claim to the crown, on the ground that he was descended from the Plantagenets.*

* See the preamble to his patent in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, vol. ii. p. 514.

At the age of sixteen, he acquired a local notoriety, by cudgelling an under-sheriff who had arrested his father, and, in consequence of this pardonable though irregular act of retribution, was compelled to quit the county. The following year (1625), he placed himself under the standard of his kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville, who became his master in the art of war. Before he had reached the age of twenty-one, he had served in the disastrous expeditions against Cadiz and the Isle of Rhé, and also in the Low Countries, under Lords Oxford and Goring. "In this service," says his biographer and medical attendant, Skinner, "he did not, like a young captain, retain his commission as a warrant for luxury and extravagance; but in earnest minded the business of a soldier, informing himself duly in all the methods and arts of war, being present at most of the great actions that happened during his almost ten years' continuance in that employment." Notwithstanding the pernicious example of the gay and reckless cavaliers who were his companions in arms, his moral conduct was exemplary, and he continued to be strictly punctual in the fulfilment of his religious duties.

He sided with the King during the civil struggles, but having been unfortunately taken prisoner by Fairfax at the siege of Nantwich, on the 25th of January, 1644, was committed to the Tower of London. During the time, nearly three years, that he was a prisoner in the hands of the Parliament, were fought the great actions of Marston Moor, Newbury, and Naseby. To a soldier of fortune, and especially to one of Monk's ardent temperament, a confinement in such stirring times must have been almost intolerable. While a prisoner in the Tower, he occupied himself by compiling a small folio volume, entitled, "Observations upon Military and Political Affairs."

Walpole, who, in consequence of his having been the author of this treatise, has included him among his "Noble Authors," styles it a kind of "military grammar."

During his incarceration, Monk was put to great straits for want even of the smallest sums. A letter to his elder brother, Thomas Monk, who had succeeded his father in the family property, shows the indifferent state of his circumstances at this period.

"I wrote unto you by Captain Bley, in which letter I did desire you to send me some money. I have received fifty pounds by your order long since, for which I return you many thanks. My necessities are such that they enforce me to entreat you to furnish me with fifty pounds more as soon as possible you may, and you shall very much oblige me in it. I shall entreat you to be mindful of me concerning my exchange, for, I doubt, all my friends have forgotten me. I earnestly entreat you, therefore, if it lies in your power, to remember me concerning my liberty; and so, in haste, I rest, your faithful brother and servant,

"GEORGE MONK."*

It was about this period, that Charles the First, with more generosity and feeling for the sufferings of his adherents than his family have generally had the credit for, kindly sent him a present of a hundred pounds. It was at a time when the King could ill spare even so insignificant a sum, or, as Monk's chaplain, Dr. Gumble, quaintly observes, when "Oxford and the Indies had little commerce." Monk, it is said, frequently alluded in more prosperous times to the King's kindness: possibly the recollection of this act of generosity may indirectly

* Skinner's Life of Monk; Webster's Preface, p. 19.

have influenced his subsequent exertions in favour of Charles the Second.

At length, in November, 1646, the high opinion which Cromwell had formed of the military genius of Monk, had the effect of procuring his enlargement. Cromwell had long endeavoured, but to no purpose, to change the political principles of his prisoner. But now that the royal cause appeared utterly desperate, and that Charles himself was a prisoner in the hands of his enemy, Monk without much scruple accepted a command in the Irish service. It was on the condition, however, that he should only be required to act against the Irish rebels, and that he should on no account be expected to fight against the King. While in the Tower, he had formed a strict friendship with Dr. Wren, Bishop of Ely, who is said by his conversation to have confirmed him in his principles of loyalty. When, on the eve of his release from confinement, he came to bid the venerable prelate farewell, "I am going," he said, "to do his Majesty the best service I can against the rebels in Ireland;" and he added, "I hope I shall one day do him service in England." *

During his imprisonment in the Tower, Monk had unfortunately formed a discreditable connection with Anne Clarges, who became in the first instance his mistress and afterwards his duchess. This once celebrated woman was the daughter of a blacksmith, and had been bred a milliner. "When Monk was a prisoner in the Tower," says Aubrey, "his sempstress, Anne Clarges, a blacksmith's daughter, was kind to him in a double capacity. It must be remembered that he was then in want, and that she assisted him. Here she had a child. She was not at all handsome nor cleanly. Her mother

* Biog. Brit. vol. vi. part ii. p. 4357; Art. Wren.

was one of the five women-barbers, and a woman of ill-fame. A ballad was made on her and the other four; the burden of it was,—

“Did you ever hear the like,
Or ever hear the fame,
Of five women barbers,
Who lived in Drury Lane?”

In a curious memoir of one Mul-Sack, a celebrated highwayman, there is a notice of these ladies. “They were five noted amazons in Drury Lane, who were called women-shavers, and whose actions were then talked of much about town; till being apprehended for a riot, and one or two of them severely punished, the rest fled to Barbadoes.” The writer of this memoir mentions a disgusting and brutal act of cruelty on the part of these wretches towards another woman, the particulars of which are too gross for publication.*

In an action for trespass, tried in the Court of King’s Bench on the 15th of November, 1700,—William Sherwin being plaintiff, and Sir William Clarges, Bart., and others, defendants,—there transpired some very curious particulars respecting the Duchess of Albemarle. It appeared in evidence that she was the daughter of John Clarges, a resident in the Savoy, and farrier to General Monk; that she married in 1632, one Thomas Ratford, the son of a farrier residing in the Mews; that she had a daughter by this person, who was born in 1634 and died in 1638; and lastly that she resided with her husband at the “Three Spanish Gipsies” in the New Exchange, where they were venders of wash-balls, powder, gloves, and articles of a similar nature. It further

* *Lives and Adventures of Whitney, John Cottington, alias Mul-Sack, and Thomas Waters.* London, 1753.

appeared, that in 1647, being then sempstress to Colonel Monk, she was in the habit of carrying him his linen; that both her parents died in 1648; that the following year she quarrelled with and separated from Ratford; that in 1652 she was married in the church of St. George, Southwark, to General George Monk, and further that, in the course of the following year she was delivered of a son (afterwards the second Duke of Albemarle) who was suckled by one Honour Mills, a vendor of apples, herbs, and oysters. The point at issue was the right and title to the manor of Sutton in Yorkshire, and other lands; the plaintiff claiming them as heir at law and representative to Thomas Monk, elder brother to the first Duke of Albemarle; and the defendant as devisee under the will of Christopher, the second Duke. The only material point to be decided, was whether Ratford were actually deceased at the period of the marriage of his supposed widow with Monk. On the side of the plaintiff, it was sworn by one witness that he had seen Ratford alive about the month of July, 1660, as many as eight years after the second marriage. Another witness affirmed that he had seen him as late as the year 1665, and a second time, after the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle were both dead; and thirdly, a woman swore that she had seen him on the very day that his wife (then called Duchess of Albemarle) was placed in her coffin. On the part of the defendant, and in opposition to this evidence, were alleged the material facts that during the lives of the Duke of Albemarle and his son, the matter had never been questioned, and, moreover, that the defendant had already thrice obtained verdicts in his favour in the Court of King's Bench. Some other presumptive evidence was adduced, but of less weight. In summing up, the Lord Chief Justice told the Jury,—“If you are certain that

Duke Christopher was born while Thomas Ratford was living, you must find for the plaintiff. If you believe he was born after Ratford was dead, or that nothing appears what became of him after Duke George married his wife, you must find for the defendant." The verdict was given in favour of the defendant.

According to the majority of her contemporaries, a more vulgar, dirty, boisterous and disagreeable woman than the Duchess of Albemarle it would be difficult to conceive. If we are to believe their assertions, she was seldom without rage in her countenance and a curse on her lips. Her "volleys of oaths" were notorious. In the excluded passages of Lord Clarendon's History, "Monk," he says, "was cursed, after a long familiarity, to marry a woman of the lowest extraction, the least wit, and less beauty." And again, adds his lordship,— "She was a woman *nihil muliebris præter corpus gerens*," a woman with nothing feminine about her but her form. Though Lord Clarendon and the turbulent duchess were far from having been friends, the satire is undoubtedly not exaggerated. Burnet calls her, "a ravenous, mean, and contemptible creature, who thought of nothing but getting and spending." According to the writer of an intercepted letter, dated 19th of September, 1653,— "Our Admiral, Monk, hath lately declared a common ugly woman his wife, and legitimated three or four bastards he hath had by her, during his growth in grace and saintship."* Monk was said to have been more in fear of her than of an army, and it has even been asserted that she manually chastised him.

She was a staunch royalist, and, as she maintained an unbounded influence over her husband, had probably no

* Thurloe, vol. i. p. 470.

inconsiderable share in effecting the Restoration. Monk, indeed, had a high opinion of her mental powers, and frequently consulted her in times of difficulty. D'Israeli, in his ingenious *Curiosities of Literature*, has quoted a passage from a MS. of Sir Thomas Browne, which places Monk's conduct immediately previous to the Restoration, and also his wife's share in effecting that great event, in rather a curious light. "Monk," says the writer, "gave fair promises to the Rump; but at last agreed with the French ambassador to take the government on himself; by whom he had a promise from Mazarin of assistance from France. This bargain was struck late at night: but not so secretly but that Monk's wife, who had posted herself conveniently behind the hangings, finding what was resolved upon, sent her brother Clarges away immediately with notice of it to Sir A. A.* She had promised to watch her husband, and inform Sir A. how matters stood. Sir A. caused the Council of State, whereof he was a member, to be summoned, and charged Monk that he was playing false. The General insisted that he was true to his principles, and firm to what he had promised, and that he was ready to give them all satisfaction. Sir A. told him if he were sincere he would remove all scruples, and would instantly take away their commissions from such and such men in the army, and appoint others, and that before he left the room. Monk consented: a great part of the commissions of his officers were changed; and Sir Edward Harley, a member of the Council, and then present, was made Governor of Dunkirk, in the

* Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards first Earl of Shaftesbury. Mr. D'Israeli's story is evidently the same as that related by Locke among other anecdotes of Lord Shaftesbury. The account was given to the philosopher by the Earl himself, who was probably also the informant of Sir Thomas Browne.

room of Sir William Lockhart: the army ceased to be at Monk's devotion: the ambassador was recalled, and broke his heart."

Dr. Price, one of Monk's chaplains, has bequeathed us some curious notices respecting the Duchess of Albemarle. Speaking of the Duke's share in effecting the Restoration, he says: "His wife had in some degree prepared him to appear, when the first opportunity should be offered. For her custom was (when the General's and her own work, and the day were ended) to come into the dining-room in her *treason-gown*, as I called it, I telling him that when she had that gown on, he should allow her to say anything. And, indeed, her tongue was her own then, and she would not spare it; insomuch that I, who still chose to give my attendance at those hours, have often shut the dining-room doors, and charged the servants to stand without till they were called in."

The chaplain also relates a remarkable dream of this lady, in which, according to the zealous divine, the approaching Restoration was supernaturally revealed to her. "She saw," says Dr. Price, "a great crown of gold on the top of a dunghill, which a numerous company of brave men encompassed, but for a great while none would break the ring. At last there came a tall black man up to the dunghill, took up the crown, and put it upon his head. Upon the relating of this, she asked what manner of man the King was. I told her, that when I was an Eton scholar, I saw at Windsor, sometimes, the Prince of Wales, at the head of a company of boys; that himself was a very lovely black boy, and that I heard that, since, he was grown very tall."* Great events often owe their birth to trifles; and, fantastic as the theory may appear, the fact is not impossible that

* Maseres's Tracts, part ii. p. 730.

England owes the restoration of royalty to this and other similarly trifling circumstances connected with the influence which Anne Clarges exercised over the mind of her uxorious lord. Nothing, indeed, appears more natural, than that an ignorant and uneducated woman should have attached an undue degree of importance to an idle dream. The Duchess, moreover, is known to have been a zealous adherent of the House of Stuart; and, lastly, it is certain that she exerted all her influence to induce him to restore Charles the Second to the throne.

At the Restoration, the Duchess of Albemarle divested herself of none of the homeliness of Anne Clarges. Pepys speaks of her on different occasions as a "plain, homely, and ill-looking dowdy," and even seems to have conceived a personal dislike to her. Speaking of an occasion of his dining at her husband's table:—"The Duke," he says, "has sorry company, dirty dishes, bad meat, and a nasty wife at table." Monk was once drinking with one Troutbecke, a drunken sot, when he happened to express his surprise that Nan Hyde, as he styled the Chancellor's daughter, should have become Duchess of York. "If you will give me another bottle," said Troutbecke, "I will tell you as great, if not a greater, miracle; and that is, that our dirty Bess should come to be Duchess of Albemarle."* To gloss over as much as possible the meanness of her birth, her father, Thomas Clarges, was knighted, and her brother, William Clarges, created a baronet.

The military services of Monk, especially at the battle of Dunbar, and in the subsequent naval engagements with the Dutch, are sufficiently well known. His administration in Scotland, after the reduction of that

* Pepys, vol. i. p. 476.

country, has also received high praise. His power and popularity were naturally dreaded by an unsettled government; and, consequently, long before he declared for the King, we find his fidelity suspected by his employers. In a letter addressed to him by the Protector, the latter adds, in a postscript: "There be that tell me, that there is a certain cunning fellow in Scotland, called George Monk, who is said to lie in wait there to introduce Charles Stuart: I pray you use your diligence to apprehend him, and send him to me." The real jealousy, concealed beneath this playful language, is sufficiently evident.

Whether in restoring Charles, and in rejecting the supreme authority for himself, Monk acted from the pure dictates of conscience; or whether he considered it the most certain method of advancing his own interests and fortunes, it would not be easy to determine. The question might be argued at great length, and, in the issue, might probably prove unfavourable to the reputation of *honest* George. Undoubtedly his principles had all along been strictly monarchical,—a fact of which Charles the Second was evidently aware: indeed, that his loyalty might not grow cold, the young King, during his exile, more than once sent reminders to his future benefactor. The following curious letter was communicated to Dr. Barwick by Christopher, the second Duke of Albemarle:—

"Cologne, August 12th, 1655.[N.S.]

"ONE who believes he knows your nature and inclinations very well, assures me that notwithstanding all ill accidents and misfortunes, you retain still your old affection for me, and resolve to express it upon reasonable opportunity, which is as much as I look for from you. We must all wait patiently for that opportunity, which

may be offered sooner than you expect; when it is, let it find you ready: and, in the mean time, have a care to keep yourself out of their hands, who know the part you can do them in a good conjuncture, and can never but suspect your affection to be, as I am confident it is, towards your very affectionate friend,

"CHARLES REX." *

Monk very wisely transmitted this letter, or, as it would appear, a copy of it, to Cromwell. The number of the Protector's spies would have rendered concealment dangerous; besides, its falling into Cromwell's hands could little injure the cause of the exiled King; and would, on the other hand, naturally impress Cromwell with a favourable notion of Monk's integrity.

The manner in which, by his wily conduct and pardonable dissimulation, the Restoration was effected by Monk, is, perhaps, more familiar to the reader than any other event in our annals. "Truly," says Hobbes of Malmesbury, in his *Behemoth*, "I think the bringing up of his little army entirely out of Scotland up to London, was the best stratagem that is extant in history." †

A greater obligation was never laid by a subject on his sovereign, neither was it meagerly nor coldly repaid. When Charles landed at Dover, Monk, who was in readiness to receive him, fell on one knee, and congratulated his Majesty on his happy return. During the King's progress to London, Monk was constantly at his side, either on horseback, or in the royal coach. At Canterbury the Garter was conferred on him; the Dukes of York and Gloucester investing him with the insignia.

* Life of Dr. Barwick. Appendix.

† Maseres's Tracts, p. 653.

Shortly afterwards, he was sworn of the Privy Council, appointed Master of the Horse, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, First Lord of the Treasury, and had apartments awarded him in the Cock-pit at Whitehall. Within a few weeks he was also created Baron Monk of Potheridge, Beauchamp, and Tees, Earl of Torrington, and Duke of Albemarle. To these honours was added a grant of seven thousand pounds a-year, besides other valuable pensions and immunities. In eight years he is reported to have amassed a fortune of four hundred thousand pounds either in lands or money.

Shortly after the Restoration, Monk happened to attend the church of the famous Edmund Calamy, the nonconformist minister. Calamy, in his discourse, had occasion to deprecate the debasing influence of riches. "Some men," he said, "will even betray three kingdoms for filthy lucre's sake." At the same time, in order to give point to his denunciation, he threw his handkerchief, which he usually waved up and down while he was preaching, towards the General's pew.*

Monk never presumed on his important services, but after the Restoration was remarkable for the same taciturnity and apparent meekness which had ever distinguished him. Charles styled him his "political father," and said of him that the Duke of Albemarle overvalued not the services of General Monk.

But prouder than his restoration of an ancient monarchy—prouder than all his victories—was his conduct during the raging of the great plague. Instead of flying, as others did, to a distant and uninfected country—instead of mixing, as he might have done, in the ill-timed pleasures of the court at Oxford—he remained in London

* Calamy's Abridgment of the Life and Times of Baxter.

in the midst of death and danger; visiting the pest-houses himself; guarding the property of the citizens; comforting the sick, and administering to their wants from his own private resources. His chaplain, Dr. Gumble, was in the metropolis during this awful period, and thus describes the scenes of which he was a witness: "Death," he says, "rode triumphant through every street, as if it would have given no quarter to any of mankind; and ravaged as if it would have swallowed all mortality. It was a grievous sight to see in that great emporium nothing vendible or merchantable but coffins. You should see no faces but such as were covered with terrors and horrors, many walking the streets with their sores running, and many dropping down dead at your very feet, while discoursing with them. All the music in the night was the sad sound, '*Bring out your dead,*' which, like dung, were thrown out into a cart, and tumbled into a pit, without numbering. The day was always summoning to our grave with knells and tolling of bells: and if we looked abroad, there was nothing but cries out of houses to pray for them. It was their last request, every house marked with a *Lord have mercy on us!* I cannot write this without tears, much less could I see it, as I did all the time, without the greatest grief and horror: seldom did we meet friends, but it was, as it were, the last parting in this world."

The moral effect, which this gigantic disorder produced on the minds of men, was not its least extraordinary feature. "In one house," says the same eye-witness, "you might hear them roaring under the pangs of death; in the next tippling, and uttering blasphemies against God; one house shut up with a red-cross, and *Lord have mercy on us!* the next open to all uncleanness and impiety, being senseless of the anger of God: in the

very peat-houses such wickedness committed as is not to be named." And yet, in order that he might be of service to his fellow creatures, such scenes as these were preferred by this truly great man to the security and splendour of a court. It may be remarked, that Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Craven, the old courtier of the reign of Charles the First, and the supposed husband of the Queen of Bohemia,* were his voluntary companions in the hour of danger.

Of one who displayed such high moral courage, it is needless perhaps to say that he showed equal valour on the field of battle. But Monk, under whatever circumstances, had no notion of fear. During the Protectorate,—at the time the sailors were clamouring for the payment of their prize-money, and serious riots appeared imminent,—Monk suddenly appeared among them, and, having explained the reason of the delay, passed his word for the almost immediate settlement of their claims. So far, however, were his promises from having the desired effect, that, shortly afterwards, a formidable body of sailors, to the number of about five thousand, came threatening, and in arms, to Whitehall. Cromwell and Monk issued from the palace to meet them. Monk, in a fair and straightforward speech, reproached them warmly for distrusting his word, and renewed his promises of a speedy settlement. His remonstrances, however, again proving of no avail, and the men still maintaining their threatening attitude, Monk suddenly drew his sword, and violently attacked those in the foremost ranks. This prompt act of gallantry had the effect of intimidating the rest, who forthwith dispersed to their own homes.†

His conduct, on the occasion of Chatham being attacked

* See ante, vol. i. p. 158.

† As the story has been differently related, probably Monk's pae-

by the Dutch, affords another instance of his intrepidity. Such was the reckless temerity with which he exposed himself to the thickest of the fire, that his friends were compelled to remonstrate with him on his rashness. But all their entreaties were to no purpose:—"If I had been afraid of bullets," he said, "I should have quitted the trade of a soldier long ago." On another occasion, during the famous naval engagement with the Dutch, on the first of June 1666, "I am sure of one thing," he said, "that I shall not be taken." While the decks were being cleared for action, he had been seen to charge a pistol with powder, which it was supposed, had he been overpowered, he would have fired into the magazine, and thus have blown up himself and the ship together. This story is corroborated by the account of Sheffield, Duke Buckingham, who was by his side during the action. "Mr. Saville and I," writes the Duke, "most mutinously resolved to throw him over board, in case we should ever catch him going down to the powder-room." *

Party prejudice has even mystified the plain character of Monk, and his virtues and his vices have been usually exaggerated, the one with overstrained praise, the other with illiberal abuse. He had certainly many valuable qualities both of the head and heart. His temper was seldom ruffled, and he had a great command over his passions. He was a rigid disciplinarian; exacted from every man the duty of his station; and was a strict observer of his word. Though brave as a lion, he was extremely cautious in his undertakings, and was sparing of the blood of his followers. He was, however, too

gyrists have exaggerated his conduct on this occasion. According to Whitelock, it was by the Protector's guards that the rioters were dispersed,

* Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii. p. 6.

homely in his person and manners, and too cold and deliberate in his actions, to render him a popular or an interesting hero. Still, if there was nothing of romance in his disposition, there was at least nothing of the fanatic in his heart.

The capacity of Monk was not only far from brilliant, but by his contemporaries was even regarded as contemptible. Burnet saddles him with positive "stupidity;" and Pepys, who was personally acquainted with him, styles him unequivocally a "blockhead."—"Though stout," he adds, "and honest to his country, he is the heaviest man in the world." Undoubtedly he was indebted for his exalted position in the annals of his country, rather to his natural good sense, and to the situation in which accident placed him, than to any eminent mental qualifications. Diligence, taciturnity, and circumspection, were the common-place but valuable qualities to which he was indebted for his extraordinary rise.

Monk was not deficient in private virtues; he disliked pomp, was a kind father, but a weak and too indulgent husband. He has been accused of avarice; but the poverty to which he had been accustomed in early life had taught him an important lesson; and, moreover, the season of his subsequent wealth was passed in an extravagant and reckless age, and in the society of prodigals by whom frugality was easily construed into a crime. Temperance has generally been numbered among his virtues, but Ludlow has thrown a doubt over his abstemiousness. "The Companies of London," he says, "made a great entertainment for Monk, where the bargain they had driven with him was ratified and confirmed by dissolute and unbecoming debauchery; for it was his custom not to depart from those public meetings

till he was as drunk as a beast." As Ludlow was unlikely to speak well of him, the accusation is probably exaggerated; but, on the other hand, must be mentioned a hearsay of Pepys in 1666, that Monk had latterly become "a drunken sot." If there be any truth in the scandal, the vice was probably a failing of his later years.

In person, Monk was of the middle stature, perfectly well made, and formed for the endurance of great fatigue. His countenance was not undignified, and was chiefly expressive of good humour. He was short-sighted, but possessed an acuteness of hearing that enabled him to overhear even the softest whisper; a valuable qualification when all around him was intrigue and false dealing. His manners are said to have been as ungraceful in a drawing-room, as his genius was commanding in a camp: his bluntness, however, and especially his familiarity and good-nature, endeared him with the sailors, who originally gave him the name of "honest George Monk." With the soldiers he was no less popular. His chaplain Price speaks of their strong affection for him, and according to Carte, in his "Life of the Duke of Ormond," he was "the most beloved by the soldiers of any officer in the army." When the accession of Richard Cromwell was proclaimed at Edinburgh, "Why not" they said, "rather old George? he would be fitter for a Protector than Dick Cromwell."

On the death of the Earl of Southampton, on the 16th of May, 1667, the Treasury was put in commission, and the Duke of Albemarle placed at the head of it as First Lord. But his constitution had been undermined by the fatigues and hardships of early life; and so precarious had become the state of his health, as to render him almost incapable of performing the duties of the office.

His last illness commenced with a dropsy, which,

having been neglected in the first instance, and afterwards aggravated by his aversion to take physic, at length excited the most serious apprehensions of his family. Finding his health declining, he retired for change of air, to his seat at New-Hall, in Essex. Here he was induced to make trial of a fashionable pill, which had been invented by a Dr. Sermon, of Bristol, who had served under him as a common soldier when in Scotland. The remedy for the time produced the desired effect, and he returned, with strong hopes of recovery, to his apartments at Whitehall.

These favourable symptoms, however, were of short duration. After a brief respite from suffering, he relapsed into his former state, and it became evident that his dissolution was approaching. During his illness he was constantly visited by the King and the Duke of York, who showed him the kindest and most flattering attentions.

Monk prepared himself for his end with the calmness and resignation which might have been expected from his character. The completion of a marriage between his only son Christopher, and Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Ogle,* seemed alone to bind his affections to the world, and this favourite scheme he was happily enabled to carry into effect. Finding himself daily growing more feeble, he expressed a wish to see them united before he died, and accordingly the nuptials were performed in the chamber of the dying man, on the 30th of December, 1669, only four days before he breathed his last.

In his sickness he was attended by the Archbishop of

* Henry, Earl of Ogle, son of William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, whom he afterwards succeeded as second Duke. He married Frances, daughter of William, second son of Robert Pierpoint, Earl of Kingston. He died without leaving male issue, in 1691, when the dukedom became extinct.

Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and an old friend, Dr. Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, who joined him in his devotions and comforted him with spiritual consolation. The latter prelate had received many kindnesses from Monk in former days: accordingly, now, we are told, "he was never absent from him in his sickness; was with him in the last moments of his life; gave him the Holy Sacrament, closed his eyes, and preached his funeral sermon."*

Latterly, the Duke's sufferings had been increased by an asthmatic affection, which rendered the act of breathing extremely difficult. So painful was this last symptom, that he was unable to lie down on his bed, and could only enjoy occasional and broken slumbers in his chair.

His death is said to have been foretold by "a great meteor, as big as the moon." His chaplain, Dr. Gumble, gravely tells that, though he did not witness the prodigy himself, yet it was seen by some friends of his at Chelsea;—so absurd was superstition even as late as the conclusion of the seventeenth century. Dr. Gumble attended his patron to the end. "I discoursed with him," he says, "about his approaching death, and put him in mind of his duty: he related to me the great suppression of his spirits by a violent obstruction; but assured me that, through the mercy of God, he hoped he was as fit to die as others that might make more professions than his weak condition would suffer him."

Some other, and not uninteresting, particulars follow:—"On Friday evening, the last of December, he was very uneasy in his chamber, where he used to lodge: for though he could not endure his bed, yet about ten of the clock he retired, according to his custom, and would that

* Life of Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, by Dr. Walter Pope, p. 86.

morning, before four of the clock (his accustomed hour being about nine in this time of sickness), return to his chamber, where he used to spend his time in the day, before any fire could be gotten there. The gentleman that then attended, came and called me out of bed, and told me in what a condition the general was. I hastened to him and found his countenance much changed; but his understanding very firm, full of smiles. He asked me what I had to do to be up so early. I informed him that I thought his time was not long in this world, and that I was come to pray with him, with which he was well pleased. I performed the office appointed by the Church for the visitation of the sick, and he made profession of his faith, and of charity to all men. And being asked if he had settled his estate, he told me in that he had formerly given me satisfaction. He then received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper about seven of the clock, which was on New Year's Day, the 1st of January 1670.'

The Duke lingered two days after having received the Sacrament, dying in his chair, placidly, and without a groan, on the third of January, 1670, in his sixty-second year. The fanatics had long before predicted that he would not die in his bed. The fact of his departing in his chair appeared to them a sufficient, if not a triumphant, fulfilment of the prophecy.

Although the family of the deceased Duke were well able to defray the expenses even of the most sumptuous funeral, Charles, from a grateful remembrance of his services, expressed his determination to honour the memory of his benefactor by a public interment, and at his own charge. After having lain in state at Somerset House for several weeks, the body, on the fourth of April, was interred, with great magnificence, on the north side of Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster; the King

following the procession in person. His duchess survived her husband only a few days.

The Duke left only one son, Christopher, who was born in 1653, and who succeeded to his titles and vast fortune. When, according to custom, he delivered to the King the insignia of the Order of the Garter, which had been worn by his late father, Charles gracefully returned them to the son, whom he announced as a Knight of the Order. The second Duke was an easy good-natured person, as indolent in his habits as his father had been the reverse: he exerted himself, however, during Monmouth's rebellion, and was active in raising troops against that unfortunate nobleman. He was Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, a member of the privy-council, and latterly Governor of Jamaica, in which island he died in 1688, without leaving an heir. We have mentioned that he was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Ogle, afterwards Duke of Newcastle. He was at the time only in his seventeenth year. This lady was a considerable heiress, but was so peevish and ill-tempered that their union embittered his existence. In order to drown his domestic troubles in oblivion, the Duke is said to have addicted himself, as a last resource, to the pleasures of the bottle. After his death his Duchess publicly announced her determination to marry none but a sovereign prince. Among her suitors were the reprobate Lord Rosse, and Ralph Lord Montagu,* of whom the latter proved the successful candidate. In order to flatter her

* Ralph Montagu, third Baron Montagu, ambassador to France in 1669. For his share in promoting the Revolution of 1688, he was created by King William, on the 9th of April, 1689, Viscount Monthermer and Earl of Montagu. In 1705, Queen Anne advanced him to be Marquis of Monthermer and Duke of Montagu. He died in 1709.

insane fancies, he had courted her as Emperor of China ; a circumstance which produced the following lines from his angry competitor :—

“ Insulting rival, never boast
Thy conquest lately won ;
No wonder if her heart was lost,
Her senses first were gone.

From one that's under Bedlam's laws
What glory can be had ?
For love of thee was not the cause,
It proves that she was mad.”

Of her insanity there can be no doubt: indeed her second husband placed her in confinement. She was indulged in her phantasies, and, to the last, was served on the knee as a -sovereign princess. Her principal residence was in Montagu House, which stood on the site of the present British Museum, where she occupied a suite of apartments on the ground-floor. She died at Newcastle House, Clerkenwell, her paternal property, on the 28th of August 1734, at a very advanced age.

GEORGE VILLIERS, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Character of this Nobleman—His Education with the Children of Charles I.—Present at the storming of Lichfield—His Estates confiscated by the Parliament—His Defeat under the Earl of Holland at Nonsuch—Melancholy Death of his younger brother, Lord Francis Villiers—The Duke escapes to St. Neot's—Present with Charles II. in Scotland—Escapes from the Battle of Worcester—His subsequent Adventures—Performs the Character of a Mountebank in the Streets of London—Escapes to France—Returns privately and marries Fairfax's Daughter—Anger of Cromwell, who commits the Duke to the Tower—Released by Richard Cromwell—Honours conferred on Buckingham at the Restoration—His Wit and conversational Talents—Anecdotes—Instances of his whimsical Caprice.

“A MAN so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.

Beggared by fools, who still he round too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court : then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel :
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."*

This fine poetical portrait is familiar with every one. Sketched by the hand of a great master.—one who was intimately acquainted with the features he drew,—it contains, in the most admirable verse, the nicest perception of character, the truest living resemblance, of the wild, witty, and fantastical Buckingham. The portrait of the gifted and profligate visionary has been drawn by others with less beauty, but with equal truth, and even with greater severity. Destitute of all qualities which could have procured him a friend in his lifetime, he left the memory of no virtues to procure him a eulogist when he was dead. We turn with a melancholy feeling to his unprofitable career of libertinism and caprice; to the tale of extravagant frolic and unmanageable wit; of time misapplied and brilliant talents misemployed—the story of one who suffered adversity without profiting by it; who laughed at fools, yet was himself their dupe; who ruined himself for his sovereign at one time, and plotted against him at another; who inherited a princely fortune, yet died a beggar; and lastly, who laughed at Christianity, and yet died professing his belief in its tenets. Posterity has the advantage of the moral. We learn that, without virtue or principle, even the most brilliant advantages cannot confer happiness, and that the courted and dazzling George Villiers—

"That life of pleasure and that soul of whim—"

* Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel."

with all his splendid fortunes and envied accomplishments, died friendless, miserable, and despised.

George Villiers, the son of the great favourite, was born at Wallingford House, the site of the present Admiralty, on the 30th of January 1627. His mother was Lady Catherine Manners, sole daughter and heiress of Francis Earl of Rutland. "He inherited," says his biographer Fairfax, "from his father the greatest title, and from his mother the greatest estate, of any subject in England." He was only a year old at the time of the assassination of his father. His younger brother, "the beautiful Francis Villiers," was a posthumous child. They were educated with the children of Charles the First; and at an early age were entered at Trinity College, Cambridge.

The conduct of Buckingham in early life exhibits a striking contrast to his subsequent career. Animated with the freshest feelings of loyalty and a desire of renown, he threw up his studies at Cambridge, and, in the height of the civil troubles, suddenly presented himself, with his young brother, in the royal camp, previous to the storming of the Close of Litchfield. The consequence of this act of loyalty was the confiscation of their estates by the Parliament, though afterwards, in consideration of their being under age, they were generously restored to them. Their mother was extremely indignant with their guardian, Lord Gerard, for exposing them to such dangers. In common, however, with the rest of the world, he could not but admire their gallantry, and accordingly he told her it was their own choice, and that the greater the danger, the greater was the honour.

Shortly after this period they were transferred to the guardianship of the Earl of Northumberland, with whose permission they proceeded to France and Italy, in which

countries they are said to have rivalled the sovereign princes in magnificence. They principally resided either at Rome or Florence. While at Rome, the young Duke made acquaintance with Abraham Woodhead, the well-known controversialist and champion of Popery, who became his instructor in mathematics. At a later period their former intimacy was not forgotten, and when Woodhead was deprived of his fellowship in University College, Oxford, the Duke kindly received and maintained him at York House.

On the return of the brothers to England in 1648, their zeal for the royal cause had in no way abated. Although Charles was then a close prisoner in the Isle of Wight, and any rising in his favour on the part of his few remaining followers must have appeared almost hopeless even to themselves, yet these gallant youths without a moment's hesitation hastened to join the standard of the unfortunate Earl of Holland, and were the first who took the field near Ryegate in Surrey. The result is well known. The Earl was defeated near Nonsuch, on his retreat to Kingston; about two miles from which place the youngest of the high-spirited brothers was unfortunately slain.

The fate of one so promising and so lamented demands a passing notice. Lord Francis Villiers was but nineteen at the time of his death. His contemporaries describe him as pre-eminently handsome, even more strikingly so than his elder brother. Having had his horse killed under him, he made his way to an oak near the highway, where, placing his back against the tree, he disdained, or, as it has been asserted, refused to take, quarter. He defended himself with a surprising gallantry,—“till,” says Fairfax, “with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain. The oak tree is his monument,

and has the first two letters of his name F. V. cut in it to this day."—"A few days before his death," adds Fairfax, "he ordered his steward, Mr. John May, to bring him in a list of his debts, and so charged his estate with them, that the Parliament, who seized on the estate, paid his debts."

In the British Museum is preserved a curious single folio sheet, entitled "An Elegie on the untimely death of the incomparably valiant and noble Francis Lord Villiers, brother to the Duke of Buckingham, slaine by the rebells neere Kingstone upon Thames, July the 7th, 1648." It concludes,—

"Hark ! from his grave his martial sprite
Your loyal valours doth excite.
On ! till a death like that I found,
Each of your conquering swords hath crown'd ;
And my glad ashes then shall rise,
And triumph in your victories.
There is no salve can cure again
Your honour's wounds : think not you then
Gain life, when you, by flying, yield ;
But when you, dying, win the field.
This unto future times make good,
Or bear the guilt of his lost blood."

In the British Museum also, we find another sheet, about the size of a modern play-bill, containing,—“by an affectionate servant to his family, and kinsman to his person,”—some other indifferent verses. They are surmounted by a wood-cut of a skeleton in a recumbent posture, with various skulls and cross-bones scattered about. According to Walker, in his History of Independency, the “enemies’ beastly usage” of his body was “not fit to be mentioned.” His remains were subsequently conveyed by water to York House, in the Strand, and having been embalmed, were interred in the same vault

with those of his murdered father, in Henry the Seventh's chapel.

In the mean time, the Duke, having escaped his brother's fate, was making the best of his way towards St. Neot's. During his flight, however, he nearly lost his life by an apparently trifling accident, the circumstances of which are related by Dr. Thomas Tanner, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, in an account of Tobias Rustat, famous for his splendid charities in the reign of Charles the Second.* "He [Rustat]," says the Bishop, "attended the Duke of Buckingham; and was with him in the rising in Kent, for King Charles the First, wherein the Duke was engaged; and they, being put to the flight, the Duke's helmet, by a brush under a tree, was turned upon his back, and tied so fast with a string under his throat, that without the present help of T. R., it had undoubtedly choked him, as I have credibly heard."† The Duke's hiding-place at St. Neot's was speedily discovered, and to his consternation he was told that the house was surrounded by soldiers. To mount his horse, and fight his way through the midst of them appeared his only chance of escape; and accordingly, having ordered the gate to be suddenly opened, he spurred his horse impetuously forward, and having succeeded in killing the officer who commanded the party, he fought his way through the rest, and galloped uninjured to a place of safety. Eventually he had the good fortune to join his master, Prince Charles, who was then,

* Tobias Rustat was keeper of Hampton Court Palace, and Yeoman of the Robes to Charles II. He died in 1693. For an account of the charities of this most estimable of courtiers, see Granger's Biog. Hist., vol. v. p. 192.

† Peck's Collection of Divers Curious Historical Pieces in Appendix to Life of Oliver Cromwell.

with the few ships under his command, cruising in the Downs. The Parliament offered him an interval of forty days to surrender, but he preferred following the fortunes of Charles, and his estates accordingly were once more confiscated. Their yearly value is said to have amounted to twenty-five thousand pounds, an enormous income at the period.

Such was George Villiers at the age of twenty-one! Had his career terminated at this period, or had his future conduct in any degree corresponded with his early excellency, he would have bequeathed a proud name to posterity. His personal valour established beyond all question; relinquishing, on account of conscientious principles, unbounded wealth and an envied position in society; cheerfully sharing the broken fortunes of his royal master in a foreign and inhospitable land; it would have been difficult to point out a nobler example of youthful chivalry and disinterestedness.

The Duke had still one friend remaining in his native country. This person was one John Traylman, probably an old retainer of his father, who, after the Duke's flight, had been permitted to remain unmolested at York House. The faithful old man not only found means to secure the splendid collection of pictures, which had been purchased by the late Duke in Italy, but contrived to forward them to his young master at Antwerp. For some time, all that Buckingham had left to maintain himself with was derived from the sale of this collection.

When Charles the Second was invited to Scotland by his northern subjects, the Duke was the only personal friend who was allowed to remain with him. Wearied by long sermons, and surrounded by sour faces, the gay monarch and his reckless friend are said, by their hearty

laughter and merry ridicule of their puritanical friends, to have amply repaid themselves at night for the dulness and restraint to which they had been exposed during the day. About this period Buckingham had the offer of compounding his vast estates for 20,000*l.*; a compromise, however, which he unhesitatingly declined.

The young Duke was present at the battle of Worcester, where he fought side by side with the King. After the loss of that famous engagement he became a fugitive like his master, and encountered almost as many straits as Charles himself. Leaving the King at Boscobel, he rode northwards with the Earls of Derby and Lauderdale, and Lord Talbot, in hopes of overtaking General Lesley and the Scottish horse. No sooner, however, had the fugitives reached the high road than their perils commenced. Scarcely had they succeeded in defeating a small body of the rebels under Colonel Blundel, when they were encountered by an overwhelming force, under the command of Colonel Lilburn. Buckingham, Lord Leviston, and a few others, by abandoning their horses, and quitting the high road, contrived to make their escape, and subsequently arrived in safety at a place called Bloore Park, about five miles from Newport. Here, in an obscure house belonging to a Mr. George Barlow, the Duke fortunately obtained refreshment and a hiding-place. His stay, however, was necessarily brief; and accordingly, having left his "George," the gift of Henrietta Maria, in charge of a companion, he disguised himself in a labourer's attire, and, under the conduct of one Nicholas Matthews, a carpenter, departed for Bilstrop, in Nottinghamshire, where he was heartily welcomed by one Mr. Hawley, a staunch cavalier. From hence he proceeded to the house of his relative, Lady Villiers, at Brooksby, in Leicestershire, and after having

encountered numerous hardships, eventually arrived in safety at London.

Under circumstances of difficulty and danger, and with the prospect of a death on a scaffold, any other but this whimsical nobleman would have contented himself with a garret till the storm had blown over, and till the means of escape presented themselves. But solitude and confinement were ill-suited to the mercurial mind of Buckingham. He actually assumed the dress of a mountebank, and in this character daily performed his antics in the public streets, constantly meeting his enemies face to face, and agreeably amusing the citizens of London by his drollery and wit. According to Madame Dunois—whose details, however, must be received with considerable caution—"He caused himself to be made a Jack Pudding's coat, a little hat, with a fox's tail in it, and adorned with cock's feathers. Sometimes he appeared in a wizard's mask; sometimes he had his face bedaubed with flour, sometimes with lamp-black, as the fancy took him. He had a stage erected at Charing Cross, where he was attended by violins and puppet-players. Every day he produced ballads of his own composition upon what passed in town, wherein he himself often had a share. These he sung before several thousands of spectators, who every day came to see and hear him. He also sold mithridate and his galbanum plaister in this great city, in the midst of his enemies, whilst we were obliged to fly, and to conceal ourselves in some hole or other."

Eventually, Buckingham contrived to reach France in safety; and, having enlisted into the service of the French monarch, added not a little to his character for gallantry at the sieges of Arras and Valenciennes.

During his exile, Buckingham had entertained the

romantic project of winning the hand of the only daughter of the parliamentary general, Lord Fairfax; trusting by this means to recover a portion of his hereditary estates, a considerable part of which had been ceded to that nobleman.* An additional inducement was the fact of Fairfax having handed over to the celebrated Countess of Derby the rents of the Isle of Man, which had been recently wrested from the Stanleys, and conferred by the parliament on their general. The task, however, was by no means either safe or easy to perform. In addition to the ordinary difficulties of espousing a young lady whom he had never seen, his life, or most certainly his liberty, would have been sacrificed, had he fallen into the hands of Cromwell. To a mind, however, constituted like that of Buckingham, and warmed by the romance of six-and-twenty, the more hazardous the adventure the more likely was it to be undertaken. Despising, therefore, the many dangers and obstacles that presented themselves, Buckingham, wearied with poverty and exile, determined on returning secretly to London. Unfortunately, he was wanting even in common prudence; and, consequently, so carelessly had he kept his secret, that his project seems to have transpired even before he set foot in England. Colonel Wogan writes to Major-General Massey, 19th June, 1653,—“The Duke of Buckingham has gone for Calais, and it is thought he will go for England.” And again, in an intercepted letter, dated the following day, we find,—“I am credibly informed that the Duke of Buckingham hath been sent for to come over, and is to marry Sir Thomas Fairfax’s daughter.†” As Cromwell’s

* According to Heath, the share which was awarded to Fairfax out of the Duke’s estates, was as much as four thousand a-year.—*Chronicle of the Civil Wars*.

† Thurloe, vol. i. p. 306.

was a vigilance by no means easy to be eluded, he could scarcely have been ignorant of Buckingham's visit to England: indeed, as the marriage did not take place till three months after his arrival, the fact of the Duke not having been arrested appears altogether unaccountable.

Probably, the heart of Fairfax already warmed towards the young Duke. He was a man who had many of the prejudices of the aristocracy, of which he was by birth a member: he was descended, as was also Buckingham, by the female line from the Rutland family; and, moreover, he was probably not a little gratified at the prospect of so brilliant an alliance. Among other property of the Villiers', which had been assigned to him, was York House, in the Strand. In this noble mansion, every chamber, we are told, was "adorned with the arms of Villiers and Manners, lions and peacocks." In addition to these circumstances, Fairfax was by no means an avaricious man, and, by his behaviour to Lady Derby, appears to have entertained some conscientious doubts as to the legality of his claims to the estates with which the parliament had rewarded his services. At all events, the project appeared feasible to Buckingham; the lady was not without personal advantages, and he was certain to find a liberal father-in-law.

Whether the Duke and Fairfax had been hitherto personally acquainted with each other,—a fact which appears highly improbable,—or in what manner Buckingham managed to obtain an introduction, it is now impossible to ascertain. Fairfax, at all events, appears to have listened eagerly to his proposals, and the lady, we are informed, could not resist his charms, "being the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe ever saw." They were accordingly married, on the 7th of

September, 1657, at Nun Appleton, near York, a seat of Lord Fairfax.

Cromwell, who was supposed to have intended Buckingham for one of his own daughters, was greatly enraged when he heard of the match, and immediately committed Buckingham to the Tower. Fairfax demanded his release, which being angrily and obstinately refused by the Protector, a quarrel was the consequence.

The following is the entry in the Council Books, on the receipt of Fairfax's Memorial in favour of his son-in-law.

"AT THE COUNCIL AT WHITEHALL.

"Tuesday, 17th November, 1657.

"His Highness having communicated to the Council that the Lord Fairfax made address to him, with some desires on behalf of the Duke of Buckingham: Ordered, that the resolves and Act of Parliament, in the case of the said Duke, be communicated to the Lord Fairfax, as the grounds of the Council's proceedings touching the said Duke; and that there be withal signified to the Lord Fairfax, the Council's civil respects to his Lordship's own person. That the Earl of Mulgrave, the Lord Deputy Fleetwood, and the Lord Strickland, be desired to deliver a message from the Council to the Lord Fairfax, to the effect aforesaid.

"HENRY SCOBELL, Clerk of the Council." *

On the accession of Richard Cromwell, Buckingham was allowed to remove to Windsor Castle, where Cowley the poet, with whom he had formerly been acquainted at Cambridge, became his constant companion.

The only other notice we find of Buckingham at this

* Thurloe, vol. vi. p. 616.

period, is in a letter from a Mr. Corker to Secretary Thurloe:—"This last week," writes the former, "Padden and another was with the Duke of Buckingham at Windsor, who told them there was a petition presented unto the Council about his release: he hoped it might take effect, but if not, he would endeavour his escape. He acquainted them with the manner of it, and they are desiring my assistance in it, and alleging how beneficial it would be to me. And truly the design is so well laid, that in my judgment it cannot well miscarry. I cannot conveniently make known to you the particulars in writing, but shall do either to yourself or Mr. Morland, as soon as I am able to stir out of my chamber." *

Previous to Richard's abdication, Buckingham was finally released; an event which is thus announced in the "*Mercurius Politicus*:"—

"February 21, 1658-9.—The humble petition of George Duke of Buckingham was this day read. Resolved, that George Duke of Buckingham, now prisoner at Windsor Castle, upon his engagement upon his honour at the bar of this House, and upon the engagement of Lord Fairfax, in twenty thousand pounds, that the said Duke shall peaceably demean himself for the future, and shall not join with, or abet, or have any correspondence with, any of the enemies of the Lord Protector, and of this Commonwealth, in any of the parts beyond the sea, or within this Commonwealth, shall be discharged of his imprisonment and restraint; and that the Governor of Windsor Castle be required to bring the said Duke of Buckingham to the bar of this House on Wednesday next, to engage his honour accordingly. Ordered, that the security of twenty thousand pounds to be given by

* Thurloe, vol. i. p. 714.

the Lord Fairfax, on the behalf of the Duke of Buckingham, be taken in the name of his Highness the Lord Protector."

One of the few happy traits in Buckingham's character was the art of accommodating his habits and powers of conversation to the society of others. During his sojourn with his Presbyterian father-in-law at Nun Appleton—whither he returned after his discharge from Windsor—he appears to have conformed to the regular habits of Fairfax; to have "lived orderly and soberly with his wife;" and, indeed, to have subsided into the quiet character of a country gentleman. Only a few months afterwards, we find him the most reckless, unprincipled, and irregular character at the court of Charles.

At the Restoration Buckingham recovered his property, besides receiving other proofs of the royal favour. He was made a Lord of the Bedchamber, a member of the Privy Council, and afterwards Master of the Horse, and Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire. For some time he lived in considerable splendour at Wallingford House, but falling into the hands of gamesters and usurers, his estate, within a few years, suffered almost as miserably as his reputation.

No one, however, shone with greater advantage at the profligate court of Charles. Besides his wit and personal beauty, he was considered in riding, dancing, and fencing, the most accomplished man of his age. "When he came into the presence-chamber," we are told, "he moved so gracefully, that it was impossible not to follow him with your eye as he went along." * "I think," says Sir John Reresby, "that both for person and wit the Duke was the finest gentleman I ever saw." The praise of Madame

* Spence.

Dunois is still warmer. "No man," she says, "was ever handsomer, or more nicely made, and there was something so engaging in his conversation, as made him more pleasing by his wit than by his person. His words pierced the heart, and he was born for gallantry and magnificence, in both which he surpassed all the lords of the English court." De Grammont alludes to Buckingham's accomplishments in more measured language. "He was extremely handsome," he says, "but thought himself much more so than he really was."

Although the wit of Buckingham will, probably, live for ever in the pages of "The Rehearsal," of his conversational humour, once so famous, we find but scattered instances. The following, however, affords no indifferent specimen of the quick turn of his fancy. In a play of Dryden's, there was a line which the actress endeavoured to pronounce in a moving and affecting a manner as possible:—

"My wound is great because it is so small—"

She then paused and looked much distressed: Buckingham, whose person was of course well known to the house, happened to be in one of the boxes, and, rising from his seat, added in a ridiculing tone:—

"Then 'twould be greater were it none at all."

This ludicrous completion of the couplet produced such an effect on the audience, that they hissed the poor woman off the stage, and refused to permit her reappearance during the remainder of the performance.*

Wherever Buckingham presented himself, wit, frolic, and buffoonery, were sure to have the ascendant. The

* Spence.

more exalted the personage, the more serious the subject, and the more solemn the occasion, the more certain was it to provoke his merriment and ridicule. The King himself was as much exposed to his jests as was his humblest courtier; and the fortunes of his enemy, Clarendon, were apparently ruined by the systematic ribaldry, with which he persecuted the grave Lord Chancellor. Buckingham's mimicry was irresistible, and when he imitated the stately walk of that solemn personage,—a pair of bellows hanging before him for the purse, and Colonel Titus preceding him with a fire-shovel on his shoulders, by way of mace—the King and his courtiers are described as convulsed with laughter. Buckingham's example was of course followed by others, and when the Chancellor passed by, the ladies of the Court used to touch the King:—"There," said they, "goes your schoolmaster." Clarendon himself alludes with bitterness to this unlicensed buffoonery.

A scene of irreverent gaiety, of which Buckingham was the promoter, is described as having taken place in the Chapel Royal. The preacher was a young man, with sufficient modesty to feel nervous at his situation: indeed, so overpowering was his bashfulness, as to produce an unpleasant flow of perspiration, to relieve himself from which he kept constantly wiping his face with his hand. As he unfortunately wore a pair of black gloves, the dye from them was communicated to his face. The text which he chose for his sermon was an unlucky one. He selected the 14th verse of the 139th Psalm, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." The contrast between the preacher's appearance and his words was too ludicrous not to strike Buckingham, who burst into a fit of laughter, in which he was joined by Sir Henry Bennet, and those who were near him. At last the contagion

reached the King himself, who, unable to keep his countenance, shared the laugh with the rest.*

The description, which Buckingham gave of Ipswich to the King, is amusing enough. "It was a town," he said, without inhabitants, a river without water, streets without names, and where the asses wore boots." He alluded, in the two last instances, to the town being divided into parishes instead of streets, and to the asses employed in rolling Lord Hereford's bowling-green having boots on their feet, to prevent their injuring the turf.

Of his whimsical caprice, so happily satirised by Dryden;—of the thousand fancies, intended as sources either of profit or pleasure, which he daily fostered in his vacillating mind, it would not be difficult to afford an illustration. A taste for chemistry appears to have continued the longest, but it was connected, it seems, with some idle expectations of discovering the philosopher's stone.

Another of his extravagances was a love of building. When his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from contracting so expensive an amusement, he persisted in calling it his "folly."† To the puritanical party, which was still numerous in England, he even gave hopes of becoming a devotee. Lady Sunderland writes to Lord Halifax, 8th July, 1680:—"The Duke of Buckingham very lately pretended to have some trouble of conscience, and talked of it to some fanatics; and they said he appeared to be in a good mind, and they were to come to him again to finish the work: at the time appointed he

* Granger, vol. iv. p. 148.

† The Duke probably alluded to a gay and fantastical-looking vessel called the "Folly,"—the resort of the fashionable idlers in the reign of Charles II.,—which was formerly moored opposite the royal palace at Whitehall.

could not be found; and afterwards they heard he was with a wench all that day."

In 1676, among other projects of repairing his ruined fortunes, we find him establishing a glass manufactory at Lambeth. Evelyn, who paid it a visit, remarks, "that the mirrors were far larger and better than those brought from Venice." He mentions also "huge vases of metal, as clear, ponderous, and thick as crystal." Another of the Duke's fancies was to obtain a military command:—"Charles," says Dalrymple, in his *Memoirs*, "duped Buckingham of his expectation of commanding six thousand English forces against Holland, by prevailing upon France not to ask them;" and Colbert writes, 4th November, 1671, that "on this account Buckingham refused to go to court when sent for." However, in 1672, previous to the arrival of the Duke of Schomberg in England, we find him actually in command of the new-raised forces encamped on Blackheath. For some reason his military employment was extremely brief, and, on the arrival of Schomberg, he quitted the service.*

At the breaking out of the Dutch war, in 1665, Buckingham gave another instance of his restless and versatile disposition, by applying for the command of a ship. As he was a mere landsman, wholly ignorant of naval tactics, the application met with anything but cordiality. With a large ship it was thought unadvisable to trust him, and to command a mere sloop or gun-brig, would have been derogatory to his rank and station. Accordingly, he embarked as a volunteer on board the Flag Ship, the captain of which happened to be his acquaintance. But here a new difficulty arose. In his capacity of a Privy Councillor he demanded to be present during all councils

* *Sheffield Duke of Buckingham's Works*, vol. ii. p. 6.

of war, a claim which the Duke of York, then Admiral of the Fleet, partly from personal dislike, and partly from an unwillingness to establish an inconvenient precedent, positively refused to admit. Buckingham accordingly left the fleet in disgust and returned to the court.*

* Clarendon's *Life of Himself*, vol. ii. p. 256.

CHAPTER II.

Buckingham's Conspiracy against Charles II.—Proclamation issued for his Apprehension—Conceals himself in London—Surrenders himself to the Lieutenant of the Tower—His Conduct at his Examination—Pardoned by Charles—Buckingham's Quarrel with Lord Ossory—His late Hours—His Fray with Lord Dorchester—Kills the Earl of Shrewsbury in a Duel—His Intrigue with the Countess of Shrewsbury—The Duke's Seat at Cliveden—Sent on a Mission to France—Anecdote—Again in Disgrace at Court—Sent to the Tower—Witty Reply to Lord Shaftesbury—Retires from Court at the Death of Charles II.—His vast Debts—Amusing Controversy with Father Petre—His last Moments and Death—Character of Buckingham.

Most men have some particular aim, some settled object in existence, which is expected to confer happiness in the end. But the mind of Buckingham shifted with every wind. His imagination was a harlequinade of tinsel fancies; and, whether as the adviser of his sovereign, or whether leagued with levellers and fanatics; whether as the philosopher or the rake; as the man of leisure, the man of business, or the man of science, we find him equally versatile, capricious, and unprincipled to the last.

On a mind so constituted, not all the smiles of fortune nor of his sovereign were sufficient to confer happiness; and, consequently, in March, 1667, we find him deeply engaged in a formidable conspiracy against the person and government of his good-natured sovereign, who, moreover, had been his earliest friend. Singular as it may appear, we cannot doubt but that he was influenced in his shameful conduct, by the idle predictions of a

mountebank astrologer—"a poor fellow," says Clarendon, "who had a poorer lodging somewhere about Tower Hill, and who professed knowledge in horoscopes or judicial astrology, and had, from a calculation of the Duke's nativity, foretold him that he would be king." Thus can the finest intellect be perverted! Rochester practised astrology to support his well-known mountebank jest; Buckingham, on the other hand, believed in its absurdities, and his credulity nearly led him to the block.

Charles, notwithstanding his easy temper, his love for the companion of his childhood, and the natural forgivingness of his disposition, must have been deeply hurt and exasperated when the Duke's treason was first announced to him. In one of the earliest numbers of the London Gazette* we find a curious and interesting document,—the proclamation issued for Buckingham's apprehension. After the usual preamble, it sets forth,—“that forasmuch as the said Duke, who was of H.M. Privy Council, and otherwise employed in great trust relating to H.M. person and the public, and not only bound by common duty and allegiance, but further obliged by especial and extraordinary ties of gratitude and fidelity to the Crown, hath, notwithstanding, held and maintained secret correspondence by letters and other transactions, tending to raise mutinies in some of H.M. Forces, and stir up sedition among his people, and other traitorous designs and practices: and whereas for the prevention of the mischievous consequences that might thereupon ensue, especially as the present state of affairs now are, and intending the matter be examined, and the said Duke brought to answer what should be objected against him, His Majesty

* March 7th, 1666-7. No. 138.

gave orders to one of H.M. Serjeants-at-Arms to use all diligence to apprehend him : in execution of which command H.M. minister was ill-treated and contemptuously resisted, not without the knowledge of the said Duke himself, as H.M. has just cause to believe, and he, as conscious of his demerits, secretly escaped." The proclamation then proceeds to issue the necessary directions to all "Justices of the Peace, Mayors, Sheriffs, &c. to use their best endeavours to apprehend the said Duke ;" —declaring that "if any person or persons, after the publication thereof, shall directly or indirectly conceal the said Duke, or shall not use their best endeavours for his discovery and apprehension, they shall be proceeded against with all severity."

Buckingham, it would seem, on his treasonable designs having been discovered, concealed himself, in the first instance, in his house at Westhorp. Sir John Beresby was Sheriff of Yorkshire at the time, and as the Duke was an influential person, and had formerly shown him civility, he was placed in a disagreeable dilemma. "I confess," he says, "I was at a loss to know how to act in this matter, between the obligation of my office as sheriff, and the respect I had for the Duke : but the judges coming down to the assizes, advised me by all means to proclaim the order for his apprehension, which I did, and it for ever after lessened me in the esteem of that lord." One Serjeant Bearcroft was sent to Westhorp to arrest him. Pepys was informed by this person, that a few miles from the place he was "overtaken and out-rid" by the Duchess of Buckingham, who appears to have arrived at Westhorp about a quarter of an hour before him. Accordingly on reaching the house he found the doors closed against him. The next day, however, having reinforced himself with the officers of the

neighbouring town, he paid a second visit. On this occasion he was permitted to search the house, but the Duke had apparently effected his escape during the night.

For some time afterwards, it was supposed that Buckingham was in France: it seems, however, that from the period of his flight to the day of his surrender,—from the beginning of March to the end of June,—he was concealed principally in London. He was so admirably disguised, that although taken into custody two or three times by the watch for being in the streets at unseasonable hours, they had no conception of his real rank. Eventually, wearied perhaps with playing hide-and-seek, and probably having received secret intimation from his friends at court that he would be treated with much more leniency than he deserved,—he sent a message to the Lieutenant of the Tower, intimating that he had made up his mind to surrender himself, and that the Lieutenant might expect him after he had dined. The same night, after having passed the evening at a tavern, where he is described as having been “mighty merry,”* he presented himself at the gates of the Tower, and was conducted to the apartments which had been prepared for his reception.

After a detention of a few days, Buckingham was brought before the Council, and examined in the presence of the King. His manner, during the investigation, though conciliating and even submissive towards Charles, was sufficiently haughty both to the Chancellor and Lord Arlington, the latter of whom conducted the prosecution. One of the charges preferred against him was an undue attempt to obtain the favour of the people. “A person,”

* Pepys, vol. ii. p. 85.

said Buckingham with his usual wit, "has only to be committed to prison by my Lord Chancellor or my Lord Arlington, and there is little doubt of his becoming popular."

Though he remanded him to the Tower, the good-natured monarch was too fond of ease and of the society of Buckingham, not to relent as soon as forgiveness appeared decent. Accordingly, in the Gazette for September following, we find another and very different proclamation to the previous one:—"His Majesty was graciously pleased to declare in Council, that upon the humble submission of the Duke of Buckingham, His Majesty had received him into his favour, and it was H.M. pleasure he should be restored to his place in the Council and in the Bed-chamber: Whereupon His Grace was immediately called in, and having kissed H.M. hand, took his place at the Board accordingly." In a few days, the affair, for less than which Russell and Sidney lost their heads, was in all probability made a jest of,

"in the ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry King."

That Charles, however, was at first highly enraged with Buckingham, there can be no doubt; indeed, Clarendon, with his knowledge of the King's character, would scarcely have risked irrecoverably exasperating the implacable Duke, had he not been firmly persuaded that his ruin was inevitable. Buckingham's release from the Tower had even at first been refused by Charles to the tears of the Duchess of Cleveland. They parted with words which might astonish the uninitiated; the King calling her Grace a jade who meddled with affairs with which she had nothing to do, and the spoiled beauty

denouncing the King as a fool for not knowing who were his real friends. An estrangement of two or three days was the consequence of this lovers' quarrel. Pepys tells us that the King did not "come near her;" but it is far more likely that the lady affected to be the party aggrieved, and refused to admit the visits of her royal lover. It was a stratagem which she not unfrequently practised in order to obtain a compliance with her unreasonable demands; and consequently, not improbably the price of reconciliation paid by Charles on this occasion was Buckingham's pardon.

Buckingham had scarcely been released from prison more than two or three days, when we find him taking away the sword of Henry Killgrew at the Duke's theatre, and giving him so sound a beating that he shouted for his life. The punishment was probably deserved, inasmuch as Pepys tells us that the Duke carried himself "very innocently and well." He remarks, too,—“how pretty it was to hear how people do speak kindly of the Duke of Buckingham, as one that will inquire into faults.”

“Continual wine, women, and music,” says Butler, “had debauched the Duke's understanding;” but whether or not this were the case, they certainly seem to have affected his courage. That he was naturally brave his behaviour in early life affords sufficient evidence; but with the return of prosperity he became one of the worst description of quarrelsome characters, a man who will insult another with the predetermination to deny him satisfaction. Certainly his conduct to Lord Ossory, the eldest son of the Duke of Ormond, was neither that of a brave nor of an honourable man. The dispute between them arose in the House of Lords, in 1666, on the question of prohibiting the importation of Irish cattle

into England. Alluding to the likelihood of the bill being thrown out from motives of self-interest on the part of the Irish land-holders, it was remarked by Buckingham with great severity, that "whoever should vote against it must either have an Irish heart or an Irish understanding." Lord Ossory, who seems on previous occasions to have been a sufferer from the Duke's unsparing wit, looked upon the affront as personal to himself, and consequently, taking the first opportunity of motioning Buckingham to follow him into another room, he peremptorily demanded a "meeting." Buckingham at first endeavoured to turn the matter into a joke: Ossory, however, persisting in bringing him to the point, the Duke was at length constrained to seriousness, and accordingly it was agreed that they should cross swords at a certain well-known spot in Chelsea fields. Thither Ossory repaired at the appointed hour, but Buckingham not making his appearance, and a party turning off the high-road, (for the purpose, as Ossory supposed, of preventing the encounter,) he returned disappointed to London. The Duke all this time appears to have been stationed on the opposite side of the river, which he afterwards pretended to have understood to be the place fixed upon for the meeting.

It was strongly suspected at the time, that the party which had disturbed Lord Ossory had been sent by Buckingham for the express purpose of arresting his adversary. Whatever truth there may have been in this report, it is certain that Buckingham's subsequent conduct afforded strong grounds for suspicion. Rising the next morning from his seat in the House of Lords, he detailed with the most admirable nonchalance, and that easy matter-of-course style so peculiarly his own, the whole

of the circumstances connected with the projected duel. Lord Ossory, as he sat listening to the statement, is said to have been utterly confounded by the impudence of his adversary. Buckingham, having expressed his conviction that sooner or later their lordships must have been made aware of the facts, professed, as if in candour, his intention to have met Ossory, had not a misunderstanding,—the circumstances of which he detailed,—arisen to prevent their encounter. He added, that, as the expressions complained of had been used in the course of debate, he might honourably have declined to give the meeting required; and concluded, in the same off-hand manner, by speaking of his reputation for personal courage as being placed beyond question, and of duelling itself as a pastime he rather courted for its amusement than shunned for the danger it entailed.

Lord Ossory, in reply, admitted the principal facts of the case. He expressed his surprise, however, at the statement of his adversary that the challenge had originated in words spoken in the House; adding that he had explicitly declared to him "that he did not question him for words spoken in Parliament, but for words spoken in other places, which he had at other times chosen to hear, rather than disturb the company."

As soon as the two lords had concluded their several statements, and, according to custom, had been directed to withdraw, the peers commenced discussing the merits of the case. Whoever might have been in the wrong, the majority were evidently prejudiced in favour of Buckingham. Much was said respecting the freedom of debate, and it was insisted that, if that freedom was infringed, it was the bounden duty of the House to restrain and punish the offenders. Unfortunately for

Lord Ossory, it was remembered that he had recently reproached Lord Ashley, in no measured terms, for having been a counsellor of Cromwell, and in consequence had narrowly escaped the censure of the House. This new offence, therefore, was declared to be "notorious and monstrous;" while the Duke of Buckingham,—who was said on all occasions to have paid every possible respect and reverence to the House,—was complimented as having "carried himself as well as the ill-custom and iniquity of the age would admit."

In the mean time, however, it had suggested itself to the Duke's friends, who were in the House,—that if all the censure and punishment were allowed to fall upon his adversary, it would amount to a tacit acknowledgment that, however meritoriously Buckingham might have conducted himself as a peacemaker, his character for courage had no less sunk in the scale. These tactics were sufficiently obvious to the Duke's enemies, who accordingly insisted that, as he had been guilty of no offence, he ought to receive no punishment. The debate eventually terminated by Ossory's friends being worsted, and by both the offenders being sent to the Tower.

It was no slight compliment to Buckingham's eloquence, that the Irish bill was allowed to remain in suspense during his imprisonment; its advocates declining to risk the chance of a defeat, while the Duke's oratorical powers were not present to throw their weight in the scale. There can be no question, indeed, that had Buckingham possessed half as much stability and application as he was gifted with genius, he might have been the first statesman in the country. Even his enemy, Clarendon, does justice to his capacity. Of the Duke's

parliamentary influence he says:—"It cannot be imagined, considering the loose life he led, which was a life more by night than by day, in all the liberties that nature could devise or wit invent, how great an interest he had in both Houses of Parliament; that is, how many in both would follow his advice, and concur in what he proposed. His quality and condescensions, the pleasantness of his humour and conversation, the extravagance and sharpness of his wit, unrestrained by any modesty or religion, drew persons of all affections and inclinations to like his company; and to believe that the levities and the vanities would be wrought off by age, and there would enough of good be left to become a great man." The bench of Bishops appear to have been frequent sufferers from his wit. Andrew Marvell writes, in a letter dated 24th July, 1675,—“Never were poor men exposed and abused all the session, as the Bishops were by the Duke of Buckingham upon the Test; never the like, nor so infinitely pleasant; and no men were ever grown so odiously ridiculous.” The illustrious patriot seems entirely to have lost sight of his dislike of Buckingham’s character, in his delight at the discomfiture which the Duke inflicted on the Bishops.

His habit of keeping late hours, alluded to by Lord Clarendon, were pretty notorious at the time. In a lampoon of the period, entitled the “Queries and Answers from Garraway’s Coffee-house,” we find,—

Q.—When shall Don Carlos be made a lord?

A.—About two o’clock in the morning, when the Duke of Buckingham has dined.

Reresby also says, that he used to turn day into night and night into day, and Butler attacks his irregularities with his usual severity. “He rises,” he says, “eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all

others that go by the New Style, and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes." *

Not long after his affair with Lord Ossory, we find Buckingham engaged in a still more disgraceful quarrel with Lord Dorchester. The circumstances of the squabble, which took place in a conference between the two Houses on the Canary question, are amusingly described in the quaint language of Pepys. "My Lord Buckingham," he says, "leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester, my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked whether he was uneasy; Dorchester replied, yes, and that he durst not do this were he anywhere else. Buckingham replied, yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself. Dorchester said that he lied. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwig and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interfered, and upon coming into the House of Lords did order them to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon."

These visits to the Tower must have been rather expensive to Buckingham, inasmuch as the Lieutenant told Pepys that the day's work would be worth as much as three hundred and fifty pounds to him. Buckingham, owing to his well-known hostility to Lord Clarendon, was at this time extremely popular with the citizens, and, consequently, as he passed through the streets to the Tower, he was loudly cheered by the rabble. Both he and Lord Dorchester were released after a few days. Clarendon says,—“the Marquis had much of the Duke's hair in his hands to recompense for his pulling off his

* Character of a Duke of Bucks.—*Butler's Genuine Remains*, vol. ii. p. 72.

periwig, which he could not reach high enough to do to the other." On the 3rd of March, 1669, we find Buckingham engaged in another quarrel; Sir William Coventry being turned out of all his employments for challenging him to single combat.

It was about a year previous to this last event, that Buckingham's intimacy with the Countess of Shrewsbury* led to his famous duel with her husband,† which was fought in a close near Barn-Elms, on the 17th of January, 1668. The seconds of the Duke of Buckingham were two persons named Holmes and Jenkins, probably two of his creatures. The seconds of the Earl of Shrewsbury were Sir John Talbot, a gentleman of the privy chamber, and Bernard Howard, a son of the Earl of Arundel. The duel was one of the most remarkable on record. In the encounter, in which the whole of these

* Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Robert Brudenel, Earl of Cardigan. She married first, Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, by whom she had two surviving sons, Charles, afterwards Duke of Shrewsbury, and John, killed in a duel, in 1686, by Henry, Duke of Grafton. Some years after the death of the Earl, she married George Rodney Bridges, Esq., of Hampshire, by whom also she left one son, who bore the names of his father, and died in 1751. The Countess herself died on the 20th of April, 1702.

† Francis Talbot, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury. His first wife, by whom he had one daughter, was Anne, daughter of Sir John Conyers, of the county of Durham, Knight. He died on the 16th of March, 1668. Charles, his successor in the title, appears to have been little affected either by the death of his father, or the profligacy of his mother.

"In Shrewsbury we find
A generous mind,
So kindly to live with his mother;
And never try yet
To avenge the sad fate
Of his father and only brother."

State Poems, vol. iii. p. 224.

six persons engaged, not one escaped unhurt: Jenkins was killed on the spot; Sir John Talbot received a severe wound in his arm, and Shrewsbury, who was run through the body from the right breast to the shoulder, died of his wounds on the 16th of March following. Spence relates, on the authority of Pope, that the whole of the morning the Countess was trembling for her gallant, and that afterwards the Duke passed the night with her in his bloody shirt. It has even been asserted that, during the encounter, she held the Duke's horse in the dress of a page.

Her husband had scarcely been dead two months when Buckingham carried his worthless paramour to his own home. His Duchess, highly and justly exasperated, insisted how impossible it was that she could live with her rival under the same roof. "So I thought, Madam," was the bitter reply, "and have therefore ordered your coach to convey you to your father."* It was said that the Duke's chaplain, Dr. Sprat, was actually induced to marry him to the Countess; an absurd and useless ceremony, considering that Buckingham's lawful wife was still alive. The latter was afterwards styled by the courtiers, the Duchess Dowager.†

In a letter from Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, dated 15th October, 1670, the Countess is reported to be with child by her paramour, and in a letter of Andrew Marvell's, dated 9th August, 1671, we find the rumour not only corroborated, but illustrated by some curious matter. "Buckingham," he writes, "runs out of all with the Lady Shrewsbury, by whom he believes he had a son, to whom the King stood godfather: it died young

* Pepys, vol. ii. p. 230.

† Macpherson's Orig. Papers, vol. i. p. 60.

Earl of Coventry, and was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers." The fact is equally as remarkable as disgraceful that Charles should have consented to stand sponsor to the child, and that Buckingham should have conferred on it his second title of Earl of Coventry.

As we find Colbert, the French ambassador, considering it worth his while to make Lady Shrewsbury his friend for political purposes, she possessed probably considerable influence over her profligate lover. There is evidence in the Frenchman's despatches, not only that Lord Arlington proposed to the French Court that they should confer a pension on Lady Shrewsbury, in order to fix Buckingham in their interests; but, on the 1st January, 1671, Colbert writes, that he has actually presented Lady Shrewsbury with 10,000 livres. He adds, on the 9th of November following, that on Lady Shrewsbury receiving the French pension, she said, "she would make Buckingham comply with King Charles in all things."

In the early years of their intercourse Buckingham and his mistress passed much of their time in the delightful seclusion of Cliveden, near Maidenhead:—

"Gallant and gay in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

As this place has become as celebrated from the poetry of Pope, as from having been the retreat of Buckingham, an extract from a scarce work, describing it as it appeared to the traveller at the commencement of the last century, may not be unacceptable. "This palace," says the writer, "is situated on the top of a hill, washed with the Thames, five miles west from Windsor, and overlooks all the country around it. It is a noble building à la

moderne. The great terrace, which fronts the garden, with the parterre, are well disposed. Under the terrace are twenty-six niches, in which the Duke of Buckingham designed to place statues bigger than the life; and in the middle a pretty *alcove*, with stone stairs, which ascends to the apartments."

The circumstance is undoubtedly to the credit of the times, that the Duke's disreputable intercourse with Lady Shrewsbury was publicly denounced in Parliament. "His Grace," says Beresby, "was called to the bar of the House of Peers, for scandalously living with Lady Shrewsbury as man and wife, he being a married man; and for having killed my Lord Shrewsbury, after he had debauched his wife." Beresby has unfortunately neglected to inform us of the result of this extraordinary proceeding.

In 1670, the Duke became one of that celebrated council of state, known under the name of the Cabal. In the course of the same year, he was sent ambassador to France; ostensibly to condole with the French Court on the death of the Duchess of Orleans, but in reality to concert secret measures for breaking the Triple League. At Paris he was received with great ceremony and splendour. His wit and fine person elicited general admiration, and Louis the Fourteenth observed that he was almost the only English gentleman he had ever seen. The French troops were exercised in his presence; and, masques and balls, operas, comedies, and sham sea-fights? were daily planned for his amusement. The King, on St. Louis's day, gave a public feast in his honour, besides bestowing on him several valuable presents, among which was a sword and belt set with pearls and diamonds, valued at forty thousand pistoles.

In 1672, Buckingham was again despatched to the French King at Utrecht, on matters connected with the Dutch war; on which occasion, in passing through the Hague, he stopped to pay his respects to the Princess of Orange. During their interview he spoke warmly of the Dutch, and, in order to please her, dwelt on the affection which he affirmed England bore to the States. "We do not," said he, "use Holland like a mistress, we love her like a wife."—" *Vraiment je crois que vous aimez comme vous aimez la vôtre,*" was the answer of the Princess. "Verily, I believe you love us as you love your own."

In 1674 we find Buckingham again in disgrace with his sovereign. His unpopularity at Court probably rendered him unpopular with the University of Cambridge, inasmuch as we find him, in the course of this year, compelled to resign the Chancellorship, which they had conferred on him about three years previously.

On an important question, which was discussed in the House of Lords in 1677, whether a Parliament that had been prorogued more than a year, were not, by an old law, virtually dissolved and its acts annulled, Buckingham, together with the Lords Shaftesbury, Salisbury, and Wharton—in consequence of supporting so dangerous a position and arguing its merits too warmly,—were ordered to be committed to the Tower. While the Lords were still debating on the question of their committal, Buckingham had ingeniously contrived to withdraw. The House was extremely angry, and it was proposed to address the King to issue a proclamation for his arrest: the next morning, however, he appeared in his usual place. He was no sooner perceived than there were loud cries, "To the bar." But he rose with his custo-

mary ease, and treated the whole matter as a jest. "He begged their Lordships' pardon," he said, "for retiring the night before: they very well knew the exact economy he kept in his family, and perceiving their Lordships intended he should be some time in another place, he only went home to set his house in order, and was now come to submit to their Lordships' pleasure." The Duke, of course, followed his friends to the Tower. After a few days, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Wharton, were discharged on making the necessary submission. Shaftesbury, however, desirous of being regarded as a popular martyr, continued to glory in his opposition, and, consequently remained in confinement. As the gay Duke, on being liberated from his disagreeable lodgings, was passing the windows of Shaftesbury's apartments, the stubborn Earl looked out wistfully:—"What," he said, "are you going to leave us?"—"Why, yes," replied Buckingham, "such giddy-headed fellows as I am, can never stay long in one place." It was not till nearly a year afterwards, that Shaftesbury, after having vainly attempted to obtain redress by law, found it expedient to make the required submission, and, consequently, obtained his release from the Tower.

Buckingham, at the death of his old master, Charles the Second, in 1685, retired to what remained of his once princely property in Yorkshire. Even as early as 1667 he had been looked upon as an impoverished man. At a later period, Marvell, in a letter written in 1671, and Musgrave, in his MS. notes to De Grammont, estimate his debts at 140,000*l.* sterling. It must, however, be placed to Buckingham's credit, that, notwithstanding his influence at Court, he had refused to enrich himself out of the public purse:—"If I am a grievance," he said, in his defence to the House of Commons, "I am, at least, the

cheapest you have ever had. I have lost as much estate as most men have got, and that is a big word: I am honest, and when I appear otherwise, I desire to die." Probably, in the last few years of his life, he became less reckless in his expenditure of money; inasmuch as, after his death, the money produced from the sale of his estates was found sufficient for the liquidation of his debts.

After his retirement from the Court, his time appears to have been passed in the usual amusements of the country, hospitality and fox-hunting. His addiction to the pursuits of a country life, the latest fancy of his versatile mind, excited the amusement and curiosity of his friends; and, accordingly, in a letter, dated Ratisbon, 21st October, 1686, we find his former wild companion, Sir George Etherege, bantering him with considerable humour on the change in his habits:—"I have heard the news," he says, "with no less astonishment than if I had been told the Pope had begun to wear a periwig, and had turned beau in the seventy-fourth year of his age."—"Is it possible," he proceeds, "that your Grace, who has seen ten times more luxury than the Emperor * ever knew, conversed with finer women, kept politer company, possessed as much too of the true real greatness of the world as ever he enjoyed, should in an age still capable of pleasure, and under a fortune whose very ruins would make up a comfortable Electorate here in Germany;—is it possible, I say, that your Grace should leave the play at the beginning of the fourth act, when all the spectators are in pain to know what will become of the hero, and what mighty matters he is reserved for, that set out

* Charles the Fifth, to whom Etherege had commenced by comparing Buckingham, a parallel not very easy to sustain in most of its points.

so advantageously in the first ! That a person of your exquisite taste, who has breathed the air of courts even from your infancy, should be content, in that part of your life which is most difficult to be pleased, and most easy to be disgusted, to take up with the conversation of country parsons, a sort of people whom to my knowledge your Grace never much admired, and do penance in the nauseous company of lawyers, whom I am certain you abominate !"—“Who could ever have prophesied,” proceeds the gay writer, “that the Duke of Buckingham, who never vouchsafed his embraces to any ordinary beauty, would ever condescend to sigh and languish for the heiress apparent of a thatched cottage, in a straw hat, flannel petticoat, stockings of as gross a thrum as the blue-coat boys’ caps at the hospital, and a smock,—the Lord defend me from the wicked idea of it,—of as coarse a canvass as ever served an apprenticeship to a mackerel-boat !”

After the death of his predecessor, James the Second took considerable interest in Buckingham’s spiritual welfare, and, by means of Fathers Petre and Fitzgerald, endeavoured to convert him to Popery. There is extant an account of his conference with the former divine, which affords an agreeable instance of Buckingham’s wit. “Father Petre,” says the relator of the anecdote, “undertook to convert the Duke of Buckingham to Popery, and, among other arguments with which he was prepared, set out with this, which these casuists commonly urge, and which, attacking the imagination in its weakest point, fear, draws in many silly people:—‘We,’ said the good Jesuit, ‘deny that any one can possibly be saved out of our church: your Grace allows that our people may be saved.’—‘No, curse ye,’ said the Duke, ‘I make no doubt but you will all be damned to a man.’ The reverend

father started, and said gravely,—‘Sir, I cannot argue with a person so void of all charity.’—‘I did not expect, reverend father,’ said the Duke calmly, ‘such a reproach from you, whose whole reasoning with me was founded on the very same instance of want of charity in yourself.’”* The manner in which he foiled the argument of his other opponent, Father Fitzgerald, is described by the Duke himself, in one of the most amusing productions of his versatile mind.

At this time Buckingham had not only passed the meridian of life, but the career of profligacy, to which he had long been addicted, had begun to make its stealthy but formidable inroads on his constitution. There are few passages more deservedly famous than Pope’s description of the last illness and obscure death of the once princely Buckingham:—

“In the worst inn’s worst room, with mat half hung,
The floor of plaster, and the walls of dung;
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangled from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red;
Great Villiers lies—alas, how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay in Cliveden’s proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry King.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more;
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.”

The fine effect of these verses consists so much in the striking antithesis—in the moral and melancholy con-

* *Richardsoniana.*

trast,—in the circumstance of the once magnificent George Villiers breathing his last in a wretched inn—that without further evidence we should have treated it rather as a brilliant poetical picture, than as strictly and historically true. But Pope, in the course of conversation with his friend Spence, gave the same account of the circumstances attending Buckingham's end, illustrated, moreover, by a remarkable addition:—"He got the better," he said, "of his vast estate, and died between two common girls at a little alehouse in Yorkshire." Echard also, who lived some years nearer to the time of Buckingham, places the scene at a "public-house," and Bishop Kennet, who may almost be looked upon as his contemporary, calls it a mean house. In a letter of the period we find,—*"The Duke of Bucks, who hath some time supported himself with artificial spirits, on Friday fell to a more manifest decay, and on Sunday yielded up the ghost at Helmsley, in Yorkshire,* in a little ale-house, where these eight months he had been without meat or money, deserted of all his servants almost."*† His death certainly took place at a house situated on his own property at Kirby Moorside, in the residence of one of his tenants; but whether that residence were a public-house, or merely an obscure cottage, only the poetry of Pope can render of much importance. His illness, which lasted three days, commenced with an ague and fever. He had heated himself in fox-hunting, and having inconsiderately sat down on the wet grass, was seized by the malady that hurried him to the grave.

According to Echard he was visited in his last

* — Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Yields to a scrivener and a city knight.

† Ellis's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 275.

hours by his relation, Lord Irwin, who persuaded him to send for a clergyman. The minister made some preliminary inquiries of the Duke as to the nature of his religious opinions. "It is an insignificant question," said the dying man, "for I have been a shame and a disgrace to all religions: if you can do me any good, do."

But the account of his faithful adherent, Brian Fairfax, who really appears to have loved him for his own sake, can alone be implicitly relied upon. The night before the Duke died, Fairfax received a message from him, desiring him to provide a bed for him, in his house at Bishophill in York. The next morning, however, the same messenger returned, with the news that his master was dying. Fairfax immediately set out for Kirby Moorside, but on his arrival Buckingham was already speechless. The Duke knew him, however, and gave him an earnest look of recognition. There were present in the chamber, the Earl of Arran, son of the Duke of Hamilton,—who hearing of his illness had visited him on his way to Scotland,—and a gentleman of the neighbourhood, a justice of the peace. From the latter person Fairfax elicited a few particulars. Before the Duke had become speechless, he was asked whether he wished to give any directions respecting the disposal of his estate, to which he returned no answer. It was then thought necessary to advertise him of his imminent danger. He was accordingly asked if the clergyman of the parish should be sent for, to which he also made no reply. One of the bystanders intimating that he might probably wish to communicate with a Roman Catholic priest;—"No, no," he said impatiently; adding that he would have nothing to do with them. The propriety of summoning a clergyman of the established Church was

then once more pressed upon him, on which he answered calmly, "Yea, pray send for him." This was on the morning of the day on which he died. The minister, on his arrival, performed the usual offices for the sick, to which the Duke paid devout attention, and afterwards received the sacrament.

The correctness of Fairfax's narrative is borne out by Lord Arran himself, one of the principal actors in the melancholy scene, who thus writes to Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, formerly chaplain to Buckingham :—

"Kirby Moor-side, April 17, 1687.

"MY LORD,

"Mere chance having thrown me into these parts, by accident, as I was at York, in my journey towards Scotland, I heard of the Duke of Buckingham's illness here, which made me take a resolution of waiting upon his Grace, to see what condition he was in. I arrived here on Friday, in the afternoon, where I found him in a very low condition: he had been long ill of an ague, which had made him weak, but his understanding was as good as ever, and his noble parts were so entire, that though I saw death in his looks at first sight, he would by no means think of it. He told me he was on horseback but two days before, and that he found himself so well at heart, that he was sure he could be in no danger of his life. He told me he had a mighty descent fallen upon his abdomen, with an inflammation and a great swelling, but he thought by applying warm medicines the swelling would fall, and then he would be at ease; but it proved otherwise; for a mortification came on those low parts, and rapidly ascended, so that it soon occasioned his death. So soon as I had arrived, I sent to York for one Dr. Waler, for I found him here in a most miserable condition: he desired me to stay with him, which I very

willingly obeyed. I confess that it made my heart bleed to see the Duke of Buckingham in so pitiful a place, and in so bad a condition; and what made it worse, he was not at all sensible of it, for he thought in a day or two he should be well; and when we minded him of his condition, he said it was not as we apprehended. The doctors told me his case was desperate, and, though he enjoyed the free exercise of his senses, that in a day or two at most it would kill him, but they durst not tell him of it; so they put a hard part upon me to pronounce death to him, which I saw approaching so fast, that I thought it was high time for him to think of another world, for it was impossible for him to continue long in this. So I sent for a very worthy gentleman, Mr. Gibson, a neighbour of his Grace's, who lives but a mile from this place, to be an assistant to me in this work; so we jointly represented his condition to him, who I saw was at first very uneasy; but I think we should not have discharged the duty of honest men, or I of a faithful kinsman, if we had suffered him to go out of this world without desiring him to prepare for death, and look into his conscience.

"After having plainly told him his condition, I asked him who I should send for to be assistant to him during the small time he had to live: he would make me no answer, which made me conjecture; and having formerly heard that he had been inclining to be a Roman Catholic, I asked him if I should send for a priest; for I thought any act that could be like a Christian, was what his condition now wanted most; but he positively told me he was not one of that persuasion, and so would not hear any more on that subject, for he was of the Church of England; but hitherto he would not hear of a parson, though he had declared his aversion to my offering to

send for a priest. But after some time, beginning to feel his distemper mount, he desired me to send for the parson of this parish, who said prayers for him, which he joined in very freely, but still he did not think he should die; though this was yesterday at seven in the morning, and he died about eleven at night.

“Mr. Gibson asked him if he had made a will, or if he would declare who was to be his heir; but to the first he answered that he had made none, and to the last, whoever was named, he always answered ‘No.’ First, my Lady Duchess was named, and then, I think, almost everybody that had any relation to him, but his answer was always ‘No.’ And to see if he would change any way the answer or manner of it, they asked him if my Lord Purbeck was to be sent for, but to that he answered, ‘By no means.’ I did fully represent my Lady Duchess’s condition to him, and told him it was absolutely fit, during the time he had the exercise of his reason, to do something to settle his affairs; but nothing that was said to him could make him come to any point.

“I then said, that since he would do nothing in his worldly affairs, I desired he might die like a Christian; and since he called himself of the Church of England, the parson was ready here to administer the sacrament to him; which he said he would take; so accordingly I gave orders for it, and two other honest gentlemen received with him, Mr. Gibson and Colonel Liston, an old servant of his Grace’s. At first he called out three or four times, for he thought the ceremony looked as if death was near, which for the strength of his noble parts (they not being yet affected) he could not easily believe; for all this time he was not willing to take death to him; but in a few moments after he became calm, and received the sacrament with all the decency imaginable, and in an

hour afterwards he lost his speech, and continued so till eleven at night, when he died.

"The confusion he has left his affairs in will make his heir, whoever he be, very uneasy. To tell you truly, I believe there is no other will in being but what they say is in the trustees' hands; for all the servants say they knew there was a parchment sealed, which my Lord said he would alter, which they looked upon to be his will: whether he has cancelled it I cannot find; some say one Mr. Burrell has it; but nobody here can give any distinct account of it. But my Lord himself said positively, in the presence of several, that he had no will in being; so what to make of this I cannot tell you. We supposed that it might be Sir William Villiers that he intended for his heir; but he said several times, before us all, 'No;' so that I cannot imagine, if he has any will, to whom he has given it, I myself being as nearly related to him as any by full blood. Mr. Brian Fairfax, and Mr. Gibson, have been witnesses of my proceedings since my being here; I hope they will give an account of it. I thought in honour I could not leave him in this condition, being so nearly related to him; especially his Grace being in such a retired corner, where there was nobody but myself till I sent for this Mr. Gibson. My Lord Fairfax, of Gilling, came yesterday in the afternoon; but he was speechless when he came.

"I have ordered the corpse to be embalmed, and carried to Helmsley Castle, and there to remain till my Lady Duchess's pleasure shall be known. There must be speedy care taken; for there is nothing here but confusion, not to be expressed. Though his stewards have received vast sums, there is not so much as one farthing, as they tell me, for defraying the least expense; but I have ordered his intestines to be buried

at Helmsley, where his body is to remain till further orders.

"Being the nearest kinsman in the place, I have taken the liberty of giving his Majesty an account of his death; and have sent his George and blue ribbon, to be disposed of as his Majesty shall think fit: I have addressed it under cover to my Lord President, to whom I beg you would carry the bearer the minute he arrives.

"I have given orders that nothing shall be embezzled, and for that reason, as soon as my Lord died, I called to see his strong box, but not before Mr. Brian Fairfax and Mr. Gibson. I found nothing of moment in it, but some loose letters of no concern; but such as they are, I have ordered them to be locked up, and delivered to my Lady Duchess; so also the small plate and linen he had, I have committed it to the care of Lord Fairfax.

"So now that I have given your Lordship this particular account of everything, I have nothing more to do, but to assure your Lordship, that I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most assured

"Friend and humble servant,

"ARRAN."

According to Lord Dover, in his Notes to "The Ellis Correspondence," the house in which Buckingham died, and which probably still exists, must formerly have been one of the best in the town of Kirby Moorside. We learn, from the same authority, that the only memorial of this once brilliant personage, which now remains in Kirby Moorside, is the following rude entry in an old register of burials:—

"1687, April 17th, Gorges villus Lord dooke of bookingham!"

Buckingham died on the sixteenth of April 1688, in

the sixty-first year of his age. His body, having been embalmed, was conveyed to Westminster, where it was interred in the vault of his family in Henry the Seventh's chapel. He left no children by his Duchess, nor, apparently, by any of his numerous amours.

An affectionate attempt has been made by Fairfax to rescue the name of his master from entire reprobation. He dwells on his undoubted genius and varied accomplishments; he considers his intrigues with women to have been greatly exaggerated; and, finally, gives him the credit of good-humour, charity, and a forgiving disposition. There is something redeeming and agreeable in the reprobate Duke having left even one friend to regret his loss and respect his memory. But, after all, it is to be feared that the bitter censure of Warburton is scarcely too severe. "It was the fortune," he says, "of this wretched man to do as much mischief to the morals of Charles the Second's court, as his father had done to the politics of James the First's."

In taking leave of a character which has been so often drawn, we will conclude with one of the most finished passages from the pen of Walpole. "When this extraordinary man," he says, "with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty King and his solemn Chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers, or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots, one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chemist; when he is a real bubble and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolish ends, contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character."—"His portrait," adds the

same writer, "has been drawn by four masterly hands: Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel,—Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy, that finishes while it seems but to sketch,—Dryden caught the living likeness,—Pope completed the historical resemblance." To these we may add the dark outline of Butler. His sketch of the libertine Duke,—prompted, however, it must be admitted to have been, by the bitterest feelings of personal dislike,—is one of the most disagreeable portraits in the gallery of human character.

JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

Summary of Monmouth's Character—His Parentage and Education—His brilliant Appearance at the Court of Charles II.—Monmouth kills a Beadle in a midnight Frolic—His Marriage with the Heiress of Buccleugh—Character of the Duchess—Monmouth's Military Services—His Popularity—General Belief in his Legitimacy—Charles denies having been married to Monmouth's Mother—Monmouth banished to Holland.

THIS spoiled child of fortune was as remarkable for the smiles which were lavished on him in his lifetime, as for the tears which were showered on his grave. There was a grace in his manners, and a charm in his countenance, which produced an imperceptible effect on all hearts. He was far from being deficient in many amiable qualities. He appears to have been a staunch friend, an enemy to oppression, and a firm adherer to his word. His courage almost amounted to rashness. Gay and gallant with one sex, and easy and affable with the other; joyous, unaffected, and obliging; no wonder that he was the darling of a libertine Court, nor that his rank, grace, and surpassing beauty, rendered him its chiefest ornament.

But Monmouth was not without faults. Weak-minded and vain of his accomplishments; inflated by the applause of the vulgar, and mistaking their empty clamours for substantial fame; he imagined himself the leader of a party, while in fact he was but their tool. Overmatched

and mystified by the subtle Shaftesbury, Monmouth, the visionary subverter of a government, was in fact but the foil of that unprincipled statesman. Formed by nature to figure in the silken pageants of the Paphian Court of Charles, his genius was unequal to his ambition, and in the end he found himself in a vortex of difficulties from which he had neither the talent nor the firmness of purpose to extricate himself. Impetuous and high-spirited, he appears throughout to have been fanciful in his projects, rash in his undertakings, and irresolute in his conduct.

James Duke of Monmouth was the eldest son of Charles the Second, by Lucy Walters, a beautiful woman of dissolute morals. He was born at Rotterdam on the 9th of April 1649. His guardian was Lord Crofts, whose surname he bore till the Restoration. His childhood was passed under the eye of the Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, at Paris. King James tells us that his nephew was bred up a Catholic under the tuition of Father Gough, English Oratorian; and Algernon Sydney, who had made love to Monmouth's mother previous to her intimacy with Charles, gives the same account: "By the direction," he says, "of Lord Crofts, he was brought up under the discipline of the *Pères de L'Oratoire*."* "I was placed," says the Duke of Berwick, in his *Memoirs*, "by Father Gough, priest of the *Oratoire*, at Jully, a college of his society, where the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles the Second, had also studied." The good fathers apparently paid but little attention to his education; indeed, in after-life Monmouth bitterly lamented how much he had suffered by their neglect.

When Queen Henrietta returned to England, in January 1662, she carried thither "young Crofts" in

* Letters from Algernon Sydney to Henry Saville, p. 68.

her train, and introduced him to the voluptuous Court of her son. He was presented to Charles at Hampton Court, who, struck with his singular grace and beauty, was unable to conceal his pride and gratification. "The Duchess of Cleveland," says De Grammont, "was quite out of humour with the King: the children she had by his Majesty were like so many little puppets, compared with this new Adonis." Though only in his fourteenth year, his appearance at Court was as brilliant as if he had been a prince of the blood. The same year he was created Duke of Orkney, and, on the 25th of February following, Duke of Monmouth. Apartments were prepared for him in the Privy gallery at Whitehall; he was allowed a retinue and equipages befitting an heir-apparent; he took his seat in the House of Peers, and in April 1663 was installed a Knight of the Garter.

His appearance at this period is thus described by the fastidious De Grammont. "His figure and the external graces of his person were such, that nature, perhaps, never formed anything more complete. His face was extremely handsome, and yet it was a manly face, neither inanimate nor effeminate, each feature having its peculiar beauty and delicacy. He had a wonderful genius for every sort of exercise, an engaging aspect, and an air of grandeur. The astonishing beauty of his outward form excited universal admiration: those who before were looked upon as handsome, were now entirely forgotten at Court; and all the gay and beautiful of the fair sex were at his devotion. He was particularly beloved by the King, but the universal terror of husbands and lovers. This, however, did not long continue; for nature not having endowed him with qualifications to secure the possession of the heart, the fair sex soon perceived the defect." "He was very handsome," says Madame

Dunois, "extremely well made, and had an air of greatness answerable to his birth. He was brave, even to a fault, and exposed himself in the service abroad with a courage not to be excelled. He danced extremely well, and with an air that charmed all that saw him. His heart was always divided between love and glory. He was rich, young, gallant, and, as I have before said, the handsomest and best shaped of men. It will not after this appear strange that many ladies made it their business to engage his heart." According to Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, "he was always engaged in some amour." Dryden's beautiful description of him in his "Absalom and Achitophel," shall complete the picture.

"Of all the numerous progeny were none
 So beautiful, so brave as Absalom.
 Early in foreign fields he won renown,
 With kings and states allied to Israel's crown.
 In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
 And seem'd as he were only born for love.
 Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
 In him alone 'twas natural to please.
 His motions all accompanied with grace,
 And Paradise was opened in his face.
 With secret joy indulgent David viewed
 His youthful image in himself renewed.
 To all his wishes nothing he denied,
 And made the charming Annabel his bride.
 What faults he had—for who from faults is free?
 His father could not, or he would not see!
 Some warm excesses, which the law forebore,
 Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er;
 And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
 Was called a just revenge for injured fame."

The allusion to "Amnon's murder" in the last couplet, is far from clear. Sir Walter Scott, in his notes on Dryden, supposes it to allude to the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose, by Monmouth's agency, in consequence

of a disrespectful allusion in the House of Commons to the King's amours. With this explanation it is difficult to be satisfied, however much we may be at a loss for another. Monmouth, who was foremost in all the wild frolics and debaucheries of the period, certainly appears, in 1671, to have caused the death of a fellow creature. Andrew Marvel writes, on the 28th of February in that year, — "On Saturday night last, or rather Monday morning at two o'clock, some persons reported to be of great quality, together with other gentlemen, set upon the watch and killed a poor beadle, praying for his life upon his knees, with many wounds: warrants are out for apprehending some of them, but they are fled." Again he writes a short time afterwards,—"Doubtless you have heard before this time, how Monmouth, Albemarle, Dunbane, and seven or eight gentlemen, fought with the watch and killed a poor beadle: they have all got their pardon for Monmouth's sake, but it is an act of great scandal." This explanation, however, is quite as much open to exception. Dryden would scarcely have dignified a beadle as Amnon; and, instead of being in "revenge for injured fame," the affair appears to have originated in a street squabble. In the *State Poems* are some verses "on the three Dukes killing the beadle on Sunday morning, February 26th 1670-1."

On the 20th April, 1663, his father married him to Lady Anne Scott, sole daughter of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh, the wealthiest heiress in the three kingdoms. Monmouth was only fourteen at the time, the bride a year younger. The lady possessed some estimable qualities besides her wealth, but they were unable to attach the heart of her fickle husband. She was certainly gifted with taste and was a friend to genius. Dryden does honour to her as the "patroness of his poor unworthy

poetry,"* and Gay the poet was for some time her Secretary. Madame Dunois says, "She had all that was to be wished for to make her agreeable. She had virtue, wit, riches, and birth, and though she was not extraordinarily beautiful, and was a little lame, yet in the main she was very desirable." "His Duchess," says Evelyn, "was a virtuous and excellent lady, who brought him great riches, and a second dukedom in Scotland." Fresh honours were heaped on him. In a few years he became master of the horse, a general in the army, gentleman of the bedchamber, captain of the life-guards,† Governor of Hull, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and, in right of his young duchess, Lord great Chamberlain of Scotland.

When only sixteen years of age, Monmouth bore a part in the great sea-fight, in 1665, on which occasion the Dutch Admiral Opdam was blown up in his flag-ship. He early acquired a knowledge of military tactics, and in 1672 was appointed to an important command. Charles, by agreement with Louis the Fourteenth, had engaged to supply that monarch with six thousand men, for service by land against the Dutch. Young as he was, these

* Sir Walter Scott assures us, that it was "her patronage which first established Dryden's popularity," a circumstance too honourable to her memory to be here suppressed. This is high praise, and if true does great taste to the duchess's taste and judgment. But it is a pity Sir Walter does not state his authority. His natural partiality for the house of Buccleugh may have converted a pleasing impression into positive fact. It is strange that Dryden, in his dedication to the Duchess of the "Indian Emperor," does not allude to the circumstance. He seldom misses an opportunity for panegyric.

† The King appointed him to the first troop of Life-guards on the 29th September, 1668, in Hyde Park. He presented him at the same time with a saddle, which is still preserved in the family of Buccleugh. His late Majesty, William IV., expressed a wish to see this interesting relic, and it was accordingly sent from Dalkeith to London for his inspection.

troops were placed under the command of Monmouth, who arrived with them at the French camp at Charleroi, in time for the commencement of the campaign. While on this service he was present at the taking of Orfoy, Rhineberg, Wesel, Emmerick, Doesburg, and Zutphen. He returned to England in July, and was received in London with joy and acclamations. The populace loved Monmouth even more than they disliked the war.

In 1676 he led the storming party at the siege of Maestricht, where he displayed great gallantry and discretion. His uncle, King James, mentions particularly the retaking of a half-moon, in which Monmouth valiantly distinguished himself. In 1678 he was employed with the Dutch against the French. At the attack on the Duke of Luxemburg's line before Mons, his conduct and courage won the entire satisfaction of the Prince of Orange, perhaps the best judge in Europe of military science.

His last professional service, with the exception of his fatal engagement at Sedgmoor, was in 1679, when he was sent with full powers to quell the insurrection in Scotland. He performed the service with equal courage and humanity. On the 22nd of June, the Covenanters were entirely defeated at Bothwell Bridge; about eight hundred having been killed, and nearly twelve hundred taken prisoners. Monmouth distinguished himself by his endeavours to prevent the massacre of the poor wretches. A few, who were proved to have had a share in the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, were hung, and only those who refused to submit to the government were sent out of the country.

About this period, the unpopularity of James Duke of York, and the general outcry for a bill to exclude him from the succession to the throne, on account of his

being a Roman Catholic, opened a wide field for Monmouth's ambition. The people loved him for his generosity, his valour, and a thousand other brilliant and endearing qualities. His zeal, moreover, during the frenzy of the Popish Plot, and his friendship with the popular idols of the day, had led to his being regarded as the champion of Protestantism and of freedom. There was no single point in which the gloomy and detested James could bear the least comparison with his graceful rival; but what added the greatest weight to Monmouth's ambitious projects, was a general belief in his legitimacy. This report, which originated in a project of Shaftesbury's, was no less industriously circulated than greedily devoured; it being confidently asserted that the King had been married to the Duke's mother, Lucy Walters, in the first days of his passion for that beautiful courtesan.

That much importance was attached at the time to this improbable tale, is evident from the length at which James, the person most interested, dwells upon the disagreeable subject in his memoirs. According to this account, Shaftesbury and his colleagues endeavoured to tamper with Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham, who had been acquainted with the beautiful courtesan at Paris, and who had made some attempts to convert her from her mode of living. The agent employed was one Ross, formerly a governor of Monmouth's, who endeavoured to prevail upon the Bishop to sign a certificate of her marriage with Charles. To induce the Bishop to be guilty of this gross act of fraud, the advantages which would accrue to the Protestant interests, by excluding the Duke of York from the throne, were principally and forcibly insisted upon by Ross. The Bishop, however, very properly communicated the conspiracy to

the King. Charles took considerable trouble in investigating the affair, and the only person, who was said to have actually seen the contract, was summoned before the Council. The man, however, on his examination, positively disavowed knowing anything of the matter. When Charles was at this period pressed by the Earls of Carlisle and Shaftesbury to declare Monmouth legitimate,—“Much,” he said, “as I love him, I had rather see him hanged at Tyburn than I would confess him to be my heir.” It was fortunate for James that the King preferred justice even to his darling first-born. Had he yielded to the machinations of Shaftesbury, Monmouth would, not improbably, have succeeded to the throne, and his heirs might have sat on it at the present day.

About the time that these reports were in their busiest circulation, and when Monmouth was at the height of his popularity, Charles was seized with an alarming illness at Windsor. The friends of the rival dukes were of course on the alert, and had the King died as that juncture, there would, no doubt, have been a struggle for the succession. But Charles, in his danger, was not forgetful of his brother's interests, and, with his permission, James was secretly sent for from Brussels, in order to be ready for any emergency. He arrived at Windsor with the utmost despatch, but fortunately the King, in the meantime, had been pronounced out of danger. To prevent the suspicion which the Duke of York's sudden reappearance in England might otherwise have excited in the minds of Monmouth's friends, it was endeavoured to give the visit the appearance of accident, and Charles cleverly acted surprise when his brother entered the apartment. The truth, however, was seen through by the opposite

party, to whom this discovery of the Duke's secret influence over his brother was not a little disconcerting.

But this was not the only blow to Monmouth's ambition at this period. Charles, in order to satisfy his brother, went so far as publicly and solemnly to deny his marriage with Lucy Walters. The following remarkable declaration will be found in the Council book of the 3rd of March, 1679 :—

“That to avoid any dispute which may happen in time to come concerning the succession to the crown, he declares in the presence of Almighty God, that he never gave nor made any contract of marriage, nor was married to any woman whatsoever, but to his present wife Queen Catherine, now living,
CHARLES REX.”

“Whitehall, March 3rd, 1679.”

Again, three months afterwards, we find Charles recording a protest in the Court of Chancery, that, “On the word of a King, and the faith of a Christian, he was never married to Mrs. Barlow, alias Walters, the Duke of Monmouth's mother, nor to any woman whatsoever, besides the now Queen.”

In addition to these triumphs, for such they were to James, his influence appeared to be gradually becoming all-powerful at Court, while Monmouth's perceptibly declined. There can be little doubt, we think, that Charles had adopted the clever policy of balancing the power of the one against the other, and of throwing in his own influence, whenever either grew more powerful than suited his views.* At this juncture, in consequence

* Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in his memoirs, throws some light on the misunderstanding between James and the Duke of Monmouth. The passage is curious as casting some slight doubt over the purity of the Duchess of Monmouth's conduct, the only instance, however, in which we have found it impugned. It certainly requires corroboration.

of Monmouth's extraordinary popularity and evidently ambitious projects, it was no doubt the policy of Charles to throw his weight into his brother's scale; and accordingly Monmouth, having been deprived of his post of captain-general, and of the governorship of Hull, was ordered to withdraw himself into Holland. The spoiled child of splendour was extremely unwilling to submit. It was pointed out to him, however, by his friends, that, as his banishment would of course be attributed by the multitude to the machinations of James, the result would be a renewed accession of popular affection and applause; and, moreover, being assured by them that, as soon as Parliament should meet, there would be a vote of address to the King to demand his recall, Monmouth at length took his unwilling departure for Holland.

CHAPTER II.

Monmouth returns to England without Leave—Joy of the Populace on his entering London—His magnificent Progress through the disturbed Districts—He mingles in the Sports of the Peasantry—Is arrested in the Town of Stafford by Order of the King—Wins the Prize at a Horse-race near St. Germain-en-Lai—His share in the Rye-House Plot—Conceals himself—Is reconciled to the King—Joy of Charles on Monmouth's Return to Court—Again banished—Resides at the Hague, and is hospitably entertained by the Prince and Princess of Orange—Extracts from Monmouth's Diary—Death of Charles II.—James II. procures Monmouth's Dismissal from the Hague—He retires to Brussels with his Mistress—Persuaded though unwillingly to invade England—Sails from the Texel—Lands at Lyme—Takes the title of King.

THE following year, 1680, Monmouth, having in vain solicited his recall, determined on returning to England without permission, and in the face of every danger. Such was his exceeding popularity, that although it was midnight when he entered London, the watch took it upon themselves to arouse the sleeping inhabitants, by announcing to them the return of their idol. Within an hour or two the church-bells were ringing their joyous peals, and bonfires blazed in the streets. Charles instantly sent a peremptory message to his disobedient son to return to Holland. Instead, however, of obeying, he set out on a magnificent progress through the disturbed counties of Lancashire, Staffordshire, Worcester-shire, and Cheshire; his retinue consisting of an hundred persons armed and splendidly accoutred. In a scarce memoir of the Duke, published in his life-time, there is an account of his journey to the west at this period.

"At Exeter," says the writer, "he was met by the citizens and the people of all the adjacent parts, to the number of twenty thousand persons; but that which was most remarkable, was the appearance of a brave company of brisk stout young men, all clothed in linen raiments and drawers, white, and harmless, having not so much as a stick in their hands. They were in number about nine hundred or a thousand. They went three miles out of the city to meet his Grace, where they were drawn up all on a little hill and divided into two parts, in which order they attended the Duke's coming, who rid up first between them, and then round each company. After which they united, and went hand in hand in order before, where he no sooner arrived, but a universal shout from all parts echoed forth his welcome." *

During his progress through the midland counties he was received at different places by the Lords Macclesfield, Brandon, Rivers, Colchester, Delamere, Russell, and Grey, Sir Gilbert Gerard, and other principal landholders, at the head of their tenantry. Those who flocked to him were on many occasions armed, according to a feudal custom not then extinct. But a passage in Dalrymple's *Memoirs* will convey the best picture of this remarkable progress, as also of the nation's extraordinary fondness for the misguided Duke. "When he approached a town," says the writer, "he quitted his coach and rode into it on horseback. The nobility and gentry went foremost in a band. At a distance and single, rode the Duke, and at a distance behind him the servants and tenants. When he entered the towns,

* "An historical account of the heroic life and magnanimous actions of the most illustrious Protestant Prince, James Duke of Monmouth, 12mo. 1683."

those who received him formed themselves into three ranks; the nobility, gentry, and burghers being placed in the first, the tenants in the next, and the servants in the last. He gave orders for two hundred covers to be prepared wherever he dined. At dinner two doors were thrown open, that the populace might enter at the one, walk round the table to see their favourite, and give place to those that followed, by going out at the other. At other times he dined in an open tent in the fields, that he might the more see and be seen. At Liverpool he ventured to touch for the king's evil. He entered into all country diversions, and, as he was of wonderful agility, even ran races himself upon foot. And when he had outstripped the swiftest of the racers, he ran again in his boots, and beat them though running in their shoes. The prizes which he gained during the day, he gave away at christenings in the evening. The bells were rung, bonfires made, and volleys of fire-arms discharged: wherever he came, the populace waving their hats in the air, shouted after him, A Monmouth, a Monmouth! and all promised him their votes in future elections to parliament."

In the midst of this triumphant popularity, Monmouth, on the very day on which he was to have been entertained by the inhabitants of Stafford in one of their principal streets, was arrested by order of the King. A single Sergeant-at-arms entered the town, and, having been admitted to Monmouth's presence, produced his writ. Neither the Duke nor his friends offered the slightest resistance. Monmouth instantly despatched Sir Thomas Armstrong for a *habeas corpus*, which having been granted, he returned to the metropolis. Dryden, in his "Absalom and Achitophel," has celebrated the regal progresses of Monmouth.

“ The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless :
Who now begins his progress to ordain,
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train ;
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promised land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar ;
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.”

During the two years which followed, we know but little of Monmouth's proceedings. His conduct, however, continued so far from satisfactory, that in 1682 the King expressed his pleasure to the University of Cambridge that they should choose another Chancellor in his room ; and, accordingly, his former wild companion, Christopher Duke of Albemarle, was selected to succeed him. The University further volunteered the unworthy insult of removing Monmouth's picture from the public schools, and committing it to a bonfire. Bishop Kennet styles it an “eager and ridiculous” act, and it was not overlooked by the lampooners. Stepney wrote,—

“ Yes, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true,
Both from your rabble and your doctors too ;
With what applause you once received his grace,
And begged a copy of his god-like face !
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The original in limbo lay secure ;
As greasy as himself, he sends a lictor,
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.”

In 1683 we find Monmouth distinguishing himself on a different field. On the 25th of February in that year, was contested, in the neighbourhood of the French capital, perhaps the most famous horse-race of modern times ; Louis the Fourteenth having sent to different countries, inviting the owners of the swiftest horses to try

their fortune upon that day. The plate, which the King himself presented, and which was valued at a thousand pistoles, was run for on the plain d'Echère, near St. Germain-en-Lai. The honour of England was sustained by the Duke of Monmouth, who carried away the prize in the presence of Louis and the French Court.

The celebrated Rye-house plot, for which Russell and Algernon Sydney lost their heads, followed shortly after this event. Monmouth's share in the conspiracy was at least equal to that of his unfortunate friends; indeed, as he seems to have had an eye to the crown, his guilt was undoubtedly more flagrant. The Duke, however, more fortunate than his colleagues, contrived to effect his escape.

Burnet relates a strange story connected with Monmouth's flight. As soon as the council, which had declared Sydney to be a traitor, had broken up, Charles, he says, hastened to the Duchess of Monmouth, and wept while he discoursed with her of her misguided husband. Her house, he told her, would shortly be searched, but, as he had given orders that her private apartments should be held sacred, he suggested that she might easily conceal the Duke in them, if she wished. Monmouth, adds the Bishop, "distrusted the King's word, and concealed himself elsewhere; a fortunate circumstance, as it happened, since the Duchess's apartments were the first that were searched."

The Bishop tells us that this story was related to him by Lord Cutts, who had it from Monmouth himself. Lord Dartmouth, however, throws considerable doubt on Burnet's accuracy on this occasion. "Mr. Francis Gwin," he says, "secretary at war in Queen Anne's time, told me, that as soon as this book was published, he asked the Duchess of Monmouth if she remembered

anything of this story : she answered it was impossible she should, for there was not one word of it true." Indeed, so desirous was Charles of being reconciled to Monmouth, and such was his affection for his rebellious son, that during the whole time that the Duke was supposed to be concealed, and while a proclamation was actually out for his arrest, he not only sent him the kindest messages, but even admitted him on several occasions to secret interviews. "The night," says Welwood, "that the Duke first appeared at court upon his reconciliation, King Charles was so little master of himself, that he could not dissemble a mighty joy in his countenance, and in everything he did or said, insomuch that it was the public talk about town, and strongly insinuated to the Duke of York, that all the King's former proceedings against the Duke of Monmouth were but grimace."

The reconciliation appears to have been principally effected by a penitent letter which Monmouth addressed to the King. "There is nothing," he wrote, "under Heaven has struck me so much to the heart, as to be put into a proclamation for an intention of murdering you, Sir, and the Duke. I do call God Almighty to witness, and I wish I may die this moment I am writing, if ever it entered into my head, or ever I said the least thing to anybody that could make them think I could wish such a thing: I am sure there cannot be such villains upon earth to say I ever did." Charles was sensibly affected at the perusal of this letter, which Monmouth took care to follow up with another even more tender and submissive. In his second appeal he describes himself as the "most miserable disconsolate creature now living." But his pride must have suffered a severe struggle, when his fortunes compelled him to

humble himself to the Duke of York. "Neither," he writes, "do I imagine to receive your pardon otherwise than by the intercession of the Duke, whom I acknowledge to have offended, and am prepared to submit myself in the humblest manner." It was one of the conditions on which he was received into favour, that he should ostensibly owe his pardon to the intercession of James; Monmouth, on his part, stipulating that on no account should he be brought forward as a witness against his friends. These arrangements having been privately made, Charles summoned an extraordinary council, at which he expressed a firm conviction of his son's penitence and remorse. Accordingly Monmouth was once more received into favour, and permitted to attend the Court.

But this happy state of affairs was of short duration. Monmouth not only suffered his old friends,—men hostile to the Court and to the tranquillity of the nation,—to flock to his presence, but the fact of his having admitted his errors was even confidently denied by his partisans. The line of conduct adopted by Charles towards his rebellious son was, nevertheless, conciliating almost to weakness. He spoke affectionately to him of the prevailing reports; dwelt on the anxiety which he felt lest Monmouth should relapse into his former errors; and concluded by imploring him to make the same admission to the public, which he had already made to him in private. Charles himself drew up the draft of a letter, which Monmouth, apparently much affected by the King's unexpected kindness, unhesitatingly signed. Indeed, if his contrition were really sincere, there was nothing in the document which he need have blushed to subscribe. While it admitted Monmouth's well-known share in the late conspiracy, it denied all

intention of assassinating his Majesty ; concluding with a hope that his offences would be pardoned, and with a promise never again to be guilty of similar indiscretions.

But for the notorious unsteadiness of his mind, the submission of Monmouth would have been a severe blow to his party. He was instantly assailed by them with all kinds of specious and pernicious arguments. Monmouth listened and was undone. Hastening to the King, he vehemently requested that the paper might be returned to him. Charles very dispassionately told him he should never have occasion to say he was forced into what he had done, and that he would not therefore retain the document against his will : he warned him, however, to consider seriously on the step which he was about to take ; allowing him till the following morning for further deliberation. The next day, the same on which Sydney was beheaded, the request was renewed by Monmouth with even increased earnestness. Charles sorrowfully put the letter into his hands ; at the same time banishing him from his presence and the Court.

During the two next years, which preceded the death of Charles, Monmouth resided principally in Holland, in which country he was treated with hospitality and respect. The Prince and Princess of Orange not only admitted him to the closest intimacy, but encouraged every kind of amusement, in order to render their Court agreeable to their animated guest. The Prince even persuaded his consort to learn to skate, for the purpose of gratifying a whim of the Duke.

The King, during this period, not only frequently wrote to his misguided son, but supplied him privately with money. It was observed, also, that when any person dwelt upon Monmouth's past conduct with undue severity, Charles never failed to introduce some ex-

tenuating circumstance in his favour. He still loved his erring son beyond all other human beings, and in his heart probably cherished the same charitable view of his conduct, which Dryden has adopted in his beautiful apologetical verses on Monmouth:—

“ Unblamed of life, ambition set aside,
Not stained with cruelty, not puffed with pride;
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher placed his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claimed a throne,
And blest all other countries but his own:
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.”

The heart of Charles, as his life drew towards its close, yearned still more tenderly for the society of his beloved son. In Monmouth's private Diary, which was found on his person after the battle of Sedgmoor, we discover evidence that, had not the King's days been prematurely shortened, he would have recalled Monmouth from Holland, and replaced him in his affections. Welwood, who had an opportunity of perusing this interesting document, informs us that it contained passages of so delicate a nature, that King James ought in common justice to have committed it to the flames. Welwood obtained permission to copy it, and so far availed himself of the favour as to transcribe the following curious extracts. The names are throughout in cipher. Of these 29 is evidently Charles, and 39 the Duke of York. Mr. Fox conceives that the mediator, L, was Lord Halifax, and, as that nobleman was similarly employed in a former misunderstanding between the King and Monmouth, his conjecture is probably the true one.

“ 13 *October* [1684]. L. came to me at eleven at night from 29. Told me 29 would never be brought to believe

that I knew anything of that part of the plot that concerned Rye-house; but as things went he must behave himself as if he did believe it, for some reasons that might be to my advantage. L. desired me to write to 29, which I refused; but afterwards told me 29 expected it: and I promised to write to-morrow if he could call for the letter at S. L. showed a great concern for me, and I believe him sincere, though 3 is of another mind."

"Oct. 14.—L. came as he promised, and receiving the letter from 3 sealed, refusing to read it himself, though I had left it open with S for that purpose."

"Oct. 20.—L. came to me at S, with a line or two from 29, very kind, assuring me he believed every word in my letter to be true; and advised me to keep hid till he had an opportunity to express his belief of it some other way. L. told me he was to go out of town next day, and that 29 would send 80 to me in a day or two, whom he assured me I might trust."

"Oct. 25.—L. came for me to ———, where 29 was with 80. He received me pretty well, and said 30 and 50 were the causes of my misfortunes, and would ruin me. After some hot words against them, and against S, went away in a good humour."

"Oct. 26.—I went to E ——— and was in danger of being discovered by some of Ogelthorp's men, that were accidentally at the back door of the garden."

"Nov. 2.—A letter from 29 to be to-morrow at seven at night at S, and nobody to know it but 80."

"Nov. 3.—He came not, there being an extraordinary council. But 80 brought me a copy of 50's intercepted letter, which made rather for me than against me. Bid me come to-morrow at the same hour, and to say nothing of the letter, except 29 spoke of it first."

"Nov. 4.—I came and found 29 and L. there. He was

very kind, and gave me directions how to manage my business, and what words I should say to 39. He appointed 80 to come to me every night till my business was ripe, and promised to send with him directions from time to time."

"*Nov. 9.*—L. came from 29 and told me my business should be done to my mind next week; and that Q* was my friend, and had spoke to 39 and D† in my behalf; which he said 29 took very kindly, and had expressed so to her. At parting he told me there should be nothing required of me but what was both safe and honourable. But said there must be something done to blind 39."

"*Nov. 15.*—L. came to me with a copy of the letter I was to sign to please 39. I desired to know in whose hands it was to be deposited, for I would have it in no hands but 29. He told me it should be so, but if 39 asked a copy, it could not well be refused. I referred myself entirely to 29's pleasure."

"*Nov. 24.*—L. came from 29, and ordered me to render myself to-morrow. Cautioned me to play my part, to avoid questions as much as possible, and to seem absolutely converted to 39's interest. Bade me bear with some words that might seem harsh."

"*Nov. 25.*—I rendered myself. At night, 29 could not dissemble his satisfaction; pressed my hand, which I remember not he did before, except when I returned from the French service. 29 acted his part well, and I too. 39 and D seemed not ill-pleased."

"*Nov. 26.*—29 took me aside, and falling on the business of L. R. [Lord, Russell,] said he inclined to have saved him, but was forced to it, otherwise he must have broke with 39. Bid me think no more on it. Coming

* Evidently Queen Catherine.

† This appears to be the Duchess of York, Mary D'Este.

home L told me he feared 39 began to smell out 29's carriage. That —— said to 39 that morning, that all that was done was but sham."

"*Nov. 27.*—Several told me of the storm that was brewing. Rumsey was with 39, and was seen to come out crying, that he must accuse a man he loved."

"*Dec. 29.*—A letter from 29, bidding me stay till I heard further from him."

"*Jan. 5.*—I received a letter from L., marked by 29 in the margin, to trust entirely in 10; and that in February I should certainly have leave to return. That matters were concerting towards it; and that 39 had no suspicion, notwithstanding, of my reception here."

"*Feb. 3.*—A letter from L that my business was almost as well as done: but must be so sudden as not to leave time for 39's party to counterplot. That it is probable he would chuse Scotland rather than Flanders or this country; * which was all one to 29."

"*Feb. 16.*—The sad news of his death by L: O cruel fate!"

The King had died on the 6th of February previous, thus eliciting from Monmouth this melancholy expression. It is remarkable, that on his death-bed Charles apparently made no allusion to his favourite son.

James, on his accession to the throne, had sufficient influence with his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, to procure Monmouth's expulsion from Holland: and accordingly he withdrew with his paramour, Lady Henrietta Wentworth, to Brussels, where, in order to supply the deficiencies of his education, he applied himself closely to study.

It was not without great difficulty that Monmouth

* Holland.

was persuaded by his friends to undertake that rash invasion of England, which terminated by his losing his life on the scaffold. When the project had been first proposed to him, no one could have expressed himself more sensibly on the rashness and desperation of the undertaking. Surrounded, however, by the wildest Protestant zealots, his weak and vacillating mind afforded but little proof against their specious and animating arguments. Before long, he had even adopted the tone of fanatical enthusiasm which pervaded his followers, and, notwithstanding he was living in open adultery with a young and beautiful woman, appears to have imagined himself predestined by Heaven to be the champion of Protestantism in the approaching religious crusade. When his more reasonable friends expostulated with him on the insanity of his conduct ;—"How can I," he said, "avoid exposing my own person, when others are so forward in exposing theirs in my cause."

That it was not, however, without due reflection and considerable hesitation that Monmouth entered the lists with James, is evident from one of his own letters written at this period. "Pray, do not think," he says, "that it is an effect of melancholy, for that was never my greatest fault, when I tell you that in these three weeks' retirement in this place, I have not only looked back but forward : and the more I consider our present circumstances, I think them still the more desperate, unless some unforeseen accident fall out which I cannot divine nor hope for." And he concludes,—"For God's sake think in the mean time of the improbabilities that lie naturally in our way : and let us not by struggling with our chains, make them straiter and heavier. For my part, I'll run the hazard of being thought anything rather than a rash, inconsiderate man. And to tell you my

thoughts without disguise, I am now so much in love with a retired life, that I am never like to be fond of making a bustle in the world again."

But, as usual, his evil genius prevailed, and, on the 24th of May, 1685, he sailed from the Texel on his unfortunate expedition. His force was as weak as the undertaking was rash. The expedition consisted only of a frigate of thirty-two guns, three smaller vessels, and a small band consisting of eighty-two devoted but indiscreet followers. He had provided himself, however, with arms for five thousand men. After having been tossed about at sea, encountering stormy weather and contrary winds, for no fewer than nineteen days, he landed at Lyme in Dorsetshire on the 11th of June. His first step was to assemble his few followers around him, when, having commanded silence, he fell on his knees on the beach, and prayed to Heaven to prosper his enterprise. He then drew his sword, and, followed by his men, led the way towards the town. He was received with extraordinary enthusiasm by the inhabitants. As he fixed his blue standard in the market-place, loud cheers for the Protestant religion, and shouts of "A Monmouth, a Monmouth," rent the air.

Monmouth had trusted that the popularity of his name would speedily fill his ranks; nor was he greatly deceived in his expectations. The common people flocked affectionately around their idol, and accordingly in four days he found himself at the head of two thousand followers. One of his first steps was to issue a printed declaration, addressed entirely to the passions of the bigoted and the vulgar. In this inflammatory appeal, he spoke of James as his "mortal and bloody enemy;" accusing him of every crime which could disgrace humanity, and of every project which was likely

to entail slavery and misery on his subjects. The burning of London, in 1666, the Popish plot, the murder of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, the assassination of the Earl of Essex, and even the poisoning of the late King, were indiscriminately laid to his charge. James was styled throughout, the Duke of York, and the people were called upon to defend themselves against his "idolatrous and bloody" designs. Lastly, Monmouth insisted that he himself had been born in lawful wedlock; adding, however, that he would leave his claims to be decided upon by a free Parliament.

In the mean time, James had been far from neglectful of his own interests, and, moreover, he was at this time effectually supported by his Parliament. They presented an address to him, in which they bound themselves to assist and stand by him with their lives and fortunes; a bill was passed attainting Monmouth of high treason; a reward of 5000*l.* was offered for his capture either alive or dead, and, moreover, the Commons voted a supply of 400,000*l.* to the King, "for his present extraordinary occasions."

Having quitted Lyme on the fourth day after his landing, Monmouth had proceeded some distance on his way to Axminster, when he was informed that the Duke of Albemarle was in the neighbourhood with about four thousand of the Devonshire militia. This was the second and spendthrift Duke, whom we have formerly seen engaged with Monmouth in a midnight brawl, and who now encountered his old friend under very different circumstances. They had advanced within a quarter of a mile of each other, when Albemarle, perceiving his followers to be disaffected, considered it prudent to order a retreat. That Monmouth neglected to pursue them was a fatal mistake. He would have succeeded in

obtaining arms and followers; the fame of his success would have greatly advanced his cause; many influential persons would no doubt have joined him, and in two days he would probably have found himself at the gates of Exeter. But he intended to wait, he said, till his men were better disciplined, and till his ranks had been swelled into a more formidable force.

Monmouth arrived at Taunton on the 18th of June, a week after his landing; having advanced in the mean time only twenty miles. Here, however, his reception must have exceeded even his most sanguine hopes. The houses were everywhere hung with green boughs and flowers, and so thronged were the streets with his admirers, that he could with difficulty proceed. A standard, woven by the young ladies of the town, was solemnly presented to him by the hands of the fair enthusiasts themselves. The gift was accompanied by a Bible, which their spokeswoman, with a drawn sword in her hand, also publicly delivered to him. The Duke expressed a transport which perhaps he really felt. "I have come into the field," he said, "to defend the truths contained in this book, and, if there be occasion for it, to seal it with my blood." His followers had now amounted to six thousand, and he would even have been more formidable but for the want of arms. Unfortunately, intoxicated with his growing success, he had now the folly to assume the title of King, and even went so far as to touch for the evil and to set a price on the head of King James. It must be remembered, on the other hand, that Monmouth had been taught from his boyhood to believe that the Crown was a prize within his reach. When foreign princes died, he was the only subject, with the exception of the Duke of York, who had been invited to wear the purple cloak which is the exclusive

mourning robe of royalty ; and, in the presence-chamber of his father, while the ancient nobility of the land had stood uncovered around, Monmouth and the Duke of York alone wore their hats before the King.

From Taunton, Monmouth proceeded to Bridgewater, Wells, and Frome, in all of which places he was solemnly proclaimed. Another fatal error consisted in these perpetual delays. The time which should have been spent in action was wasted in unprofitable parade.

CHAPTER III.

Monmouth's Affairs decline—His Despondency—Battle of Sedgmoor—Monmouth's Flight—Terrors of his Mind—His humble Submissions to the King—Conducted to London—Colonel Legge ordered to stab him should his Rescue be attempted—His Interview with James at Whitehall—His extraordinary Superstition—His Interview with his Duchess on the Morning of his Execution—Becomes reconciled to his Fate—Bishop of St. Asaph's Account of his Behaviour—Monmouth's Devotion to Lady Henrietta Wentworth—Distressing Circumstances which attended his Execution—Some Account of the Duchess of Monmouth—Remainder of King Charles's natural Children : The Duke of Southampton—Duke of Grafton—Duke of Northumberland—Duke of St. Alban's—Duke of Richmond—Earl of Plymouth—Countess of Yarmouth—Countess of Sussex—Countess of Litchfield—Countess of Derwentwater—Barbara Fitzroy—Mary Walters.

WHILE Monmouth was thus trifling with his fortunes, King James had assembled a considerable force to arrest his hitherto triumphant progress. The advance of this formidable body; the news of his friend Argyle's defeat in Scotland: and his own want of artillery and money, soon completely changed the aspect of Monmouth's affairs. The consequence was that the elation, which the spoiled child of fortune had enjoyed on his first success, was speedily converted into the deepest despondency. He seems at one time to have half made up his mind to take ship at Pool; but unwilling, perhaps, to leave his followers to their fate, he returned to the hospitable town of Bridgewater, with the intention of making a last desperate attempt to retrieve his fortunes.

It was not long before this opportunity presented itself. The Earl of Feversham, who commanded the King's forces, had established himself in the neighbouring village of Sedgmoor. The position was a weak one, and accordingly influenced by this circumstance, as well as by the prevailing reports of the remissness of discipline on the part of the royalists, and their habitual nightly carousings, it was decided that a night attack should be made without loss of time on Feversham's quarters. "We have only," said Monmouth, "to lock the stable doors, and then seize the troopers in their beds." Accordingly, about eleven o'clock, on a foggy night on the 5th of July, preceded by a trustworthy guide, the invaders, silently and steadily, commenced their hazardous march towards the village of Sedgmoor. Unfortunately, about one o'clock in the morning, they fell suddenly in the darkness upon Lord Dumbarton's regiment, the result of which was that a promiscuous attack commenced, which had the effect of putting the whole of the royal army on their guard. Between the royalists and their opponents ran a small stream, over which their guide was to have conducted the latter by an easy ford. As soon, however, as Monmouth's undisciplined forces came in sight of their foes, it was found impossible to restrain their impetuous valour, and they rushed furiously and indiscriminately forward. But all their valour and enthusiasm was to no purpose. They were compelled to retrace their steps, and having in the mean time lost their guide, a considerable period elapsed before a fording-place was discovered. The royalists were now armed and prepared for them, and the fight was renewed with extraordinary fury. At the head of the King's forces were Lords Feversham and Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, assisted by a singular

but able coadjutor, the Bishop of Winchester,* who "performed singular service in the managing of the great guns." Monmouth fought with desperate courage at the head of his infantry, and such was the impetuosity of the onset of the Somersetshire peasantry that at one moment the King's veteran forces were on the point of giving way. But the sudden flight of Monmouth's undisciplined cavalry, commanded by Lord Grey, at length decided the fortunes of the day; the enemy's horse being thus enabled to attack Monmouth's gallant peasantry in the rear. Thus, after an engagement of three hours, opposed on all sides, and their ammunition expended, they were compelled to yield. About fifteen hundred were killed and as many were taken prisoners, of whom Jeffreys was afterwards the merciless hangman. "The Duke of Monmouth," says Reresby, "had from the very beginning of this desperate attempt behaved with the conduct of a great captain, as was allowed even by the King, who, in my hearing, said he had not made one false step." The day that the news of his defeat reached London, his Duchess, with her two young sons, were unjustly sent to the Tower.

The unfortunate Monmouth had ridden about twenty miles, in hopes of finding a lurking-place amongst the friendly poachers and deer-stalkers of the New Forest, when his horse sank beneath him from fatigue. He then

* Dr. Peter Mew, Bishop of Bath and Wells, had been translated to Winchester the previous year. He had been a captain in the army during the civil wars. Burnet, who is said to have been an expectant for his bishopric, speaks disparagingly of him. "He knew very little of divinity, or of any other learning, and was weak to a childish degree; yet obsequiousness and zeal raised him through several steps to this great see." Mew lived to a great age. He imagined himself to be a natural son of Emmanuel Earl of Sunderland, who was killed at the battle of Newbury.

changed clothes with a peasant and proceeded on foot. Two days after the battle, he was discovered by one Perkin, a servant, near Hollbridge in Dorsetshire, in a dry ditch, covered with fern-brakes. Evelyn says, "his beard was grown so long and so grey as hardly to be known, had not his George discovered him, which was found in his pocket." He not only offered no resistance, but trembled violently, and, according to some accounts, is said to have burst into tears. His whole stock of provisions consisted but of some peas, which he had gathered in a neighbouring field, and which were found in his pocket. He mentioned afterwards that he had never enjoyed a night's rest, nor eat a meal in quiet, since the day of his landing, and, it seems, he had not been in bed for three weeks. His capture is thus announced in the London Gazette:—

"Whitehall, July 8th, at twelve o'clock at night.

"His Majesty has just now received an account that the late Duke of Monmouth was taken this morning in Dorsetshire, being hid in a ditch, and that he is in the hands of my Lord Lumley."

By Lord Lumley, Monmouth was conducted to Ringwood, where he remained two nights. His grief and the terrors of his mind at this period are described as extremely distressing. He had not only been nurtured too gently not to feel misfortune acutely, but he was also too well aware of James's merciless disposition to hope for pardon. The once graceful and gallant Monmouth, who had sought and gained renown on the field of battle, was unable to anticipate without horror the approaching terrors of the scaffold.

He appears to have fondly imagined, that could he only succeed in obtaining admission to the presence of James,

he would be enabled to soften the iron nature of his uncle and former friend. Accordingly, from Ringwood he wrote to the King on the 8th July, making the humblest submissions, and imploring him to consent to an interview. "I have that," he says, "to say to you, sir, that I hope may give you a long and happy reign: I, am sure, when you hear me, you will be convinced of the care I have of your preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done." He concludes with insisting on the same argument for their meeting. "I hope, sir, God Almighty will strike your heart with mercy and compassion for me, as he has done mine with the abhorrence of what I have done. Wherefore, sir, I hope I may live to show you how zealous I shall ever be for your service, and, could I say but *one word* in this letter, you would be convinced of it; but it is of that *consequence* that I dare not do it. Therefore, sir, I do beg of you once more to let me speak to you, for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be,

"Your Majesty's most humble and dutiful,

"MONMOUTH." *

It seems evident from these passages, that the motive which subsequently induced James to admit his unfortunate nephew to an interview, was the hope of extracting from him the names and projects of his accomplices. It is chiefly in this light that they are curious.

The day after he had written to the King, we find Monmouth addressing the following appeal to the Queen Dowager, who had always been his friend.

"MADAM,

"Being in this unfortunate condition, and having none

* Echard, vol. iii. p. 771; Kennet, vol. iii. p. 442.

left but your Majesty that I think may have some compassion, and that for the last King's sake, makes me take this boldness to beg of you to intercede for me. I would not desire your Majesty to do it, if I were not from the bottom of my heart convinced how I have been deceived into it, and how angry God Almighty is with me for it. But I hope, Madam, your intercession will give me life to repent of it, and to show the King how really and truly I will serve him hereafter. And I hope, Madam, your Majesty will be convinced that the life you save shall ever be devoted to your service: for I have been, and ever shall be,

“Your Majesty's most dutiful and obedient servant,

“MONMOUTH.” *

From Ringwood Monmouth was conducted by Lord Lumley, and a body of militia, to Winchester, and from thence, by way of Farnham Castle and Guildford, to Vauxhall, where he arrived on the 13th of July. At Vauxhall he was received by Lord Dartmouth's regiment, who guarded him by water to Whitehall, whence, the same evening, he was carried to the Tower. Lord Dartmouth informs us that his uncle, Colonel William Legge, who was in the same coach with him, had orders instantly to stab him, should his rescue be attempted by the populace.† He was allowed only two days to prepare himself for his end.

That James was justified in taking away the life of one who had headed a dangerous rebellion against his authority, who had assumed the regal title, and had declared war against him without quarter, there can be little question. But that he should have raised

* Lansdown MSS. ; Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 343.

† Burnet, vol. iii. p. 54, *note*.

Monmouth's hopes by admitting him to an interview, and afterwards have handed him over to the executioner, was an act as indecent as it was merciless.

This fact, it appears by the Stuart Papers, was afterwards admitted by James himself; but the stern bigot should have discovered it earlier. James and his wretched prisoner had so recently been competitors for the same prize, and success had been at one period so doubtful, that the interview could not fail to be one of painful interest. Besides they had formerly lived on terms of friendship and equality; they had mingled night after night in the same scenes of splendour and social revelry; and moreover Monmouth was the nephew of James, and had been selected by him to be the Godfather of one of his children.* The meeting was ostensibly granted to the entreaties of the Queen Dowager, but the hope of cheating Monmouth into a confession was obviously the real motive.

The memorable interview took place at Whitehall, the scene of Monmouth's former triumphs, and where he had passed the happiest days of his life. On the day after his arrival at the Tower, the unhappy criminal was conducted to the apartment of Chiffinch at Whitehall, and from thence carried after dinner into the presence of James and his Queen. His arms were tied behind him by a silken rope, leaving, however, his hands at liberty. He trusted perhaps to save his life by those powers of persuasion which had so frequently softened his easy

* This child was Catharina Laura, christened by the Bishop of Durham at St. James's in 1674. The godmothers were the Princesses Mary and Anne, afterwards successively Queens of England.—*Medulla Hist. Anglic.* p. 261. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, attributes the original misunderstanding between James and the Duke of Monmouth to the inconstancy of one of their mistresses: unfortunately, however, he does not enter into particulars.—*Duke of Buckingham's Works*, p. 14.

father, but which, with the stern and implacable James proved entirely fruitless. On entering the apartment his behaviour is thus described in the Stuart Papers:—"When the Duke of Monmouth was brought before the King, he fell upon his knees, crawling upon them to embrace those of his Majesty, and, forgetting the character of a hero, which he had so long pretended to, behaved himself with the greatest meanness and abjection imaginable, omitting no humiliation or pretence of sorrow and repentance, to move the King to compassion and mercy." As this account seems to have been dictated by James himself, the pusillanimity of his suppliant is not improbably exaggerated. Monmouth, however, certainly fell on his knees at the King's feet, and passionately implored him for mercy. He confessed with many tears that he deserved to die, but conjured the King to spare a life which henceforward should be ever dedicated to his service. "Remember," he added pathetically, "I am your brother's son, and if you take away my life you shed your own blood." Had Monmouth really made important disclosures his life might have been spared, but either he had little to communicate, or else an unwillingness to sacrifice others closed his lips. James, though he refused to pardon Monmouth, yet had the meanness to take advantage of the Duke's miserable condition, by extracting from him a declaration of his illegitimacy. According to Bishop Kennet, the Queen, Mary of Modena, who was present, insulted the fallen Duke in the most "arrogant and unmerciful manner:" the story, however, rests on his single authority. At length, finding further entreaty unavailing, Monmouth rose from his knees, and retired with a dignity he had not hitherto exhibited.

It was after this interview that James despatched a

letter, of which the following is an extract, to his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange. It is dated the following day :—

“Whitehall, July 14th, 1685.

“The Duke of Monmouth seemed more concerned and desirous to live, and did behave himself not so well as I expected, nor so as one ought to have expected from one who had taken upon him to be King. I have signed the warrant for his execution to-morrow.” *

Even after he had quitted the presence of James, hope scarcely appears to have deserted the unfortunate Monmouth. On his return to the Tower, whither he was reconducted by water, he passionately entreated Lord Dartmouth to intercede to save his life. “I know, my Lord,” he said, “that you loved my father: for his sake, for God’s sake, try if there be room for mercy.” Lord Dartmouth, however, told him it was hopeless. Aware of the King’s weak point, Monmouth,—so lately the chosen and boasted champion of Protestantism,—even went so far as to cause an intimation to be conveyed to the King, that he was willing to become a Roman Catholic. It was discovered, however, according to the Stuart Papers, “that it was more to save his life than his soul.” Nevertheless, as he had been bred in that faith, James entertained a hope that he might die in it, and, with this view, sent his spiritual advisers to commune with him.

Monmouth, after his return to the Tower, is reported to have sent a letter to James, containing information of such vital importance, as to induce a reasonable hope that it might have the effect of saving his life. This letter, it is said, was entrusted by the Duke to Captain Scott, a

* Dalrymple’s Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 25.

connection of the Duchess of Monmouth, by whom it was delivered to Lord Sunderland, who destroyed it for his own ends.* Sir Walter Scott, in his notes on Dryden, adds additional weight to this report. "I have often," he says, "heard this anecdote mentioned by my father, who was curious in historical antiquities, and who gave it on the report of his grandfather, to whom Captain Scott told the story." Since Sir Walter wrote this passage, a letter, addressed by Monmouth to King James, on the day previous to his execution, has been printed by Sir Henry Ellis, but, though of considerable interest, it contains no allusion to these private disclosures.† The letter is as follows:—

"Sir,

"I have received your Majesty's order this day that I am to die to-morrow. I was in hopes, sir, by what your Majesty said to me yesterday, of taking care of my soul, that I should have had some little more time; for truly, sir, this is very short. I do beg of your Majesty, if it be possible, to let me have one day more, that I may go out of the world as a Christian ought.

"I had desired several times to speak to my Lord Arundel of Wardour, which I do desire still: I hope your Majesty will grant it me; and I do beg of your Majesty to let me know by him if there is nothing in this world that can recal your sentence, or at least reprieve me for some time. I was in hopes I should have lived to have

* Dalrymple, vol. i. p. 187.

† On the other hand, Sir Walter Scott's statement is curiously corroborated by a memorandum of a Mr. Bowdler, found among the Clarendon Papers. See *Corresp. of the Earls of Clar. and Roch.*, vol. i. pp. 144, 145. In the pitiable state of Monmouth's mind, he may not improbably have written two different letters to James the same day.

served you, which I think I could have done to a great degree, but your Majesty does not think it fit. Therefore, sir, I shall end my days with being satisfied that I had all the good intentions imaginable for it, and should have done it, being that I am your Majesty's most dutiful

“MONMOUTH.”

“I hope your Majesty will give Dr. Tennison leave to come to me, or any other that your Majesty will be pleased to grant me.”

There is a circumstance which renders this earnest entreaty for a reprieve, even of a day, of additional interest. Monmouth is said to have placed considerable faith in the prediction of a fortune-teller, that, should he out-live St. Swithin's day, he would be a great man. Certainly, it was a remarkable coincidence that it should have proved the day on which he died. Nor is this the only evidence we possess of Monmouth's superstition. On the occasion of his capture, a manuscript was found on his person, consisting of “spells, charms and conjurations,” written in his own hand. Archbishop Tennison also mentioned that, after Monmouth's death, there was discovered, underneath the stone of his ring, a charm which he had obtained from a German mountebank, professing to be a preservative in the day of battle or against imminent danger.

The evening before his execution, his wronged and neglected Duchess expressed an earnest desire to be admitted to a parting interview with her condemned lord. As another woman had long occupied her place in Monmouth's affections, and had even lived with him as his wife, the interview must necessarily have been painful. The request was nevertheless acceded to by Monmouth.

That other person was the Lady Henrietta Wentworth, of whom—as her connexion with the Duke was as romantic as it was criminal, and as her name was the last which fell from his lips—it may not be uninteresting to say a few words. She was the grand-daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Earl of Cleveland, by whose death, in 1667, she had become Baroness Wentworth in her own right, and mistress of the noble manor of Toddington in Bedfordshire. Here she appears to have frequently resided with her unfortunate lover; Lysons mentioning a plan of the stately old manor-house, in which two adjoining rooms were marked as the “Duke of Monmouth’s parlour and my lady’s parlour.” The Duke had always affected to regard her as his wife in the eyes of God; affirming that, as his almost infantine marriage had not been the choice of his heart, he was dissolved from its unpalatable ties. The lady Henrietta returned his affection. She survived his execution but a few months, dying, as it was said, of a broken heart. She is buried in the parish church of Toddington, where her mother raised a costly monument to her memory. Only a few years ago, her name, carved by her beloved Monmouth, was to be seen on one of the trees which stood in the neighbouring park.

Notwithstanding, however, her many wrongs, the Duchess, by her repeated entreaties for mercy, and by the commiseration which she displayed for her husband’s miserable condition, performed all that could have been expected even from the most affectionate wife. Evelyn says, that the Duke received her coldly: indeed, he principally addressed his conversation to Henry Earl of Clarendon, who accompanied her, and whom he implored to intercede for his life. However, on the following morning, which was that of his execution, the Duchess

was again admitted. She was accompanied by her young children, and on this occasion was received with more kindness by her unfortunate husband. From the manuscript of one who was present, we learn the following interesting particulars of what occurred:—"His behaviour all the time," says the writer, "was brave and unmoved; and even during the last conversation and farewell with his lady and children, which was the movingest thing in the world, and which no by-stander could see without melting into tears, he did not show the least concernment. He declared before all the company how averse the Duchess had been to all his irregular courses, and that she had never been uneasy to him on any occasion whatever, but about women, and his failing of duty to the late King. And that she knew nothing of his last design, not having heard from himself a year before, which was his own fault, and no unkindness in her, because she knew not how to direct her letters to him. In that, he gave her the kindest character that could be, and begged her pardon of his many failings and offences to her, and prayed her to continue her kindness and care to her poor children. At this expression she fell down on her knees, with her eyes full of tears, and begged him to pardon her if ever she had done anything to offend and displease him, and, embracing his knees, fell into a swoon, out of which they had much ado to raise her up, in a good while after. A little before, his children were brought to him, all crying about him; but he acquitted himself of these last adieus with much composure, showing nothing of weakness or unmanliness." *

* "Account of the actions and behaviour of the Duke of Monmouth, from the time he was taken to his execution, in a letter dated July 16, 1685. MS. in the Duke of Buccleugh's Library."—*Scott's Dryden*, vol. ix. p. 257.

Dalrymple mentions a family report, "that on the morning of her husband's execution, James sent a message to the Duchess that he would breakfast with her, and that she admitted the visit believing a pardon would accompany it." Whether or no there be any truth in the story, James had sufficient generosity to restore to her her husband's estate, which had been forfeited by his attainder. It was one of Monmouth's last requests, that his children at least might not be ruined by his delinquencies.

As soon as Monmouth perceived his fate to be inevitable, he roused himself from his despondency, and prepared for the last stroke with a spirit and fortitude worthy of his natural character. Tennison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, then Vicar of St. Martin's, and the Bishops of Ely, and Bath and Wells were permitted to assist him in his devotions; the two latter prelates sitting up with him the whole night that preceded his execution, and watching by him while he slept. Of the effect of their conversation with him, we have some account from Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, who probably received it from one of his brother prelates. On the day after Monmouth's execution, he thus writes to the Bishop of Oxford. "They got him," he says, "to own that he and Lady Henrietta Wentworth had lived in all points like man and wife, but they could not get him to confess it was adultery. He acknowledged that he and his Duchess were married by the law of the land, and therefore his children might inherit if the King pleased. But he did not consider what he did when he married her. He confessed that he had lived many years in all sorts of debauchery, but said he had repented of it, asked pardon, and doubted not that God had forgiven him."—"The next morning," adds the Bishop, "he told them he had

prayed that, if he was in error in that matter, God would convince him of it; but God had not convinced him, and therefore he believed it was no error." * In this state of mind the Bishops declined administering the Sacrament to him, to which he merely replied, that he was sorry for their determination. "He had lived dishonestly," says Evelyn, "with the Lady Henrietta Wentworth, for two years: he obstinately asserted his conversation with that debauched woman to be no sin, whereupon he could not be persuaded to his last breath: the divines, who were sent to assist him, thought not fit to administer the holy communion with him: for the rest of his faults he professed great sorrow." Notwithstanding he acknowledged in writing, that the late King had confessed to him he was never married to his mother, he nevertheless refused to admit the sinfulness of his late rebellion, and persisted in merely speaking of it as an invasion.

On the fatal morning he was visited by the pious Tennyson, who has left us a brief but interesting account of their interview. "I was sent for," he says, "to the Duke of Monmouth in the Tower, on the day of his execution; the Duke knowing me better than the two prelates Bishop Ken and Bishop Turner. He took me aside to the window, and held a long conversation with me, too much upon his own follies. When, among other things, I mentioned a report of his Grace's preaching in the army: 'No,' said the Duke, 'I never preached; nobody preached but Ferguson, and he very foolishly many times. That man,' says he, 'is a bloody villain.' When I minded him of being better reconciled to his Duchess, he owned his heart had been turned from her, and he pretended the cause of it to be, that in his

* Aubrey, *Letters of Eminent Men*, vol. i. p. 18.

affliction she had gone to plays, and into public companies; 'by which,' said he, 'I knew she did not love me.' When I charged him with his conversation with Mrs. Wentworth, he freely owned it, and said he had no children by her; but he had heard it was lawful to have one wife in the eye of the law, and another before God. I then took a Bible, and laboured to convince him of the falsehood and the ill consequences of such a principle. 'Well,' says he, 'but if a man be bred up in a false notion, what shall he do when he has but two hours to live?' The Duke pulled out a gold watch, and pressed me to carry it in his name to Mrs. Wentworth; which I positively refused, and said, I could not be concerned in any such message or token to her. The Duke did not seem at all profane or atheistical, but had rather a cast of enthusiasm in him."

About ten o'clock in the morning Monmouth was conducted, in the coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower, between an avenue of soldiers, to Tower Hill. He was attended by a strong guard, who, if a rescue had been attempted, were prepared to shoot him. He mounted the scaffold without the least apparent fear, and amidst the sighs and tears of the populace, of whom he was still the idol. To these he addressed a brief farewell. "I shall say little," he commenced, "I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England." Here the Bishops interrupted him, telling him that, as he rejected the doctrine of non-resistance, he was not a member of their Church. He then reverted to the subject nearest his heart, and spoke to the bystanders of his beloved Henrietta. She was a person, he said, of great honour and virtue, "a religious godly lady." The bishops reminded him of the heinousness of the sin of adultery, and begged him to desist from such sinful

language. "No," he replied, "for these two years last past, I have lived in no sin that I know of: I have wronged no person, and I am sure when I die I shall go to God: therefore I do not fear death, which you may see in my face." The bishops then commenced praying for him, and he knelt and joined them. At the end of a short prayer, which one of the prelates offered up for the King, Monmouth hesitated for a moment, but at length said, "Amen."

To the Lady Henrietta he sent his ring, watch, and toothpick case; in the latter of which were found some Scripture allusions, supposed to be charms. To the executioner he gave six guineas; intrusting four more to a bystander, who was to present them to the headsman in the event of his performing his task with adroitness. He bid him be more merciful than he had been to the late Lord Russell, whom he had murdered by repeated strokes. Feeling the edge of the axe, he expressed some doubt whether it was of sufficient keenness. While he was undressing himself, the bishops exhorted him by their ejaculations. "God," they said, "accept your repentance! God accept your imperfect repentance! God accept your general repentance!" Then, refusing to have his eyes bandaged, he knelt down, and, laying his head upon the block, gave the appointed signal. The executioner, however, either from dismay or pity, struck so feeble a blow that Monmouth, to the horror of the spectators, raised his head from the block, and looked him as if reproachfully in the face. The executioner actually made two more ineffectual efforts, and then, throwing down the bloody instrument, declared his incapacity to complete the work. As the body still moved, yells of horror and execration rose from the dense crowd assembled round the scaffold. At length the sheriff, and

others, compelled the executioner again to take up the axe, and at two strokes more he severed the head from the body. So enraged were the multitude at this miserable scene of butchery, that it was with difficulty they could be restrained from tearing the executioner to pieces.* After the head had been sewn to the body, the remains of the Duke were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and conveyed in a hearse to the Tower chapel, where they were interred under the communion-table of that most interesting but disgracefully neglected edifice.

Thus, on the 15th of July, 1685, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, fell the once brilliant and flattered Monmouth. His worshippers could scarcely believe that he had left them; indeed, such was the credulity of the vulgar, that many placed the most implicit belief in an idle story which was current at the period—namely, that no fewer than five persons, exactly resembling Monmouth in person, had solemnly sworn to represent and to die for him if necessity required; and that it was, in fact, one of these persons, and not their idol, who had perished on Tower Hill. So devoted were the peasantry of England to their idolised Monmouth—so convinced were they that he would some day or other reappear among them with his sweet smile and winning manners—that, thirteen years after his death, when an impostor assumed that magic name, the yeomanry of Sussex not only received and harboured him with the most affectionate devotion, but, on his being thrown into gaol for his fraud, the farmers, notwithstanding the favours which the adventurer had profligately won from their wives

* The executioner of Monmouth was John Ketch, whose name has ever since been promiscuously given to his successors in that hateful office.

and daughters, subscribed large sums for his maintenance, and at the Horsham Assizes gave evidence in court in his favour. Even as late as the reign of George the Third, we find Voltaire thinking it worth while to contradict a report that "the Man in the Iron Mask" and the Duke of Monmouth were the same person.

James unworthily exulted over the fate of his victim. After his execution, he caused two medals to be struck, in commemoration of the failure of his enterprise, one of which was sufficiently offensive. It represented the bust of Monmouth on one side, but without any inscription: on the reverse was seen a young man falling into the sea from a high rock, which he was represented as having vainly attempted to climb. On the summit of the rock were three crowns amidst thorns and brambles, with the words, *Superi risere*, July 6th, 1685. His memory in other respects was unnecessarily insulted. It appears, by the records of the Order of the Garter, that in the presence of the garter king-at-arms and the heralds, his banner and the other insignia of the order were not only removed from St. George's chapel at Windsor, but were treated with every sort of indignity, and actually kicked into the castle-ditch.

By his Duchess, Monmouth was the father of six children, of whom but three survived their infancy. Of these three, James, Earl of Dalkeith, died on the 14th of March 1705, at the age of twenty-one, leaving a son, Francis, who became second Duke of Buccleugh. Henry, created, 29th March 1706, Earl of Deloraine, died on the 11th of April 1739;—and lastly, the Lady Anne died in August 1685, having been so deeply affected by the death of her father, whom she visited in his last moments in the Tower, that she survived him scarcely a month. Monmouth also left four natural

children—two sons and two daughters—by Eleanor, a daughter of Sir Robert Needham, Knight. They all died young with the exception of Henrietta, who, in 1697, became the third wife of Charles Powlet, Marquis of Winchester, afterwards first Duke of Bolton.

In May 1688, nearly three years after the death of Monmouth, the Duchess became the second wife of Charles, third Lord Cornwallis,* by whom she had a son and two daughters, who all died unmarried. She is said to have borne her sorrows with decency, for

“she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.”

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

The Duchess died on the 6th of February 1702, in her eighty-first year, and was buried at Dalkeith. As her husband's attainder did not extend to Scotland, the dukedom of Buccleugh descended to her heirs. The present Duke is the lineal descendant of the neglected Duchess and her ill-fated lord.

The conclusion of our Memoir of the Duke of Monmouth seems to be the fittest place for introducing a

* His first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, Knight, to whom he was married 27th December, 1673, at the age of nineteen. De Grammont says,—“This lord had married the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, treasurer of the King's household, one of the richest and most regular men in England. His son-in-law, on the contrary, was a young spendthrift, was very extravagant, loved gaming, lost as much as any one would trust him, but was not quite so ready in paying. His father-in-law disapproved of his conduct, paid his debts, and gave him a lecture at the same time.” His vices, however, seem to have been timely corrected. King William admitted him to his friendship, and he became, in that gloomy reign, a member of the Privy Council and First Lord of the Admiralty. He died 29th of April, 1698.

brief notice of the remainder of King Charles's natural children; at least of those who attained to years of maturity. The events of their lives are neither so stirring, nor their characters so marked, as to require very lengthened details.

CHARLES FITZROY, DUKE OF SOUTHAMPTON, eldest son of the Duchess of Cleveland by King Charles, was born in King Street, Westminster, in June 1662. He was raised to the title on the 10th of September 1675, having been previously installed a Knight of the Garter. He married first, Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Wood, Knight, and secondly, Alice, daughter of Sir William Pulteney, Knight, of Misterton, in Leicestershire, by whom he had three sons and two daughters.* On the death of his mother in 1709, he succeeded to her honours, and assumed the title of Cleveland. He died on the 9th of September 1730, and was succeeded by his son, William, who married Henrietta Finch, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Nottingham. On the death of the second Duke in 1774, the titles of Cleveland and Southampton became extinct.

HENRY FITZROY, DUKE OF GRAFTON, is styled the second son of the Duchess of Cleveland by King Charles the Second. Charles, however, long refused to own him, and his parentage consequently appears to be somewhat questionable. He was born September the 20th, 1663. On the 1st of August 1672, when only nine years old, he was married, in the presence of the King and his courtiers, to Isabella, sole daughter of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, an infant of the age of five years. A few

* Lady Mary W. Montagu speaks disparagingly of her morals. See *Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters*, vol. iii. p. 219. Ed. 1837.

days afterwards, 16th of August 1672, he was created, by letters patent, Baron of Sudbury, Viscount Ipswich, and Earl of Euston, in the county of Suffolk; and, September 11, 1675, Duke of Grafton in Northamptonshire.

On the 6th of November 1679, he was re-married to his young wife, in the apartments of the Earl of Arlington, at Whitehall. Evelyn, who was present at both ceremonies, styles her a "sweet, beautiful, and virtuous child."—"The young Duke," he says, "had been rudely bred, but was exceedingly handsome, and far surpassed any other of the King's natural children." Shortly after his marriage, he was sent to sea under the charge of Sir John Bury, Vice-admiral of England, with whom he afterwards served during several expeditions. On the 30th of September 1680, he was installed a Knight of the Garter by proxy, Sir Edward Villiers being his representative.*

At the coronation of James the Second, he filled the office of Lord High Constable of England. In Monmouth's rebellion, which followed shortly afterwards, he took up arms against his unfortunate half-brother, and in an encounter, which preceded the battle of Sedgmoor, behaved with great gallantry, and narrowly escaped with his life. The following year we find him engaged as principal in two duels, both of which proved fatal to his antagonists. The first was fought on the 2nd of

* The Duke of Grafton was the fortunate holder of several appointments. On the 15th of December, 1681, he was elected one of the elder brethren of the Trinity-House. On the 30th of the same month he was appointed Colonel of the first regiment of foot-guards. In 1682 he was raised to be vice-admiral of England, and in 1684 was sworn Recorder of Edmondsbury, in Suffolk. In 1685 he was appointed *Custos-rotulorum* and Lord-lieutenant of that county; Remembrancer of the First-fruits office, Ranger of Whittlebury Forest in Northamptonshire, and Game-keeper at Newmarket.

February 1686, with John, second son of Francis, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury; the other was with a brother of William, ninth Earl of Derby. In the latter affair Evelyn says he received an "insufferable provocation," but the particulars have not reached us. About the month of October 1687 he sailed for Tunis, and, after having "brought the corsairs of that place to amity," returned to England in March 1688. On the landing of the Prince of Orange he was one of the first who deserted the fortunes of James, and, at the coronation of William and Mary, carried the orb in the procession.

While leading an assault at the siege of Cork, in 1690, he received a wound in his side from a gun-shot, of the effects of which he died on the 9th of October in that year, at the age of twenty-seven. His body was brought to England, and buried at Euston, in Suffolk. Burnet speaks of him as a gallant but rough man. "He was the more lamented," he says, "as being the person of all King Charles's children of whom there was the greatest hope: he was brave, and probably would have become a great man at sea." The Duke, however, seems to have been sufficiently yielding as a politician. When the Duke of Somerset declined presenting the papal nuncio at the court of James the Second, as being an unconstitutional act, Grafton was found accommodating enough to undertake the required office. Although at the revolution he figures as one of the leading champions of Protestantism, he appears to have been but little cognisant of the merits of that great constitutional question, and almost as indifferent as to its success. When King James on one occasion took him to task on account of his want of religion,—*"I own,"* he said, *"that I have no conscience myself, but I belong*

to a party that has." There is a doggrel epitaph on him in the State Poems, which commences,—

" Beneath this place
Is stowed his grace,
The Duke of Grafton.
As sharp a blade
As e'er was made,
Or e'er had haft on."

There are other stanzas, but they have even less merit.

GEORGE FITZROY, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, was the third son of Charles by the Duchess of Cleveland. He was born on the 28th December, 1655, in one of the Fellows' rooms in Merton College, Oxford, the Court having taken refuge there during the great plague. On the 1st of October, 1674, he was created Baron of Pontefract, Viscount Falmouth, and Earl of Northumberland. He was raised to a dukedom on the 6th of April, 1683, and the following year was elected a Knight of the Garter. He seems to have excelled in all manly sports, and Evelyn speaks of him as a "graceful person and excellent rider."—"I dined," he says, "at Sir Stephen Fox's, with the Duke of Northumberland. He seemed to be a young gentleman of good capacity, well-bred, civil, and modest, newly come from travel, and made his campaign at the siege of Luxemburg. Of all his Majesty's children, of whom we have now six Dukes, this seems the most accomplished and worth the owning; he is extraordinary handsome and well-shaped." Macky says, in his memoirs, "He is a man of honour, nice in paying his debts, and living well with his neighbours in the country: does not much care for the conversation of men of quality and business; is a tall black man, like his father the King." To this passage Swift added in MS.; "He was a most worthy person, very good-natured, and had very

good sense." * In 1685 he married Catherine, daughter of Robert Wheatley, of Brecknock, Berks, and widow of Thomas Lucy, Esq., of Charlecote, in the county of Warwick. Anthony Wood says, "There was committed a clandestine marriage between him and a woman of ordinary extract, widow of one Captain Lucy, of Charlecot in Warwickshire, but they were, as it seems, soon after parted." The fact is evident, not only that some mystery hung over their union, but that Northumberland endeavoured to rid himself of his wife by other means than those which the law proscribes on the occasion of matrimonial misunderstandings. In a contemporary poem entitled the "Lover's Session," we find—

"Northumberland now to his trial stood forth,
And pleaded the preference due to his birth ;
No fool he did hope, howe'er eminent, would
Presume to compare with a fool of the blood.

Appealing besides to his scandalous marriage,
His beautiful face, and his dull stupid carriage,
To a soul without sense of truth, honour, or wit,
If e'er man was formed for a woman so fit.

But his prince-like project to kidnap his wife,
And a lady so free to make pris'ner for life ;
Was tyranny to which the sex ne'er would submit,
And an ill-natured fool they liked worse than a wit."

In another poem, entitled, "A song to the old tune of taking of snuff is the mode of the Court," the scandal, whatever it may have been, is again referred to.

"Since his grace could prefer
The poulterer's heir,
To the great match his uncle had made him ;
'Twere just if the King
Took away his blue string,
And sewed him on two to lead him.

* *Memoirs of John Macky*, published by his son, p. 39.

That the lady was sent
To a convent at Ghent,
Was the counsel of kidnapping Grafton ;
And we now may foretel,
That all will go well,
Since the rough blockhead governs the soft one."

The Duchess, after the death of her husband, married Philip Bisse, Bishop of Hereford. "She gave him her hand," it is said, "because she had, by mistake, received the pressure of his lips in the dark, in a kiss intended for her waiting gentlewoman." The Bishop had previously married Bridget, widow of Charles Fitzcharles, Earl of Plymouth, another natural son of Charles II.*

At the Revolution, the Duke declared for King William, who, in 1701, rewarded him with the post of Constable of Windsor Castle, and the Lord-lieutenancy of the county of Surrey. Queen Anne made him Lord-lieutenant of Berkshire, Lieutenant-general of her forces, and a Lord of the Privy Council. He died on the 3rd of July, 1716, without issue, when his titles became extinct.

CHARLES BEAUCLEERK, DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, was the son of Charles the Second by Nell Gwynn. He was born in Lincoln's Inn Fields, May the 8th, 1670. On December 27th, 1676, he was created Baron of Heddington and Earl of Burford, both in Oxfordshire ; and on the 10th of January, 1684, Duke of St. Albans. Like most of his brothers, he had a taste for a military life, and in 1688, at the age of eighteen, acquired a

* Noble's Biog. Hist. of Eng., vol. ii. p. 99. The Bishop, who is said to have been strikingly handsome, died 6th September, 1725, at the age of fifty-five. He has the merit of having expended considerable sums in repairing the cathedral and churches of Hereford. He was buried in the former edifice, where there is a conspicuous monument to his memory.

reputation for courage at the siege of Belgrade. At the Revolution, being then serving in the Emperor's army in Hungary, he sent in his allegiance to King William, and subsequently made the campaign of 1693 with that monarch. The Duke was in favour with several successive sovereigns. His father, King Charles, made him Registrar of the High Court of Chancery and Master-falconer of England; King William appointed him Captain of the Band of Pensioners and a lord of the bed-chamber; and Queen Anne continued him in the command of the Pensioners, as did afterwards George the First. The latter monarch also constituted him Lord-lieutenant and *Custos-rotulorum* of Berkshire, and, in 1718, honoured him with the Garter. In addition to these appointments he was High Steward of Windsor, and of Oakingham, in Berkshire. Macky says of him, "He is a gentleman every way *de bon naturel*, well-bred, doth not love business; is well affected to the constitution of his country. He is of a black complexion, not so tall as the Duke of Northumberland, yet very like King Charles." He had the good fortune to marry, 13th April, 1694, Diana, sole daughter and heir of Aubrey De Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, the last scion of one of the proudest lines in England. She is celebrated by an unknown poet in the following happy lines:—

"The saints above can ask, but not bestow :—
 This saint can give all happiness below.
 The line of Vere, so long renowned in arms,
 Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms :
 Her conquering eyes have made their race complete,
 They rose in valour, and in beauty set."

The Duke died on the 11th May, 1726, in his fifty-sixth year, leaving eight sons. His Duchess, who became lady of the bedchamber and of the Stole to Queen Caroline, when

Princess of Wales, died on the 15th of January, 1742. By Nell Gwynn, Charles had another son, James Beauclerk, who was born 25th December, 1671, and who died in France in September, 1680.

CHARLES LENNOX, DUKE OF RICHMOND, another of the expensive brood whom Charles's amorous profligacy entailed on his subjects, was the son of that monarch by Louise de Quéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth. He was born July 29th, 1672. His mother was so eager for his advancement, that in his third year, by letters patent dated August 9th, 1675, he was created Baron of Settrington in Yorkshire, Earl of March, and Duke of Richmond in the same county. To these honours were shortly afterwards added the estates and dukedom of Lennox in Scotland, which had lapsed to the crown. Evelyn styles him "a very pretty boy." In his twelfth year, April 7th, 1681, he was made Knight of the Garter. A somewhat curious anecdote is connected with this circumstance. It had formerly been the custom for the Knights of the Order to wear the blue riband round the neck, with the George pendant on the centre of the breast. Shortly, however, after the young Duke's installation, Madame de Quéroualle presented the child to the King with the riband over his right shoulder as it is now worn. Charles was so pleased with the conceit, that he desired the fashion—which in fact has ever since been adhered to—should be generally adopted.

It was probably to gratify the rapacity of his mother, that the Duke, almost in his childhood, was appointed Master of the Horse to the King. The duties of the office were of course performed by deputy. On the accession of James, in consequence of his mother having been an advocate for the Bill of Exclusion, he was

deprived of the lucrative post. With King William he appears to have been a favourite. He served with him as one of his aides-de-camp in Flanders, and was also a lord of the bedchamber to George the First. The Duke married in January, 1693, Anne, daughter of Francis Lord Brudenell, and widow of John, the son of the first Lord Bellasis of Worlabey. By this lady he had one son, Charles, who succeeded him in the title, and two daughters. The Duke died at Goodwood, May 27th, 1723, and was buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel. His remains, however, were afterwards removed to Chichester Cathedral. He had the fine breeding and easy temper of his father. According to Macky, he was "good-natured to a fault, very well bred, with many valuable things in him; was an enemy to business, very credulous, well shaped, black complexion, much like King Charles." Swift, on the other hand, denounces him as "a shallow coxcomb."

CHARLES FITZCHARLES, EARL OF PLYMOUTH, was born in 1657, during the exile of his father. His mother was Catherine, daughter of Thomas Peg, Esquire, of Yeldersley, in Derbyshire. Little is known of this lady, but that she possessed great beauty, which is said to have been inherited by her son. After the discontinuance of her intimacy with Charles, she married Sir Edward Green, Baronet, of Essex. On the 29th of July, 1675, the King created her son Baron Dartmouth, Viscount Totness, and Earl of Plymouth. Hitherto, from his foreign education, he had been more generally known as Don Carlos. He married Bridget, daughter of Thomas Osborne, first Duke of Leeds, who, at his death, united herself to Dr. Philip Bisse, Bishop of Hereford. The little that we know of the Earl, whose natural abilities

are said to have been considerable, is at least in his favour. He was the friend of poor Otway, the dramatic poet, for whom he procured a cornet's commission in a regiment of horse serving in Flanders.* When his friend Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in consequence of his attachment to Queen Anne (then Princess of Denmark), was sent to Tangier, it was reported that the Duke was purposely despatched in a leaky vessel in order to get rid of him.† Nevertheless the Earl of Plymouth, we are told, notwithstanding he was sensible of the danger, insisted on accompanying him. He was destined never to return. Having been seized by a bloody flux, he died during the course of the siege of that place, on the 17th October, 1680, at the age of twenty-three. His remains were brought to England, and, if the supposition of Anthony Wood be correct, they were interred in Henry the Seventh's chapel, at Westminster. Leaving no children, the title became extinct. By Mrs. Catherine Peg, Charles had also a daughter, who bore her mother's name and died in early youth.

CHARLOTTE JEMIMA HENRIETTA MARIA BOYLE, sometimes called FITZROY, was the daughter of Charles the Second by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Killegrew, who, after her frailty, became the wife of Francis Boyle Viscount Shannon. The subject of the present notice married James Howard, grandson to the Earl of Suffolk, by whom she had one child, Stuarda Howard, who was afterwards Maid of Honour to Queen Mary, and who died unmarried in 1706. Mrs. Howard subsequently married William Paston, second Earl of Yarmouth. By her second husband she had three sons, who severally

* Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, vol. i. p. 333. Ed. 1790.

† See *Biog. Brit.*, vol. vi. p. 3656.

died without male issue, and two daughters. The Countess died July 28th, 1684, at her house in Pall Mall, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

ANNE FITZROY, OR PALMER, COUNTESS OF SUSSEX, eldest daughter of the Duchess of Cleveland by her royal lover, was born on the 29th February, 1662. She married at the age of twelve, Thomas Lennard, fifteenth Lord Dacre, created, 5th December, 1674, Earl of Sussex; a popular but extravagant man. If we may judge from the following extract of a letter from her mother to Charles, dated "Paris, Tuesday the 28th, 1678," she must have been almost as imperious as her beautiful parent. "I was never," says the Duchess, "so surprised in my whole life-time as I was at my coming hither, to find my Lady Sussex gone from my house and monastery where I left her, and this letter from her, which I here send you the copy of. I never in my whole life-time heard of such government of herself as she has had since I went into England. She has never been in the monastery two days together, but every day gone out with the Ambassador,* and has often lain four days together at my house, and sent for her meat to the Ambassador; he being always with her till five o'clock in the morning, they two shut up together alone, and would not let my *maitre d'hôtel* wait, nor any of my servants, only the Ambassador's. This has made so great a noise at Paris, that she is now the whole discourse. I am so much afflicted that I can hardly write this for crying, to see a child, that I doted on as I did on her, should make me so ill a return, and join with the worst of men to ruin me." Lady Sussex died on the 16th May, 1721, having had

* Ralph Montague, afterwards Duke of Montague. He died 7th March, 1709.

issue by her husband two sons who died young, and two daughters, of whom Anne, the youngest, became sole heir to her father, and Baroness Dacre, in her own right.

CHARLOTTE FITZROY, COUNTESS OF LITCHFIELD, was a younger sister of the Countess of Sussex. She was born on the 5th September, 1664, and at the age of thirteen married Sir Edward Henry Lee, Baronet, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, created, 5th June, 1674, Baron of Spelsbury, Viscount Quarendon, and Earl of Litchfield, by whom she had thirteen sons and five daughters. We know but little of her except that she was beautiful. She died on the 17th February, 1718.

MARY TUDOR, COUNTESS OF DERWENTWATER, was another daughter of King Charles by Mary Davis, a handsome actress. She was born on the 16th October, 1673, and was married, when only fourteen, to Francis Radcliffe, second Earl of Derwentwater, by whom she was the mother of the ill-fated James Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded for his share in the rebellion of 1715. After the death of her first husband she married Henry Graham, Esquire, M.P. for Westmoreland, who died in 1707; and thirdly "N. Rooke," son and heir of Brigadier-general Rooke. The date of her death is nowhere recorded.

BARBARA FITZROY, youngest daughter of the Duchess of Cleveland, was born on the 16th of July, 1672. The King acknowledged her in public, but disavowed her in private. She became a nun in the English Nunnery of Pontoise in France.

It may be remarked that the Duchess's husband, Lord Castlemaine, believed her to be his daughter, and

bequeathed her his estate. Lord Chesterfield, whom she is said to have resembled in her features, was another claimant for the doubtful honour of having given her birth. Charles, however, always insisted on acknowledging her as his child.

MARY WALTERS, daughter of the beautiful Lucy Walters or Barlow, was sister to the Duke of Monmouth. She was the reputed child of Charles the Second, but her mother proved so notoriously unfaithful, that he refused to acknowledge her child as his daughter. She married first, William Sarsfield, Esquire, elder brother of Patrick Earl of Lucan; and afterwards William Fanshawe, Esquire, Master of the Requests to Charles the Second. She died in April, 1693, leaving issue by her last husband one son and four daughters.

MARY VILLIERS,

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

Her Accomplishments and splendid Fortunes—She is weaned without the King's Permission—Curious Letter addressed by her Mother to King James—Her almost Infantine Marriage—Death of her young Husband—Her narrow Escape from being shot—Her Second Marriage (to the Duke of Richmond)—Character of the Duke—The Duchess's third Marriage (to Thomas Howard)—Her Position at the Court of Charles II.—Sides with Nell Gwynn against the Duchess of Portsmouth—Introduces her Niece to the King—Lam-pooned by Rochester—Her Death.

OF one whose fortunes were so splendid, whose conversation is said to have been fascinating, and whose charms were the envy of her contemporaries, it is extraordinary how few particulars are known. She was the eldest child of the great favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and was born in 1623.

The following letter from her mother to King James the First, excusing herself for weaning her infant without his Majesty's permission, is too curious to be omitted.

"May it please your Majesty,

"I have received the two boxes of dried plums and grapes, and the box of violet cakes, and chickens; for all which I most humbly thank your Majesty.

"I hope my Lord Annan has told your Majesty that I did mean to wean Mall very shortly. I would not by any means have done it, till I had first made your Majesty acquainted with it; and by reason my cousin

Bret's boy has been ill of late, for fear she should grieve and spill her milk, makes me very desirous to wean her ; and I think she is old enough, and I hope will endure her weaning very well ; for I think there was never child cared less for the breast than she does ; so I do intend to make trial this night how she will endure it. This day, praying for your Majesty's health and long life, I humbly take my leave,

"Your Majesty's most humble servant,

"K. BUCKINGHAM." *

On the 8th of January, 1634, when but eleven years old, the Lady Mary Villiers was married to Charles Lord Herbert, eldest son of the "memorable simpleton," Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. The following entry occurs in the diary of Archbishop Laud :—"January 8th. I married the Lord Charles Herbert and the Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, in the closet at Whitehall." The event is celebrated by Davenant in some indifferent verses. The marriage was private, and had been hurried forward by her mother, in consequence of the child having formed a strong, but no doubt evanescent, attachment for Philip Herbert, a younger brother of her future husband.† At the express desire of Charles the First, she was educated in the family of that monarch, and became the playfellow of his children.

Her youthful husband dying at Florence the year after their union, we find the beautiful child, though still almost an infant, appearing at Court wearing the solemn mockery of a widow's weeds. In this singular

* Dalrymple's Memorials, p. 179.

† Letter from Mr. Garrard to Lord Wentworth, dated January 15th, 1634, *Strafford Letters*.

costume she was much taken notice of, and her future loveliness was fondly predicted. Madame Dunois relates an agreeable anecdote of her childhood. "One day," says that lady, "she had climbed a tree in the King's little garden to gather some fruit. As nobody was permitted to come in there, this circumstance, together with her black garb and long veil, which spread over the twigs of the tree, made the King, who perceived her at a distance, imagine some strange bird had perched in the tree. Mr. Porter, a young courtier, and much in favour with the King, being a handsome person and extremely gallant and entertaining, was then with him. The King, knowing him to be an excellent marksman, pointed to what he supposed to be a large bird, and desired him to kill it. Mr. Porter, looking for some time towards the place, and finding the bird out of reach of his ball, told the King he would take his fusee, and in a moment bring him the butterfly. But he was ready to burst with laughing, when, approaching the tree, he discovered the Countess. She smiled at him with an innocent air, pelting him with the fruit she had gathered; whilst he took more particular notice than he ever had done before, of her beauty, the clearness of her skin, and the brightness of her eyes. 'What have you there, Porter?' said she: 'what, can't you speak; are you bewitched?'—'Oh, madam!' he replied, 'did you know what brought me here, you would be sensible I have sufficient reason to be surprised: the King happening to spy you in the tree, and taking you for a bird, you may guess on what errand I was sent here.'—'What,' cried she, 'to kill me?'—'Yes, to kill you, Madam,' replied he: 'I promised to bring the King some of your feathers.'—'Ha, ha,' said she, laughing, 'you must be as good as your word; we will play a merry game with

him: I will put myself into a large hamper, and so be carried into his apartment.' She sent him immediately for a hamper; and one of her gentlemen taking hold of it, and Mr. Porter of the other end, he told her a thousand pretty things as they went along, which she replied to with great vivacity. In this manner she passed her time pleasantly enough in the hamper, till Mr. Porter, presenting it to the King, told him he had the good fortune to take the butterfly alive; which was so beautiful, that had he killed it he should never have outlived it himself. His Majesty, eager to see it, opened the hamper, when the young Countess, clasping her arms about his neck, furnished matter for a most agreeable surprise. We must not wonder that she embraced the King in so familiar a way, for everybody knows they were bred up together, and that he looked upon her no otherwise than his own sister. Ever since that time she has been known by the name of butterfly, and in several Courts of Europe, that name is oftener given her than her own title." Madame Dunois speaks of her in after life as having been "extremely beautiful, and of a mien and presence noble and majestic."

She was still extremely young when the King married her to his own relation, James Stuart Duke of Lennox, created, 8th of March, 1641, Duke of Richmond, and a Knight of the Garter. "August 3rd, 1637," writes Archbishop Laud in his Diary, "I married James Duke of Lennox to the Lady Mary Villiers, sole daughter to the Lord Duke of Buckingham: the marriage was in my chapel at Lambeth, the day rainy, the King present." The Duke is well known from the prominent share which he took, and from the services which he performed for his royal kinsman, during the civil troubles. "He was a man," says Clarendon, "of very good parts and

an excellent understanding; yet, which is no common infirmity, so diffident of himself, that he was sometimes led by men who judged much worse: he was of a great and haughty spirit, and so punctual in point of honour, that he never swerved a tittle." Dying in 1655, in middle age, he was denied the satisfaction of beholding the Restoration. His Duchess bore him one son, Eame Duke of Richmond, who died unmarried in 1660. They had also a daughter, Mary, who married Richard Butler, Earl of Arran.

The third and last husband of the Duchess of Richmond was a person who made no inconsiderable figure at the Court of Charles the Second. This was Thomas Howard, fourth son of Sir William Howard, and brother of Charles, first Earl of Carlisle. De Grammont says, "There was not a braver, nor a better-bred man in England: though he was of a modest demeanour, and his manners appeared gentle and pacific, no person was more spirited or more passionate." The discovery of his high spirit, unfortunately for his antagonist, was made by the famous lady-killer, Henry Jermyn. The latter had been fool enough to interfere in an intrigue, in which Howard had entangled himself with Lady Shrewsbury. Howard instantly challenged him, and, having wounded him in three places, left him on the field with little hopes of recovery.* The Duchess lost her third husband in 1678.

At the Restoration, the Duchess of Richmond had somewhat passed the meridian of youth and beauty.

* There was a Thomas Howard, Master of the Horse to the Princess of Orange, daughter of Charles I., who figures in Thurloe's correspondence as a spy to Cromwell, and who was a successful lover of Lucy Walters: this person, however, would rather seem to have been a son of Theophilus Earl of Suffolk, though the identity is far from clear.

Those charms, which ought to have dazzled the voluptuous Court of Charles the Second, and whose bloom should have been handed down to us on the canvass of Lely, had been ignominiously wasted during the gloomy dominion of Cromwell. Her name, consequently, but seldom figures in the gay annals of the time, and it was not till the Duchess of Portsmouth became the reigning sultana, that we find her implicated in its discreditable intrigues. In whatever circumstance her quarrel with that meddling beauty may have originated, it is certain that she endeavoured to undermine her in the affections of Charles. She not only sided with Nell Gwynn, the sworn enemy of the Duchess of Portsmouth, but even introduced to the King a niece of her last husband's, a lovely and bashful girl, Miss Lawson, in hopes she would alienate the affections of the King from her adversary.

If we are to attach any credit to some contemporary verses, attributed to Lord Rochester, the closing years of "old Richmond"—for thus the once beautiful and fascinating Mary Villiers is familiarly designated—were anything but respectable. The following lines occur in an abusive lampoon on Charles :—

" Old Richmond, making thee a glorious punk,
Shall twice a day with brandy now be drunk :
Her brother Buckingham shall be restor'd,
Nelly a countess, L—— be a lord."

The blank in the fourth line should probably be filled up with Lawson. The person meant seems to have been Sir John Lawson, Bart., of Brough, in Yorkshire, the father of the attractive beauty who had so recently been presented at the dangerous Court of the "merry Monarch."

The Duchess of Richmond died in 1685, in the sixty-third year of her age ; but of the particulars of her dissolution and burial we have no record.

MARY FAIRFAX,

DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

A Follower of her Father's Camp when only Five years old—Her Marriage with the reprobate Duke of Buckingham—Her Character—Mixes in the Intrigues of the Court—Description of her Person—Her Death and Burial.

THIS spiritless but amiable lady was the only daughter of Thomas Lord Fairfax, the celebrated Parliamentary general. She was born in 1639. When only five years old, she was a follower of her father's camp in the civil wars, a circumstance which is fondly dwelt upon by Fairfax in his Memoirs. At his retreat from Bradford, she underwent a journey of incredible length, seated the whole time before a maid-servant on horseback. According to the interesting account bequeathed us by her father, she fainted frequently during the retreat, and on one occasion he even hung in agony over his child, in the belief that she was on the point of death. Painful as it was to the fond father to part from his darling, he was compelled to leave her in a house by the road-side, under the care of her maid,—“with little hopes,” he says, “of my ever seeing her again.”

On the 6th of September, 1657, she had the misfortune to become the wife of George Villiers, the witty and reprobate Duke of Buckingham. Brian Fairfax, in his life of her husband, styles her a virtuous and pious lady in a vicious court, and adds, that she lived “lovingly and decently” with her profligate lord. She certainly loved

him, and was submissive enough to bear patiently with his repeated desertions and adulteries. "The Duchess of Buckingham," says Madame Dunois, "has merit and virtue. She is little, brown, and lean; but had she been the most beautiful of her sex, the being his wife would have been alone sufficient to have inspired him with dislike. Though she knew he was always intriguing, yet she never spoke of it, and had complaisance enough to entertain his mistresses, and even to lodge them in her house: and all this she suffered because she loved him." We have elsewhere mentioned that, in 1666, when a proclamation was issued for apprehending Buckingham on account of his conspiracy against the Government, she contrived to out-ride the Serjeant-at-arms, and, by a timely warning, afforded an opportunity to her husband to escape. Buckingham, though he disliked her person, appears to have availed himself of her services whenever he had the slightest occasion to make use of them.

As the Duchess willingly mingled in all the gay parties of the Court of Charles, her father's Presbyterian principles were probably anything but acceptable to her. On the other hand, scandal never tampered with her name. And yet, notwithstanding her admitted purity, she seems to have taken a singular, and not very creditable, interest in the disgraceful amatory, as well as political intrigues of the period. Pepys mentions her being one of the "committee" for inflaming the King's attachment to Miss Stewart, and James the Second in his Diary records a further instance of her taste for intrigue. The latter writes, 18th April, 1669: "About this time Buckingham went to Newhall, to persuade the general [the Duke of Albemarle] to the breaking of Parliament; and to resign his post and accept that of the Admiralty. But Albemarle refused to consent to either. The Duchess

of Buckingham and Lady Hervey met at the same time, to advise the Duchess of Albemarle to promote their views." Setting aside his infidelities, Buckingham is said to have been a civil and obliging husband.

De Grammont styles the Duchess of Buckingham a "short, fat body," a description borne out by the account of the old Lady de Longueville, who lived to be near a hundred years old, and who had seen her in her youth. Bishop Percy says in his MS. notes to Langbaine,— "The Viscountess de Longueville described her as a little round crumpled woman, very fond of finery. She remembered paying her a visit when the Duchess was in mourning, at which time she found her lying on a sofa, with a kind of loose robe over her, all edged or laced with gold."

The Duchess died in November, 1705, at the age of sixty-six, and was buried in the vault of the Villiers' family, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster. She left her personal property to a kinswoman, one of the five sisters of the Earl of Plymouth.

BARBARA VILLIERS,

DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

Lineage of this Lady—Her Marriage—Joins the exiled Court with her Husband—Made a Lady of the Bedchamber—Her Intrigue with Lord Chesterfield—Her Husband is raised to the Peerage—Their Disagreements and final Separation—Notice of her weak Husband—Person of the Duchess—Her Extravagance, and Addiction to Play—Her Imperiousness, and Influence over the King—Anecdotes—Her insolence to Lord Clarendon—Her Quarrel with Charles—De Grammont mediates between them—Her Intrigue with Henry Jermyn—With Hart the Actor—With Goodman the Actor—With Jacob Hall, the Rope-dancer—With William Wycherley, the Poet—Notices and Anecdotes of these Persons—The Duchess retires to France—Her Intrigues in the French Capital—Charles remonstrates with her on her Gallantries—Her marriage with Beau Fielding—His harsh Treatment of her—Her Death:

THE story of this imperious beauty, though not without its moral, embraces a melancholy recital of infamy and vice. She was the sole daughter of William, second Viscount Grandison, who died at Oxford, in 1643, at the age of thirty, of wounds received at the siege of Bristol. Lord Clarendon, who dwells on the character of this nobleman with evident pleasure, describes him as faultless in person, romantic in valour, and uncorrupted in morals. He was buried at Christ Church, where, after the Restoration, his too-celebrated daughter erected—out of the wages of her shame—a sumptuous monument to his memory. It was a strange tribute from a shameless child to the virtuous and high-minded-dead.

In 1658, at the age of eighteen, Barbara Villiers became the wife of Roger Palmer, Esq., a student of one

of the Inns of Court, and heir to a large fortune. He figures through a long life as an author, a bigot, and a very mean man. The following year they joined the Court of Charles in the Low Countries, where the husband made himself acceptable by his loans, and the lady by her charms. Previous, however, to her becoming the wife of Palmer, Lord Chesterfield is said to have been her successful admirer, and, indeed, was generally considered to be the father of Lady Sussex, her eldest child. Charles was afterwards jealous of this previous attachment, which, says De Grammont, "as neither of them denied it, was the more generally believed." At the Restoration she hastened to England, where, at the age of twenty, she found its sovereign her slave, and her beauty admitted to be the most faultless in the kingdom. The King quitted the general rejoicings, to pass in her society the first evening of his return.

The arrival of a young Queen, which might have been expected to weaken the influence of the Duchess over her royal lover, appears, on the contrary, to have given it additional force. Charles, compelled to take part either with his wife or his mistress, unfortunately preferred her who possessed superior charms, and thus the King and his beautiful concubine were driven to form a closer compact than before.

The manner in which this abandoned woman was forced into the Queen's household has been related elsewhere. To effect this scandalous measure, or rather to confer on the royal mistress so considerable a post as that of a lady of the bedchamber, it was necessary that her husband should be raised to the peerage. Accordingly, after a brief interval of real or affected hesitation, he condescended to reap the reward of his own shame, and, in 1662, accepted the title of Earl of Castlemaine, in

Ireland. Hitherto the weak husband, whether from indifference to public opinion, or from some remaining feelings of attachment for the wife of his choice, had continued to linger in the scene of his disgrace, and in the society of those who were only too well acquainted with his domestic affairs. One of his cold and casual encounters with his beautiful wife is thus graphically described by Pepys:—"That," he says, speaking of one of his visits to the Court, "which pleased me best, was my Lady Castlemaine standing over against us upon a piece of Whitehall. But methought it was strange to see her lord and her upon the same place, walking up and down without taking notice of one another: only, at first entry, he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another: but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her arms, and dandle it."

But a misunderstanding shortly afterwards took place, which effected their entire estrangement. Singularly enough, the final separation between the weak lord and his worthless wife was caused, not by any feelings of enraged jealousy on the part of the former, but by a difference on religious subjects! The Earl, who was a Roman Catholic, had insisted that one of his children, or rather one of his wife's, should be baptised in the communion of that faith, to which Lady Castlemaine had originally consented. Some days afterwards, however, she audaciously announced the child to be the King's son, and expressed her intention of having it christened by a Protestant clergyman. Lord Castlemaine was naturally indignant. In spite, however, of his remonstrances, the infant was baptised according to the rites of the Protestant Church, Charles the Second, the Earl of Oxford, and the Countess of Suffolk standing sponsors

for it at the font. The Earl flew enraged to the Continent; Lady Castlemaine having anticipated him by carrying off all his money and jewels which she could collect together, with which she removed to her brother's house at Richmond, where she could be nearer to Hampton Court and to the King. Within a short time she was domesticated in apartments at Whitehall.

We will dismiss the unfortunate husband in a few words. During the raging of the Popish Plot, he was accused by Titus Oates of having conspired against the life of the King. According to this infamous witness, it was jealousy which led him to contemplate the crime, although the whole tenor of his conduct and character renders the circumstance improbable. Nevertheless, he was a bigoted Catholic, and, although acquitted at his trial, the charge of his having been implicated in a treasonable transaction would appear to be not altogether unfounded. Probably he owed his escape to his wife's discreditable connexion with the Court. Many there were who perished on the scaffold during that extraordinary period of excitement, against whom the evidence was less presumptive. On the accession of James, Lord Castlemaine was sent ambassador to the Papal Court. His instructions were "to reconcile the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland to the Holy See, from which, for more than an age, they had fallen off by heresy." Walpole says, "that the Pope received him with as little ceremony as his wife had done." Sanguine as James and his ambassador may have been, his Holiness appears to have been fully alive, not only to the folly, but to the actual danger of the attempt. Castlemaine made himself sufficiently ridiculous, and accordingly his zeal was laughed at even in the hot-bed of Catholicism. Whenever his lordship referred to the object of his

mission, Pope Innocent was invariably seized with such a fit of coughing that he was compelled to retire. Castlemaine, perceiving at last that he was only laughed at, sent a message to the Pope threatening to take his instant departure.—“Only recommend him,” was the Pope’s reply, “to rise early, that he may rest at noon: it is dangerous in this country to travel in the heat of the day.” The Earl, while at Rome, was splendidly entertained by the Jesuits, with whom his Holiness was on bad terms. After the Revolution he lived in retirement in Wales, in which principality he died, in July 1705.

In the portrait of Lady Castlemaine, in the celebrated gallery of beauties at Hampton Court, the canvas is the mirror of her mind. It describes her as she really was, bold, dazzling, and scornful. She is habited in the garb of Pallas, a comparison nearly as misplaced as Dryden’s resemblance of her to Cato, or the delineation of her as a Madonna at Dalkeith. She once sat, it is said, for a picture of the Virgin intended for a nunnery in France; but the blasphemy, we are told, was discovered by the holy sisters, and the portrait indignantly returned.

Pepys’ admiration for Lady Castlemaine, and his constant and glowing tributes to her surpassing beauty, very nearly approach the ludicrous. Her charms appear to have been dwelt upon even by his own fireside; so much so as to have excited the jealousy of Mrs. Pepys. Even the petticoats of the favourite trimmed with lace, “it did him good,” he says, to “to look upon.” Her figure must have been rather on a large scale. Pepys mentions her weighing with the King, when it was ascertained that she was heavier than her lover: she was, however, with child at the time. Sir John Beresby speaks of her with enthusiasm, as “the first woman of her age.”

Of the vast sums which were lavished on the proud beauty, and which so long supported her in extravagant splendour at an impoverished Court, the following extract from a contemporary letter will enable us to form some conception. "They have signed and sealed," says the writer, "ten thousand pounds a year more to the Duchess of Cleveland; who has likewise near ten thousand pounds a year more out of the new farm of the county excise of beer and ale; five thousand pounds a year out of the Post-office; and, they say, the reversion of all the King's leases, the reversion of all places in the Custom-house, the Green Wax, and indeed, what not! All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognisance."* On one occasion, we find the King conferring on her all the rich Christmas presents which he had received from his courtiers and the nobility, and at another time paying her debts, to the amount of thirty thousand pounds. She had even the effrontery to petition for the Phoenix Park in Dublin; but it was at length found necessary to set some bounds to her rapacity, and the request was refused. She usually appeared at Court with more jewels than were worn by the Queen and the Duchess of York together.

Her immense fortune was squandered principally at the gaming-table. Pepys says, in 1668, "I was told to-night that my Lady Castlemaine is so great a gamester, as to have won fifteen thousand pounds in one night, and lost twenty-five thousand in another night at play; and hath played a thousand pounds and fifteen hundred at a cast." The game was probably basset.

Lady Castlemaine maintained her dangerous influence over Charles for nearly ten years; and, even at the

* Andrew Marvell's Works, vol. ii. p. 75.

expiration of that period, it was her own folly and misconduct, rather than satiety on the part of Charles, which led to her disgrace. The King loved quiet;—above all things he dreaded domestic broils, and seemed alone to relish that easy and sauntering mode of living, of which freedom from care and restraint constitute the principal charm. On her part, she was perpetually teasing him with petty jealousies, or alarming him with tempests of rage. The King's recent connexion with Nell Gwynn and Mary Davis, while it plainly discovered his increasing indifference to his early mistress, in the same degree inflamed her jealousy and alarm. But it was from the time that Frances Stewart appeared at Court that her influence more perceptibly declined.

"The Duchess of Cleveland," says Burnet, "was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish but imperious, very uneasy to the King, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him, did so disorder him, that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which, in so critical a time, required great application." But, as regards the tenure by which the lady governed her lover—the King's subsequent relapse from tenderness to indifference—her daily exhibitions of menaces and tears;—of these the pages of Pepys afford the most lively picture: the following agreeable notices are scattered through his diary.

"January 1662-3.—Mrs. Sarah tells us how the King sups at least four times every week with my Lady Castlemaine; and most often stays till the morning with her, and goes home through the garden all alone privately, and that so as the very sentries take notice of it

and speak of it. She tells me, that about a month ago she quickened at my Lord Gerard's at dinner, and cried out that she was undone; and all the lords and men were fain to quit the room, and women called to help her."

"April 8th, 1663.—After dinner to the Hyde Park; at the park was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every turn."

"April 25th, 1663.—I did hear that the Queen is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he having not supped once with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine, who hath been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and come home with him last night; and which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her own home to a chamber in Whitehall, next to the King's own."

"July 29th, 1667.—I was surprised at seeing Lady Castlemaine at Whitehall, having but newly heard the stories of the King and her being parted for ever. So I took Mr. Povy, who was there, aside, and he told me all,—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to whatever she will. It seems she is with child, and the King says he did not get it: with that she made a slighting pugh with her mouth, and went out of the house, and never came in again till the King went to Sir Daniel Harvey's to pray her; and so she is come to-day, when one would think his mind would be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a Parliament with so much discontent and so many wants upon him, and but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery. But it seems she hath told the King, that whoever did get it, he should own it. And the bottom

of the quarrel is this :—She is fallen in love with young Jermyn, who hath of late been with her oftener than the King, and is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth : the King is mad at her entertaining Jermyn, and she is mad at Jermyn's going to marry from her, so they are all mad ; and thus the kingdom is governed !”

“August 7th, 1667.—Though the King and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at Whitehall, but at Sir Daniel Harvey's, whither the King goes to her; and he says she made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promise to offend her no more so; and that, indeed, she did threaten to bring all his bastards to his closet-door, and hath nearly hector'd him out of his wit.”

“January 16th, 1668-9.—Povy tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now in a higher command over the King than ever,—not as a mistress, for she scorns him, but as a tyrant to command him.”

From her violent temper and mischievous intrigues Charles was not the only sufferer. The solemn Clarendon, the dignified Ormond, and the virtuous Southampton, were alike objects of her ridicule and malevolence. Clarendon was her avowed enemy. He forbade his wife to visit her, and allowed no instrument to pass the great seal in which her name was inserted. Afterwards, when he had been deprived of his office, and was returning from the King's presence a disgraced man, the Duchess, being told he was approaching, hastened to her window at Whitehall to insult him. “Madam,” was his only reply, “if you live *you will grow old.*” Lord Southampton, as long as he was in office, positively refused to admit her name on the Treasury books.

From the year 1668, though occasionally a visitor at Court, she ceased to have apartments at Whitehall. The means by which Charles eventually extricated

himself from her toils is not altogether clear. Lord Dartmouth mentions his relation, William Legge, by desire of Charles, singing an insulting ballad in her presence, commencing,—

“ Poor Allinda’s growing old,
Those charms are now no more,” &c.

which, he says, she understood to be applied to herself.* However, her notorious infidelities afforded Charles the best excuse for a separation. If she were as beautiful as a Helen, she had as many lovers as a Messalina. Her attachment for Henry Jermyn had already rendered the King sufficiently contemptible. —“ Though his passion for her,” says de Grammont, “ was now greatly diminished, yet he did not think it consistent with his dignity, that a mistress, whom he had honoured with public distinction, and who still received a considerable support from him, should appear chained to the car of the most ridiculous conqueror that ever existed. His Majesty had frequently expostulated with the Countess upon this subject; but his expostulations were never attended to. It was in the last of these differences that he advised her rather to bestow her favours upon Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, who was able to return them, than lavish her money upon Jermyn for nothing, as it would be more honourable for her to pass for the mistress of the one, than the very humble servant of the other. She was not proof against this raillery, and the impetuosity of her temper broke forth like lightning. She told him, that it very ill became him to throw out such reproaches against one, who, of all the women in England, deserved them the least; that he had never ceased quarrelling thus unjustly with her, ever since he had betrayed his own mean and low inclinations: that to

* Burnet, vol. i. p. 484, *note*.

gratify such a depraved taste as his, he wanted only such silly things as Stewart, Wells, and that pitiful, strolling actress, whom he had lately introduced into their society. Floods of tears, from rage, generally accompanied these storms." The affair ended by De Grammont being called in as mediator. The differences on both sides were circumstantially detailed to him, and the Count drew up articles of agreement. It was stipulated, on the part of the King, that the lady should for ever abandon Jermyn; that she should consent to his banishment from Court, and that she should cease to storm against her rivals Miss Stewart and Miss Wells. Charles, in consideration of these concessions, consented to create her a Duchess, and to increase her pension. Accordingly, on the 3rd of August, 1670, about a year after their reconciliation, she was created Duchess of Cleveland.

Had the frailty of this licentious woman proceeded no further than her intimacy with Charles; had she originally been captivated by his arts, and by the sight of a young and agreeable monarch a suppliant at her feet, there might be some palliation for her conduct. But pride itself was made subservient to her unruly passions; gratitude and self-interest were forgotten, and we find Hart and Goodman, the actors, and even Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, sharing her favours with the King. Respecting these persons it may be interesting to say a few words.

Hart, who had been a captain in the army during the civil wars, had attached himself to the King's company, and proved the best actor of his time: the part for which he was most celebrated was "Othello." His intrigue with the royal mistress is alluded to by Pepys. "7th April, 1668, Mrs. Knipp * tells me that my Lady Castle-

* A married actress belonging to the King's company. The last trace of her occurs in 1677, when she acted in "The Wily False One."

maine is mightily in love with Hart of their house ; and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him and do give him many presents ; and that the thing is most certain, and Beck Marshall only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together : which is a very odd thing, and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs. Davis." Hart quitted the stage in 1684, on the union of the King's company with that of the Duke of York.

Goodman was a younger man than Hart, and succeeded him in some of his characters. Colley Cibber mentions his having quitted the stage in 1690, when he himself appeared as the chaplain in Otway's "Orphan." Oldmixon relates a curious incident connected with Goodman's intrigue with the Duchess of Cleveland. "This woman," he says, "was so infamous in her amours, that she made no scruple of owning her lovers ; among whom was Goodman the player, who so narrowly escaped the gallows some years after ; and the fellow was so insolent upon it, that one night, when the Queen was at the theatre, and the curtain, as usual, was immediately ordered to be drawn up, Goodman cried, 'Is my duchess come ?' and being answered, no, he swore terribly the curtain should not be drawn till the Duchess came, which was at the instant, and saved the affront to the Queen."

Of Jacob Hall little need be said. He was remarkable for his professional agility, his handsome face, and the strength and elegance of his frame. The Duchess took him into favour and settled on him a pension. "Their intimacy," says De Grammont, "was celebrated in many a song, but she despised all these rumours and only appeared more handsome than before."

Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough,

and the handsomest man in the Court, was also a favoured lover. "The Duchess," says de Grammont, "who neither recommended to him circumspection in his behaviour nor in his conversation, did not seem to be in the least concerned at his indiscretion. Thus this intrigue had become a general topic in all companies, and occasioned a great variety of speculations and reasonings, when the Court arrived in London: some said she had already presented him Jermyn's pension and Jacob Hall's salary, because the merits and qualifications of both were united in his person." The Duke of Buckingham at last opened the King's eyes on the subject, and contrived that he himself should be a witness to his mistress's infidelity. Churchill escaped by leaping out of a window, but it did not prevent his being banished the Court.

The last person whom the Duchess honoured with her favours, previous to her separation from Charles, was William Wycherley, the gay and handsome poet. Their coaches were one day passing each other in Pall Mall, when to his astonishment the Duchess thrust her head out of the carriage window, and exclaimed,—“You, Wycherley, you are a son of a ——.” The poet was at first somewhat confused, but remembering the following stanza, in a song introduced into his “Love in a Wood,”—

“Where parents are slaves,
Their brats cannot be any other;
Great wits and great braves
Have always a punk for their mother;”

he considered it as a compliment to his wit, and immediately drove after her carriage into the park. Buckingham threatened to inform the King of their intimacy. Shortly afterwards, however, meeting Wycherley at the

house of a friend, the Duke was so charmed with his conversation, that he admitted him to his friendship, and assisted in making his fortune.

About the year 1670, the Duchess of Cleveland retired to France, in which country, with the exception of an occasional visit to England, she resided during the remainder of her life. At Paris, though her beauty latterly survived but in reputation, she was not without lovers. The Chevalier de Chatillon, a French gentleman, and Ralph Montagu, the English Ambassador, afterwards the first Duke of that name, were among her admirers. Burnet speaks of Montagu as "bewitched" with the discarded mistress; and her intrigue with Chatillon was so notorious, that Charles wrote to remonstrate with her on the subject. Either a feeling of jealousy still lurked in his mind, or he was unwilling to become a laughing-stock to the French Court. In a letter from the Duchess to her old lover, dated Paris, Tuesday the 28th, 1678,—alluding to a letter she had written to her French gallant, and which Charles either had or was likely to obtain possession of,—she thus writes: "The letter he [Sir Harry Tichborn] has, and I doubt not he has or will send it to you. Now all I have to say for myself is, that you know, as to love, one is no mistress of oneself, and that you ought not to be offended at me, since all things of this nature is at an end with you and I, so that I could do you no prejudice."—And she adds in the same letter,— "I promise you, that for my conduct it shall be such, as that you nor nobody shall have occasion to blame me, And I hope you will be just to what you said to me, which was at my house when you told me you had letters of mine; you said 'Madam, all that I ask of you for your own sake is, live so for the future as to make

the least noise you can, and I care not who you love.'”*

On the 25th of November, 1705, in her sixty-sixth year, the Duchess was weak enough to unite herself to Robert Fielding, better known as Beau Fielding, a man of broken fortunes and indifferent character, but as handsome as any of her early lovers. His conduct to her after marriage was so brutal, that she was compelled to claim the protection of the law. Fortunately for her, it was discovered that he was the husband of another. This person was one Mary Wadsworth, who had assumed the name and character of a Mrs. Deleau, an heiress of the period, and who had thus deceived Fielding into marrying her. He was prosecuted and found guilty of bigamy, but was afterwards pardoned. The particulars, which are extremely curious, will be found at length in the State Trials. Fielding is the hero of Steele's Papers in "The Tatler," Nos. 50 and 51, entitled the History of Orlando the Fair.

The Duchess died at her house at Chiswick, of a dropsy, on the 9th October, 1709. She has been commended as having been the patron of Dryden, but had Flecknoe, Shadwell, or any other of his less gifted contemporaries, been the fashion of the day, they were, perhaps, just as likely to have been distinguished by her indiscriminate favours. She was a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, but at what period, and under what circumstances, is equally unimportant and obscure.

* Harria, vol. v. p. 372. From a copy among the Harleian MSS.

LOUISE DE QUÉROUALLE,

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

Accompanies the Duchess of Orleans to England—Charles is fascinated by her Beauty—Lineage of this Lady—Her connection with the Political Intrigues of the Period—Her baneful Influence over the King—Honours conferred upon her—Her Avarice—Her splendid Apartments at Whitehall—Description of her Person—Lampoons of the Period—The Duchess supposed to be married to Charles—She is avoided by the ancient Nobility—Intrigues with Lord Danby and the Prior of Vendôme—Her Distress at the Death of Charles—She retires to France—Her old Age, and Death.

At the period when it was the policy of Louis the Fourteenth to detach the Court of England from the Triple League, he is well known to have selected the charming Duchess of Orleans, the favourite sister of Charles, to persuade him to accede to that disgraceful measure. To any other monarch he would have despatched a Sully or a Richelieu. To Charles he sent a brilliant embassy of gay men and beautiful women, accompanied by the trappings of pleasure and the promise of gold. "Louis," says Hume, "in order to fix him in the French interests, resolved to bind him by the ties of pleasure, the only ones which with him were irresistible; and he made him a present of a French mistress, by whose means he hoped for the future to govern him." We need scarcely add, that Mademoiselle de Quéroualle was the person alluded to by Hume. She was about five-and-twenty when, in 1670, she appeared in the train of the Duchess of Orleans at the English Court. Her manners were ingratiating, her wit agreeable, and her face

beautiful. Charles was fascinated by her accomplishments, and, as Buckingham and the enemies of the Duchess of Cleveland assisted with their intrigues, it was not long before she became the professed mistress of the easy monarch. The Peerages style her the Lady Louise Renée de Penencovet de Quéroualle. This long list of names was before long familiarly abbreviated by the English into the single and familiar one of "Carwell." Little is known of her origin and early history, but that she was descended from a noble family in Lower Brittany, and that she had been taken from a convent to be maid of honour to the Duchess of Orleans. Her arrival in England was celebrated both by Dryden and St. Ervmond; by the former in dull, and by the latter in indecent, verse.

Charles, without scruple, appointed his new mistress a maid of honour to his Queen, and eventually a lady of the bedchamber. From the period of her being domesticated at Whitehall, we find her a spy on the actions of Charles; a mischievous meddler in the English Court; a promoter of French interests, and the cause of English debasement. There is no dishonest transaction—no profligate political intrigue—which disgraced the last years of this unhappy reign, in which she does not appear as a principal mover. The King's acceptance of a pension from France; his disgraceful engagements with that country; his crusade against parliaments; and the treachery of England towards the Dutch, were alike hatched in her closet and fostered under her influence. Thus could a trifier and a beauty sway the destinies of Europe. With a head teeming with politics, and a heart with the love of pleasure, the intriguing Frenchwoman was as much detested by the nation as she was beloved by the King. Charles continued more constant to her than to

any of his other mistresses ; indeed, she duped and enchanted him to the end. According to Andrew Marvell, who thus deprecates her influence,—

“ That Carwell, that incestuous punk,
Made our most sacred Sovereign drunk ;
And drunk she let him give the buss,
That still the kingdom’s bound to curse.”

On the 19th of August, 1673, the King suddenly raised her to the highest honours in the land. He created her, by letters patent, Baroness of Petersfield, Countess of Farnham, and Duchess of Portsmouth, while the French King showed his gratitude by conferring on her the Duchy of Aubigny in France. Two years afterwards, in 1675, her young son by Charles was created Duke of Richmond and Lennox.

To these honours were added pensions and profits sufficient to beggar a far wealthier Court than that of Charles. In a pasquinade, printed in 1680, entitled “ Articles of High Treason against the Duchess of Portsmouth,” among other grave charges, she is accused of having introduced a general corruption, and of having profited by the sale of every place of trust and emolument in the gift of the Court. It is even said, that when Lord Ossory was sent by Charles to Madrid, in order to present his niece, the young Queen of Spain, with jewels valued at fifteen thousand pounds, the Duchess caused Lord Ossory’s services to be dispensed with, and prevailed on her lover to bestow the jewels on herself. In the notes to Howell’s State Trials, she is stated to have refused a hundred thousand pounds to procure the pardon of the celebrated Lord Russell. As no authority, however, is produced, and as the rejection of so splendid a bribe is opposed to all our preconceived notions of her character, the story may reasonably be doubted.

According to Evelyn, the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth at Whitehall had ten times the "richness and glory" of the Queen's. An account of a morning visit which he paid to them in 1683, in company with the King, is amusingly detailed in his Diary. "Following his Majesty," he says, "through the gallery, I went, with the few who attended him, into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her: but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt, to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, while her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's wives in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life, rarely done. Then for japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, &c., all of massive silver, and out of number; besides some of his Majesty's best paintings. Surfeiting of this, I dined at Sir Stephen Fox's, and went contented home to my poor but quiet villa. What contentment can there be in the riches and splendour of this world, purchased with vice and dishonour!" These splendid apartments, which had been three times rebuilt for a whim, were eventually destroyed by fire in 1691.

The countenance of the Duchess of Portsmouth, though undoubtedly beautiful, possessed the worst of all faults,

a want of expression. Evelyn says, in his opinion she had a "simple baby face," and in a poem of the time we find :—

"That baby face of thine, and those black eyes,
Methinks should ne'er a hero's love surprise ;
None, that had eyes, e'er saw in that French face
O'ermuch of beauty, form, or comely grace."

Another contemporary, Reresby, speaks of her merely as "a very fine woman."

Horace Walpole mentions a portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth, which, he says, was once in the royal collection, in which, in the character of Iphigenia, and Charles in that of Cymon, they are made to illustrate the beautiful lines in Dryden's poem :—

"Where, in a plain defended by a wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood :
And on the margin of the fount was laid,
Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid."

Another picture of her by Sir Peter Lely, in which the royal mistress and her infant son the Duke of Richmond are represented as the Madonna and Child, was painted for a convent of nuns in France. Is it possible that indecorum or blasphemy could proceed to greater lengths !

The beauty, however, which captivated Charles, appears occasionally to have been called in question by his less gallant subjects. In 1682 the following lines are said to have been written under her portrait ; but it must be remembered that she had now passed the meridian of beauty.

"Who can on this picture look,
And not straight be wonder-struck,
That such a sneaking dowdy thing
Should make a beggar of a king !

Three happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears.
Ruin the great, and raise the small,
Yet will by turns betray them all.
Lowly born, and meanly bred,
Yet of this nation is the head :
For half Whitehall make her their court,
Though th' other half make her their sport.
Monmouth's tamer, Jeffrey's advance,
Foe to England, spy to France ;
False, and foolish, proud and bold,
Ugly, as you see, and old."

In a little work published shortly after the death of Charles, purporting to be a secret history of his reign, it is asserted that the Duchess was actually married to her royal lover by the Common Prayer book, according to the ceremonies of the church of England. As Queen Catherine was still alive, this act of folly and wickedness could only have been perpetrated in order to satisfy some inconvenient scruples of Madame de Quéroualle's conscience. In a pasquinade already referred to, we find the twentieth Article of High Treason inserted as follows : — "That she has, by her creatures and friends, given out and whispered abroad, that she was married to his Majesty, and that her son, the Duke of Richmond, is his Majesty's legitimate son, and consequently Prince of Wales, his health being frequently drunk by her and her creatures in her night debauches and merry meetings, to the great dishonour and reflection of his Majesty, and the manifest peril and danger of these kingdoms." Certain it is, that, in order to gain her over to his interests, the unprincipled Shaftesbury flattered her with hopes of her son succeeding to the throne.

Supposing that this silly marriage really took place, it signally failed in procuring for her the countenance of such of the old nobility as stood aloof from the vices and

frivolities of the Court of Charles; an object, singular as it may appear, which she seems to have had deeply at heart. She once sent a message to the high-principled Duchess of Ormond, that she would dine with her on a particular day. The Duchess made no objection to receive her, but sent her two grand-daughters out of the house. When they sat down to table, the only other guest was the family chaplain.

From the fate of the Duchess of Cleveland she seems to have learned wisdom. Instead of endeavouring to storm her easy lover into compliance with her extravagant whims and fancies, as did her imperious predecessor, she enslaved him by the usual arts of her sex; and, by means of tears, jealousies, affectations of sickness and graceful exhibitions of caprice, wound herself securely round his heart. The kind feeling, which Charles ever bore towards the merry and warm-hearted Nell Gwynn, appears to have occasionally caused her uneasiness. But, with this exception, she had little reason to complain. Her influence over the heart and the politics of the King continued unshaken to the last, and as she was the longest, so she was the latest passion of Charles. As she had attained the age of forty at the time of his death, she must have been gifted with other powers of pleasing besides mere beauty. Burnet mentions her having been afflicted with some uneasy feelings, on its being intimated to her that Louis the Fourteenth had sent away his mistress Madame de Montespan on account of religious scruples, and that the repentant monarch had afterwards solemnly taken the sacrament. Charles however, was unlikely to sacrifice his pleasures to his principles, and it must have been a stretch of imagination to have imagined him a devotee.

Though apparently attached for his own sake to the

person of Charles, her affection for him seems to have been no bar to her conferring her favours on others. Lord Danby, who possessed considerable advantages of person and fortune, as well as the gallant and handsome Grand Prior of Vendôme,—the soldier, the statesman, and the priest,—were believed to have shared her favours with the King. Unlike the Duchess of Cleveland, she was particularly circumspect in the manner in which she carried on her amours, and consequently Charles seems to have been kept in happy ignorance of her infidelities. Unlike her predecessor in another respect, she was respectful in her manner to the Queen, with whom her appointment as lady of the bedchamber constantly brought her in contact.

When Charles was suddenly attacked by his last illness at Whitehall, the Duchess hung over her senseless paramour in an agony of despair. There were those, however, not far off,—the Queen and the Duchess of York,—who had more legitimate claims to watch by the dying monarch, and accordingly the royal concubine was compelled to retire to the solitude of those gorgeous apartments, which she was destined so soon to quit for ever. It was in those moments of suspense and misery that she received a welcome visit from M. Barillon. "I went," he writes to Louis the Fourteenth, "to the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth. I found her overwhelmed with grief, the physicians having deprived her of all hope."

The Duchess is far from having been a solitary exception of a beautiful woman leading a life of sin and pleasure, and yet at the same time taking a deep interest in the precarious state of her own soul, and the spiritual welfare of her lover. She had probably, on more than one occasion, conversed on religious subjects with her dying paramour; since in her heart was locked the

dangerous secret that Charles had long since clandestinely embraced the faith of Rome. Accordingly, when Barillon visited her, he found her deeply affected by the perilous state of the soul of the departing monarch, and in the greatest despair lest he should die without having partaken of the last sacrament. "I have a thing" she said, "of great moment to tell you. If it were known, my head would be in danger. The King is really and truly a Catholic; but he will die without being reconciled to the church. His bedchamber is full of Protestant clergymen. I cannot enter it without giving scandal. The Duke is thinking only of himself. Speak to him. Remember that there is a soul at stake. He is master now. He can clear the room. Go this instant, or it will be too late." The result of Barillon's spiritual mission we have related elsewhere.*

Charles, in his last moments, spoke with great affection of his foreign mistress; nor is there reason to doubt that she shed many bitter tears at his death. The new monarch, in gratitude probably for the zeal which she had shown for the spiritual welfare of his brother, which he had himself lost sight of in watching over his own selfish interests,—paid her a visit of condolence after their mutual bereavement, and probably rendered her fall easier than it would otherwise have been.

Having no longer any tie to bind her to England, she retired, with what money and jewels she had amassed, to her native country. Unfortunately the taste she had acquired for splendour, and a fatal addiction to play, proved so destructive to her fortunes, that at the close of life she was compelled to subsist on a small pension which she received from the French Government. Voltaire, who saw her at the age of seventy, mentions,

* See vol. ii. p. 505.

in his Siècle de Louis XIV. that years had but little impaired her beauty, and that her face was still lovely, and her person commanding. Lady Sunderland speaks of her in 1690, as "scandalous and poor." Some years afterwards also, we find her mentioned in the Memoirs of the Duc de Saint Simon, as very old, very penitent, and very poor—"fort vieille, très convertie et pénitente, et très mal dans ses affaires."

The Duchess after the death of Charles paid at least two visits to England, once in 1699, and again in 1715, when she was presented to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales. On the latter occasion she is said to have had the effrontery to apply for a pension to George the First. She was certainly a devotee in her old age. Her death took place at Aubigny in France, in November 1734, having survived her royal lover nearly fifty years. George Selwyn, who saw her in the year 1733, assured Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, that she was even then "possessed of many attractions, though verging towards fourscore."

It may be incidentally mentioned that Lee inscribed to her his two plays of "Sophonisba" and "Gloriana." In his fulsome dedication to the latter play, "I pay," he says, "my adorations to your Grace, who are the most beautiful, as well in the bright appearances of body, as in the immortal splendours of an elevated soul."

The Duchess had a sister, Henriette de Quéroualle, who married Philip seventh Earl of Pembroke. He treated her brutally, but she had the good fortune to survive him. This lady, who afterwards married the Marquis of Troy, died in old age at Paris, on the 1st November, 1728. Her only daughter, Lady Charlotte Herbert, became the wife of John Lord Jeffries, the only son of the merciless judge.

HORTENSIA MANCINI,

DUCHESS OF MAZARIN.

Character of the Duchess—Her Lineage—Anecdotes connected with her early History—Her Marriage with the Duke de Meilleraye—Her extraordinary Conduct—The Duchess institutes a Suit for a Separation—Her wild Frolics—She flies from Paris in male Attire—Her subsequent Adventures—Arrives in England and becomes the Mistress of Charles II.—St. Evremond's Admiration of her Person and Talents—Charming Society of her House at Chelsea—Rochester lampoons her—Her Poverty—Her Death supposed to have been hastened by drinking strong Spirits—Her body is seized by her Creditors—St. Evremond's characteristic Lament.

THE Duchess of Mazarin was unquestionably the most remarkable woman who languished in the seraglio of Charles. In her youth she was considered the most beautiful woman and the wealthiest heiress in Europe. During the King's early days of poverty and exile, when the almost infant niece of the powerful Mazarin was courted by the most illustrious families in Europe for their sons, Charles had been an eager suitor for her hand. The offer, however, was rejected by the haughty cardinal. The fact is singular that she should have afterwards become the mistress of her admirer, and indebted to his bounty for the ordinary luxuries, if not the necessities, of life.

The character of this beautiful woman was scarcely less eccentric than her accomplishments were brilliant. Reckless, impetuous, and devoid of principle, she sacrificed her splendid fortunes to the whim of the moment, and to the gratification of her ungovernable passions.

Hazardous adventures and indelicate frolics were preferred to the advantages of fair fame and substantial grandeur. With all her wit, she became the scorn of fools; and finally, having exhausted wealth that had once appeared boundless, she died impoverished and in exile, bequeathing to her family and to posterity nothing but a melancholy moral and a tarnished name.

Hortensia Mancini was the daughter of Lorenzo Mancini, a nobleman of Rome, by Jeronima Mazarin, sister of the celebrated cardinal. She was born in 1647, and at the age of six years was sent into France to be educated. Her vivacity and love of frolic appear to have been early conspicuous. When a girl she used to amuse herself by throwing handfuls of gold out of the windows of the Mazarin palace in the French capital, for the mere pleasure of seeing the scrambles among the mob.

It would seem that she early discovered a distaste for her religious duties, a circumstance particularly displeasing to the cardinal. He once said to her, "If you will not attend mass for the sake of God, at least do it out of fear of the world." The girlhood of the volatile beauty was vigilantly watched, and, from her own *Memoirs*, we glean that the precaution was not unnecessary. "We lived at Lyons," she says, "in a room which looked into the market-place, the windows of which were low enough for any one to get in. Madame de Venelle, our governess, was so accustomed to her trade of watching us, that she rose even in her sleep to see what we were about. One night, as my sister lay asleep with her mouth open, Madame de Venelle, according to custom, coming to grope in the dark, happened to thrust her finger into her mouth. My sister, starting up, nearly made her teeth meet in surprise. You may judge of the amazement of both, when they found themselves awake

and in this posture. The next day the story was told to the King, and afforded the Court some amusement." The sister here alluded to, was Mary, afterwards married to Lorenzo Colonna, Constable of the Kingdom of Naples. She was the first passion of Louis the Fourteenth, and it was only the strong measures adopted by Cardinal Mazarin, who dreaded the vengeance of the princes of the blood, that prevented the young King from making her his wife.

At the age of thirteen, Hortensia Mancini was married to Armand Charles de la Porte, Duke de Meilleraye and Mayenne, and a Peer of France. Her uncle had intended this nobleman for his niece Mary, but Meilleraye disappointed him by falling in love with her more beautiful sister. "If he did not marry her," he said, "he was sure he should die in three months." The Cardinal at last gave his consent, on condition that Meilleraye and his heirs should adopt the name, title, and arms of Mazarin for ever. Mazarin died the following year, bequeathing his niece, it was said, the almost incredible sum of one million six hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

The character of the Duke de Meilleraye, or, as he was now called, the Duke de Mazarin, was little in unison with that of his young, beautiful, and hair-brained Duchess. He seems to have been a solemn fool, jealous of his wife, narrow-minded, ill-natured, and capricious. He was not only a devotee, but believed himself inspired. His visions and revelations were the jest of the Court. To such an extent did he carry his devotional prejudices, that, having taken under his charge an infant child of Madame de Richelieu, he actually forbade the nurse to give it suck on the fasting-days of the church. St. Evremond has a pleasant allusion to his nocturnal

fancies. "Madame de Mazarin," he says, "was very wretched. She used to long for the approach of night, which brings succour to the most unhappy by drowning the sense of their miseries. But even this comfort was denied her. No sooner did she close her beautiful eyes, but Monsieur de Mazarin, this amiable husband, used to wake his best beloved, to make her partaker—you would never guess of what—to make her partaker of his midnight visions?" He adds in another place, "that nature has set reason and Monsieur de Mazarin so far apart, that it was almost impossible they could ever come together."

The Duke is known to have laid down and published a code of moral rules, many of which are irresistibly ludicrous, but from their nature are unfit to be repeated. One of his practices was to make constant progresses through the large tracts of country which he possessed in different provinces. On these occasions he was accompanied by a numerous and motley train of enthusiasts, half ecclesiastics and half laymen.

With this strange personage the most self-willed and vivacious woman of her time continued to live for about six years. At length his follies and eccentricities wearied her beyond all endurance, and accordingly she suddenly quitted her husband's house, and instituted a suit against him in the Courts of Law for a separation and a division of effects. Her principal objections to him were his jealous disposition, his rigorous sanctity, his forcing her to accompany him on the most harassing journeys even when on the eve of her confinement, and the large amount of her wealth which he squandered in alms. He had also grossly insulted her by hinting at her having been guilty of familiarities with one of her nearest relations.

While her suit was pending, the Duchess, who was

still only nineteen, found a refuge in different convents. Suddenly freed from an intolerable restraint, her wild frolics and volatile behaviour excited the anger and astonishment of the peaceable nuns. Her companion was Madame de Courcelles, young, gay, handsome, and married like herself. One of the pranks of these lively ladies was to mix ink with the holy water, in order that the nuns might black their faces when they crossed themselves. Another amusement was to wait till the dead of night, when they used to run through the sleeping-rooms of the holy sisterhood, with a number of small dogs yelling and barking at their heels. The Duchess herself refers to these frolics in her memoirs, though she insists that they were greatly exaggerated. "It is true, however," she says, "that we filled two great chests that were over the dormitory with water, and not perceiving the chinks in the floor, the water run through and wet the beds of the poor nuns: it is true also that on pretence of keeping us company, they never suffered us to be out of their sight. The oldest of the nuns, as being the most difficult to be bribed, was selected for this purpose; but, as we had nothing to do but to run about, we soon tired them out, one after another, and one or two of them sprained their legs in endeavouring to give us chase."

At length, her frolics having obtained for her a very disagreeable notoriety at Court, it was thought expedient that she should return to the Palais de Mazarin; the Duchess, however, stipulating that, till the termination of the suit, she should occupy apartments separate from those of her inspired husband. It happened that her brother, the Duke de Nevers, resided in the adjoining palace to that of Mazarin. As her actions were constantly watched whenever she went abroad, and as her

brother was also her friend, she caused a passage to be broken in the wall, by which means she could obtain access at all hours to his apartments. In a suit, which many years afterwards was instituted by the Duke de Mazarin for the recovery of his wife's person, his advocate, Monsieur Herard, dwells at some length on this circumstance: "Through this breach," he says, "she conveyed away all the plate and richest furniture of her apartments, which amounted to an immense value." It is but fair to add, however, that the circumstance was solemnly denied in a defence of the Duchess published at the time, and that the amount of the valuables thus removed was reduced to a single necklace.

Her suit was now drawing to a conclusion, and, it was evident, with but slender hopes of success. As a decision given in favour of her husband would have invested him with increased conjugal powers, the reckless beauty determined on seeking safety in flight. Accordingly, on the 14th of June 1667, on a pretence of indisposition, she secluded herself, with a favourite female domestic, in her sleeping apartment. Night having set in, their first step was to disguise themselves in male attire, in which costume they contrived to escape through one of the gates of the city, to a spot where a carriage awaited them. Her other attendants were a servant of her brother's, and a Monsieur Courbeville, who had been prevailed upon to accompany her, but whom she had now beheld for the first time. The Chevalier de Rohan, one of the handsomest and most gallant men of the Court, and on whom she was supposed to have bestowed some favours, was also her companion during the first stages of her expedition. It was not till the following morning that her flight was discovered. Her husband instantly flew to the King, and implored him to give orders that she might be arrested before she

reached the frontiers. Her progress, however, had been too rapid, and she had already passed them before the order reached the authorities.

Her first flight was into Switzerland, and from thence into Italy. "We were known," she says, "in almost every place, to be women; Nanon, my maid, continuing still, through forgetfulness, to call me Madam. Whether from this reason, or that my face gave cause of suspicion, the people, when we had shut ourselves in, used to watch through the keyholes; by which means they discovered our long tresses, which, as soon as we were left at liberty, as they were extremely inconvenient under our perriwigs, we used gladly to untie. Nanon was particularly low in stature, and her figure was so ill adapted to man's apparel, that I could never look upon her without laughing."

We have neither space nor leisure to follow this strange lady through all her fantastic wanderings and wild adventures. During the following years she rambled over most of the countries of Europe, "carrying with her," says Monsieur Mazarin's advocate, "her own and her husband's shame over the world." We may remark, however, that after a residence of some length at Rome, and after a series of accidents in which she encountered the advances of rude soldiers and gallant cardinals, she again returned to France in disguise. This circumstance having become known to her husband, and her personal freedom being thus placed in considerable danger, she removed hastily into Savoy, and, after a residence of three years at Chamberry, came to the determination of paying a visit to England. Accordingly she embarked at Rotterdam, and, after a violent storm at sea which lasted five days, arrived in London in December 1678. She was at this period in her twenty-ninth year, and, although the freshness of youth no longer bloomed upon her cheek, her

beauty, at the time when she commenced her manifestly preconcerted attack on the heart of Charles, is said to have been but little impaired.

It was not long before she became a formidable rival to the Duchess of Portsmouth, then the reigning sultana. Charles, enslaved by her wit and beauty, allowed her apartments in St. James's palace, and settled on her a pension of four thousand a year. Waller, although in his seventy-fourth year, in his poem on the "Triple Combat" celebrates her arrival in England with all the gallantry and spirit of his youth. The poem commences,—

"When through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow traveller, the sun ;
Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes."

Her triumph, however, was of short duration. It was her misfortune to fall in love with the Prince de Monaco, then on a visit in England, and, as usual, reckless of consequences, she made not the slightest attempt to conceal her partiality. Charles, naturally piqued, withheld her pension, which, however, was afterwards goodnaturedly restored.

It is impossible to mention the name of the Duchess of Mazarin without coupling it with that of St. Evremond. That witty and accomplished person, who was then an exile in England, naturally hailed with delight the union with a spirit so congenial to his own. Neither can we mistake the admiration with which he evidently regarded her person. Her wit and beauty are the theme of all his writings ; so much so, that he seems to have questioned whether charms so dazzling, and accomplishments so brilliant, could possibly be obscured by a single blemish. With the gallantry of his country, rather than with the sobriety which became his years, he continued, to extreme

old age, the homage which he had lavished on the beautiful Duchess in his youth. It survived to a period of life when passion should have been a stranger to the one, and flattery unacceptable to the other. His devotion, in fact, only ceased with her death.

Of the octogenarian recollections of the Viscountess de Longueville, we have more than once availed ourselves. Her father had a house in Pall Mall, and she well remembered Monsieur de St. Evremond, "a little old man in his black silk coif," who used to be carried every morning by her window in a sedan chair to the house of the Duchess. He always took with him a pound of butter, made in his own little dairy, for her grace's breakfast.*

The house of the Duchess of Mazarin at Chelsea became the most remarkable of her time. Her saloons were the resort of the gay, the intellectual, and the beautiful. There were to be found there the pleasures of the table combined with the charms of music, gaiety, and wit; the basset-table for those who loved gaming, conversation for the more social, and probably dancing for the young. "Freedom and discretion," writes St. Evremond, "are equally to be found there. Every one is made more at home than in his own house, and treated with more respect than at Court. It is true there are frequent disputes there, but they are those of knowledge and not of anger. There is play there, but it is inconsiderable, and only practised for its amusement. You discover in no countenance the fear of losing, nor concern for what is lost. Some are so disinterested, that they are reproached for expressing joy when they lose, and regret when they win. Play is followed by the most

* Oldys, MS. notes to Langbaine.

excellent repasts in the world. There you will find whatever delicacy is brought from France, and whatever is curious from the Indies. Even the commonest meats have the rarest relish imparted to them. There is neither a plenty which gives a notion of extravagance, nor a frugality that discovers penury or meanness."—"Her guests," he adds, "see nothing but her. They never come soon enough, nor depart late enough: they go to bed with regret to have left her, and they rise with a desire to behold her again." The temple must indeed have been a classical one, of which the Duchess of Mazarin was the deity, and St. Evremond the high-priest. Her residence at Chelsea was, latterly at least, in a small house which she rented of Lord Cheyne.

It is impossible to glance over the pages of the courtly St. Evremond, without catching a portion of his enthusiasm for the idol of his worship. Nevertheless, there were two sides to the picture. The spoiled beauty had her fits of peevishness, insolence, and spleen; and, in the last years of her life, is said to have resorted for adventitious excitement to the bottle. Moreover, there was perhaps no woman at the Court of Charles whose gallantries were more notorious, or whose intrigues were more unblushingly profligate. Rochester, in his "Farewell to Court," places her the first in his "Roll of Infamy."

"Though on thy head grey hairs, like *Ætna's* snow,
Are shed, thou'rt fire and brimstone all below :
Thou monstrous thing, in whom at once do rage
The flames of youth and impotence of age."

Evelyn mentions his seeing her at Whitehall, a few days before the death of Charles, when the King was "toying" with her and his other beautiful mistresses, Cleveland and Portsmouth. She was afterwards treated with kindness by King James, and was not only well

received at his Court, but, as appears by a letter from the Princess of Denmark to her sister Mary, was invited to be present at the accouchement of his Queen.

The Duchess survived the Revolution, and met with civility at the gloomy Court of King William. During the last years of her life, her allowance from her husband having been withdrawn, she lived in poverty and almost in distress. There is evidence, in the parish books of Chelsea, that she was in arrears for the payment of her poor-rates during the whole time she resided in that place.* A schedule of her debts, which she sent to her friends at Paris, amounted to no less than 8,333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* After her death her body was actually taken possession of by her creditors. She died at her house at Chelsea, on the 2nd June, 1699, in the fifty-third year of her age. The event is noted by Evelyn in his Diary, a few days afterwards, 11th June, 1699.—“Now died the famous Duchess of Mazarin: she had been the richest lady in Europe. She was niece to Cardinal Mazarin, and was married to the richest subject in Europe, as is said. She was born in Rome, educated in France, and was of extraordinary beauty and wit, but dissolute and impatient of matrimonial restraint, so as to be abandoned by her husband and banished, when she came into England for shelter: she lived on a pension given her here, and is reported to have hastened her death by intemperate drinking strong spirits. She has written her own story and adventures, and so has her other extravagant sister, wife of the noble family of Colonna.” St. Evremond frequently laments her in his writings, and sometimes in a very characteristic manner. In a letter to M. Silvester, he writes: “Had the poor Duchess of Mazarine been

* Faulkner's History of Chelsea, vol. ii. p. 199.

alive, she would have had peaches, of which I should not have failed to have shared; she would have had truffles, which we should have eat together; not to mention the carps of Newhall. I must make up the loss of so many advantages, by the Sundays and Wednesdays of Montague House." Notwithstanding the apparently epicurean character of his attachment, St. Evremond, from the time of her death, is said never to have heard her name mentioned without tears.

FRANCES STEWART,

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

Her Lineage and foreign Education—De Grammont's Portrait of her—Description of her by Pepys—Her frivolous Tastes—The Duke of Buckingham and George Hamilton become her Lovers—Romantic Attachments of Francis Digby and Rotier the Medallist—Charles distracted by her Obduracy—The Duke of Richmond declares himself her Suitor—Discovered in her Apartment—Rage of the King—Elopes with, and is married to the Duke—Returns to Court—Charles boasts of her Favours over his Wine—Disfigured by the Small-pox—Specimen of her Correspondence—Her Death.

THIS beautiful simpleton, who figures so conspicuously in the gay annals of the Court of Charles, was the daughter of Walter Stewart, son of Walter second Lord Blantyre. Her family, which had suffered for their loyalty during the civil troubles, boasted a kind of Scotch relationship to the King.

Frances Theresa Stewart was born about the year 1647. She was educated in France, from which country, in 1662, she came over to England with her mother, in the train of the Queen Dowager, Henrietta Maria. As far as grace of manner, and a taste for dress were concerned, she appears to have singularly benefited by her foreign education. Of her early history we know but little, except that Louis XIV. was an ardent admirer of her person. Not improbably, like Charles, he was a suppliant for her favours; at least, there seems no other reason for his having been desirous of detaining at his Court a young lady who possessed no other qualification but a very pretty face. Pepys tells us, on the authority of his

friend Evelyn,—“The King of France would have had her mother, who is one of the most cunning women in the world, to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her, not as a mistress, but as one that would marry as well as any lady in France.” The Queen-mother, however, insisted on the young beauty accompanying her to England, and Louis presented her with a valuable jewel when he unwillingly bade her farewell. Shortly after her arrival in England, she was appointed maid of honour to Queen Catherine.

The feeling of Charles for “La Belle Stewart,” seems to have approached nearer to what may be called love, than any other of his libertine attachments. It originated, probably, in his constantly meeting her in the apartments of the Duchess of Cleveland, who, little aware of the dangerous rival she was fostering, had taken the new beauty into favour, and invited her to all the entertainments which she made for the King. Among other civilities, she frequently detained Miss Stewart to pass the night in her apartment, and, as it was the daily practice of Charles to visit his mistress before she rose, he constantly found them in bed together. His attachment was neither slow in its progress, nor did he attempt to conceal it from the world. “The King,” writes Pepys in 1663, “is now become besotted with Miss Stewart, getting her into corners; and will be with her half an hour together, kissing her, to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself, and expects it, as my Lady Castlemaine did use to do.” These, and still greater liberties, which she permitted to Charles, though they never proceeded to actual criminality, denote nevertheless an unpardonable want of modesty in this passionless coquette.

Count Hamilton has drawn the portrait of Miss

Stewart with his usual happy art. "It was hardly possible," he says, "for a woman to have less wit or more beauty: all her features were fine and regular, but her shape was not good; yet she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women: she was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother-tongue: she was well-bred, and possessed in perfection that air of dress which is so much admired, and which is very rarely attained, unless acquired when young in France." Her appearance on horseback is said to have been classically graceful and picturesque. Pepys gives us a graphic description of the return of a Court party after a ride, at which Charles and his Queen were present, and in which Miss Stewart figured the observed of all observers. "I followed them," he says, "into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauty and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Miss Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life." It was the peculiar elegance of her seat on horseback, that captivated the sensitive George Hamilton, when he presented her with his heart, and with one of "the prettiest horses in England."

Unfortunately her head was as empty as its shape was classical, and her amusements as frivolous as her face was beautiful. Moreover, she had a habit of laughing immoderately at the merest trifle. To obtain one of her sweetest smiles, it was only necessary to propose a game of blind-man's buff. Hamilton won her admiration and

regard by walking round the room with two lighted candles in his mouth, whereas Lord Carlingford could only perform the feat with one. Hamilton was remarkable for rather a large mouth; and accordingly Killegrew, who was in the room, likened it with some humour to a lantern. Another of her fancies was building castles with cards, with which childish pastime she used nightly to amuse herself while the largest sums were being lost in her apartments. She was surrounded on these occasions by the gay dangles of the Court, who of course affected a deep interest in her folly, and supplied her with the cards.

There was no one who could erect these paper castles with more dexterity than the Duke of Buckingham. He had also a fine voice, and, as the spoiled beauty delighted in his songs, he became her especial favourite. A man who could captivate and suit himself to all societies, had little difficulty in charming Miss Stewart. His amusing stories, his tales of scandal, his mimicry, and keen sense of the ridiculous, rendered him so necessary to her happiness, that, whenever he kept away from the King's apartments, she used to send over the town to have him brought to her. At last Buckingham took advantage of her partiality to make love to the spoiled beauty. He soon discovered, however, how little impression he had made on her heart; and, indeed, met with rather a disagreeable rebuff. George Hamilton, who was over head and ears in love with her, was scarcely more successful. She gave him, indeed, some encouragement; but, as it was evident she was only trifling with his weakness, De Grammont, who afterwards married his charming sister, contrived to laugh him out of his folly.

The attachment of Francis Digby, son of the Earl of Bristol, was more romantic. He was passionately fond

of her, and is said to have been so affected by her indifference, as to have thrown away his life wantonly in the naval action with the Dutch in 1672. Dryden wrote some indifferent verses on the occasion, which the Duke of Buckingham afterwards parodied, amusingly enough, in the *Rehearsal*.

The passion of Philip Rotier, the medallist, for "*La Belle Stewart*" is well known. According to Walpole, "being in love with the fair Mrs. Stewart, Duchess of Richmond, he represented her likeness under the form of Britannia, on the reverse of a large coin with the King's head." Felton, in his notes on Waller, repeats the same anecdote: he adds, too, "that so exact was the likeness, that no one who had ever seen her Grace could mistake who had sat for Britannia." Waller wrote some verses on the subject; but they rather tend to substantiate the truth of the story, than to raise the fame of the poet.

In the mean time, unaccustomed to be baffled in his pursuit of pleasure, Charles had become no less distracted by the coldness of his new mistress than provoked by her obduracy. He once told her, in real anger, that he hoped to see her grow old and willing. So paramount, nevertheless, was her influence over the King, that it was commonly believed, even by those who were best acquainted with his disposition, that he would willingly have divorced his neglected Queen, and have raised her maid of honour to the throne. The world, however, on this occasion at least, did him singular injustice.

Latterly the attentions of the Duke of Richmond to Miss Stewart had caused considerable uneasiness to her royal lover. This nobleman was Charles Stuart, the fourth Duke of Richmond, who was not very distantly related to the King. Though sottish in his habits, and possessing neither mental nor personal advantages, his

high rank rendered him a formidable rival to his sovereign. However, Charles endeavoured to conceal his disquiet; and, under the pretence of a friendly interest in the worldly concerns of his wife's maid of honour, demanded so large a settlement from the Duke, whose affairs were in rather an indifferent plight, that he considered it would put a stop to his addresses. The lady still continuing to encourage the attentions of his rival, Charles offered to create her a Duchess; to settle on her a suitable estate; and to dismiss the Duchess of Cleveland, and the rest of his seraglio, for her sake. But Miss Stewart had sense enough to be alive to her own interests, and to prefer a respectable and substantial match to a splendid intrigue. Accordingly, she plainly told the King that her reputation had already suffered too much by their intercourse; and, that unless she should speedily find an opportunity of contracting an honourable marriage, her fair fame would be tarnished for ever.

Accordingly, the Duke of Richmond having made her a solemn offer of his hand, she determined to brave the anger of the King, and to secure the coronet which was within her reach. The lovers, if such they may be styled, were engaged in plotting the means of flight, when the Duchess of Cleveland, galled by the neglect of Charles, and furious at being eclipsed by a younger rival, determined on enlightening the King as to the projects of "his angelic Stewart." Charles had returned to her in rather an ill humour from Miss Stewart's apartments, when his old mistress, with all the scornful bitterness of female jealousy and wounded pride, insultingly jeered him with being the dupe of his rival, and the laughing-stock of the Court: "Miss Stewart," she said, "had doubtless dismissed him from her apartment on the

ground of affected indisposition, or some pretended scruples of delicacy ; but he had only to return to her chamber, and he would find his happy rival, the Duke of Richmond, occupying his place." While Charles was hesitating how to act, the Duchess took him by the hand and drew him towards the door. "Chiffinch," says De Grammont, "being in her interest, Miss Stewart could have no warning of the visit ; and Babiani, who owed his all to the Duchess of Cleveland, and who served her admirably well upon this occasion, came and told her that the Duke of Richmond had just gone into Miss Stewart's chamber. It was in the middle of a little gallery, which, through a private door, led from the King's apartments to those of his mistresses. The Duchess of Cleveland, wishing him good night as he entered her rival's chamber, retired in order to await the issue of the adventure, of which Babiani, who attended the King, was charged to come and give her an account.

"It was near midnight. The King, in his way, was met by his mistress's chambermaid, who respectfully opposed his entrance ; and in a very low voice whispered his Majesty that Miss Stewart had been very ill since he left her ; but that, being gone to bed, she was, God be thanked ! in a very fine sleep. 'That I must see,' said the King, pushing her back, who had posted herself in his way. He found Miss Stewart in bed indeed, but far from being asleep : the Duke of Richmond was seated at her pillow, and in all probability was less inclined to sleep than herself. The confusion of the one party, and the rage of the other, were such as may be easily imagined upon such an occasion. The King, who of all men was one of the most mild and gentle, expressed his resentment to the Duke of Richmond in such terms as he had never before made use of. The Duke was speechless, and

almost petrified : he saw his master and his King justly irritated. The first transports which rage inspires on such occasions are dangerous : Miss Stewart's window was very convenient for a sudden revenge, the Thames flowing close beneath it : he cast his eyes upon it, and seeing those of the King's more inflamed with indignation than he thought his nature capable of, he made a profound bow, and retired without replying a single word to the torrent of reproaches and menaces that was poured upon him." The Duke retired from Court, but shortly afterwards returned privately and carried off his prize. On a stormy night, in March 1667, Miss Stewart, having succeeded in eloping from her apartments at Whitehall, joined the Duke at a small inn in Westminster. From thence they fled on horseback into Surrey, where they were married on the following morning by the Duke's chaplain.

The anger of Charles when he discovered the flight of his idol was excessive ; indeed it was one of the very few instances in which he permitted the excitement of the moment to outstep the bounds of politeness. His feelings, on paying his customary visit to the private apartment of his mistress, and finding its inmate flown, may be readily conceived. According to Bishop Burnet, he was quitting her deserted apartment, having that moment heard the news of her flight, when he encountered Lord Cornbury, who was on his way to pay her a visit. As this nobleman was the son of the great Lord Clarendon, who had been principally instrumental in uniting Miss Stewart to his rival, Charles naturally regarded him as an accomplice in the conspiracy ; more especially on finding him at such a juncture in so suspicious a place. Accordingly, he heaped on him the harshest invectives, and refused to listen to any explanation which

Lord Cornbury had to deduce in his defence. It was, however, to the credit of Charles, that he granted him an interview at night, and listened to him with his usual forbearance and high breeding. The Duke of Richmond and his bride were immediately banished the Court, on which the Duchess is said to have returned his Majesty the jewels which he had formerly presented to her.

The Duchess's explanation of her conduct, as detailed by Pepys, does her credit. She told her friends, that, owing to scandal having made so free with her reputation, she had long since resolved to accept the first gentleman with fifteen hundred a year who should make her an offer of his hand. It would have been impossible for her, she said, to have remained longer at Court without yielding to the King's desires; and that, as far as dalliance went, she had already granted him more than he ought to have expected or than she should have conferred. She added, that now she was a married woman, unless it were for the purpose of occasionally kissing the Queen's hand, she intended altogether to absent herself from Court; and that she should cheerfully retire to her husband's seat in the country, where it would be her object to reclaim him from his vices, of which, however, she added, she had but slender hopes. Further, the Duchess denied having enriched herself by the influence of her charms. All, she said, that she had ever received at Court, was an allowance of seven hundred a year, out of the privy purse, for her clothes; a pearl necklace from the King, valued at eleven hundred pounds; and latterly some other jewels from his Majesty of less value. To these she added some trinkets, valued at eight hundred pounds, which she had received from the Duke of York when he was her Valentine; and a ring, worth about three hundred, from Lord Mandeville, who had been her Valentine during the

present year. Evelyn conceived her entire fortune, including these trinkets, to amount but to six thousand pounds.

Unfortunately, the Duchess departed from her virtuous resolutions of leading a domestic life. The good-natured monarch forgave her the pain she had caused him, and accordingly, the year after her marriage, we find her appointed a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Catherine, and apartments allotted to her in Somerset House. From the time of her marriage, Charles, it is said, had no reason to complain of her want of complaisance; indeed, he was once so drunk, at a party at Lord Townshend's, as to boast to the Duke her husband of the favours which his beautiful wife had conferred on him. Unfortunately, two years after her marriage, she caught the small pox, which almost entirely destroyed her surpassing loveliness. Charles showed her the most affectionate kindness during her illness. Notwithstanding the risk which he incurred of catching the disorder, he paid several visits to her in her sick chamber, and subsequently, notwithstanding the disfigurement to her charms, treated her with the same attention as when her beauty was in its zenith. She was probably well received at the Court of James the Second, inasmuch as we find her attending the Queen during her delivery in 1688, and signing the certificate before the Council of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

The following unpublished letter of the Duchess of Richmond, (addressed to Hyde, Earl of Rochester, on his being appointed Lord High Treasurer,) is written in clear, bold characters, and is principally remarkable as a specimen of her composition.

“Monday.

“MY LORD,

“Having been very ill these two days, and this morn-

ing being let blood in the jugular, I am not in a condition to wait upon my Lady Rochester, which else I should have done, and hoped then to have seen your lordship with the treasurer's staff, and which sight must needs have done me good, it being one of the things in this world that I have the most wished for. Therefore, my lord, you will pardon I hope the impatience I have, which will not let me stay till I can see you, to wish you all the prosperity and happiness imaginable, and assure you of my being very zealously,

“My lord,

“Your lordship's most faithful, humble servant,

“F. RICHMOND AND LENNOX.”

“For the Earl of Rochester,
Lord High Treasurer of England.”

The Duchess, who bore her husband no children, was left a widow in the prime of life; the Duke dying at Elsinore—whither he had been sent as Ambassador to the Court of Denmark—on the 12th December, 1672. The Duchess followed him to the grave on the 15th October, 1702, after a widowhood of thirty years. The annals of Queen Anne's reign, after noticing her decease, observe that she died a Roman Catholic, and “very devout in her way.”

In the dearth of any remarkable virtues, we may mention the following trifling incident in favour of the Duchess of Richmond. Poor Lee, in dedicating to her his “Thodosius,” speaks warmly of her love for the drama, and of her personal kindness towards himself. She seems good-naturedly to have brought the Duchess of York to the theatre on his benefit night; a circumstance which filled the house and consequently replenished the poet's pockets. Lee himself styles it a “poet's subsistence for

a year." The Duchess left a considerable fortune, which, with the exception of some annuities to her cats,* she bequeathed to her nephew, Alexander, fifth Lord Blantyre, who died in 1704. Agreeably with her last injunctions an estate was purchased in East Lothian, which was named by her own desire, "Lennox-Love to Blantyre." This property had been the residence of Secretary Maitland, and a spot near the house still bears the name of the "Politician's Walk." The Duchess's gold dressing-case, as well as her watch and seal, are still in the possession of the present Lord Blantyre at "Lennox-Love."

* Pope alludes to the legacies which she left to her cats in his well-known line,

"Gone to endow a hospital or cat."

To this he appends a note, that "a Duchess of Richmond left annuities to her cats." "The lady as to whom he seems so uncertain," says Lord Hailes, "was *la Belle Stewart* of the Comte de Grammont. She left annuities to certain female friends, with the burden of maintaining some of her cats; a delicate way of providing for poor, and, probably, proud gentlewomen, without making them feel that they owed their livelihood to her mere liberality."—*Note by Lord Hailes to the Duchess of Marlborough's "Opinions."*

FRANCES JENNINGS,

DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL.

Her Beauty and Wit—The Duke of York a Candidate for her Favours—She makes him appear Ridiculous before the Court—The King equally unsuccessful in his Addresses—Her wild Frolic in the Character of an Orange-girl—Her different Lovers—Her Marriage with George Hamilton—Her second Marriage (with the Duke of Tyrconnel)—Apocryphal Story of her Poverty after the Death of the Duke—Distressing Circumstances attending her Dissolution—Inscription to her Memory in the Scotch College at Paris.

FRANCES JENNINGS was another of those beautiful coquettes, who lived when female loveliness was more marketable, and created more duchesses than at the present day. She was the daughter of Richard Jennings, Esquire, of Sundridge in Hertfordshire, and was the elder sister of Sarah, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. About the year 1664, she became maid of honour to Anne Hyde, Duchess of York. Among the fair and frail beings who figured at the libertine Court of Charles, there are few who are described as having been more charming; few, comparatively speaking, who conducted themselves with greater propriety.

"Miss Jennings," says Count Hamilton, "was adorned with all the blooming treasures of youth. She had the fairest and brightest complexion that ever was seen: her hair was of a most beauteous flaxen; there was something particularly lively and animated in her countenance, which entirely did away with that appearance of insipidity which is frequently an attendant on a complexion

so extremely fair. Her mouth was not the smallest, but it was the handsomest mouth in the world. Nature had endowed her with all those charms which cannot be expressed, and the Graces had given the finish to them. The turn of her face was exquisitely fine, and her swelling neck was as fair and as bright as her face. In a word, her person gave the idea of Aurora, or the goddess of spring, 'such as youthful poets fancy when they love.' With so agreeable a person she united a fund of wit and sprightliness, and a carriage easy and unaffected. Her conversation was bewitching when she had a mind to please; piercing and delicate when disposed to raillery."

The Duke of York, who looked upon his wife's maids of honour as his own property, did all in his power to overcome any virtuous scruples which might have accompanied this charming young lady to his brother's Court. All his attempts, however, were ineffectual. "Her eyes," adds the same agreeable authority, "were always wandering on other objects, when those of his Royal Highness were in search of them; and, if by chance he caught any casual glance, she did not even blush. This made him resolve to change his manner of attack: ogling having proved ineffectual, he took an opportunity to speak to her; and this was still worse. I know not in what strain he told his case; but it is certain that the oratory of the tongue was not more prevailing than the eloquence of his eyes." The eloquence of the pen, however, still remained to be tried:—"every day, billets, containing the tenderest expressions, and the most magnificent promises, were slipped into her pockets or into her muff. This, however, could not be done unperceived; and the malicious little gipsy took care that those who saw them slip in, should likewise see them fall out,

unperused and unopened. She only shook her muff, or pulled out her handkerchief; and, as soon as his back was turned, his billets fell about her like hail-stones, and whoever pleased might pick them up."

The reputation of so much obduracy, and, at the same time, of so many charms, at length reached the ear of Charles. He had naturally no very favourable opinion of female virtue, and, imagining that his brother had failed from want of knowledge of the sex, determined on laying siege to the beautiful prude himself. As Miss Jennings was fond of admiration, and, as the sight of a gay and agreeable monarch prostrate at her feet must have been rather a dangerous triumph to one so young, it is probable that, under ordinary circumstances, Charles would not long have sighed in vain. Fortunately, however, the appearance of Frances Stewart at Court diverted his attention to more alluring charms and a more difficult pursuit.

While the beauty and unusual propriety of the new-comer were still attracting the attention of the Court, the giddy girl was indiscreet enough to embark in a wild frolic, which very nearly had the effect of ruining her hitherto stainless reputation. The adventure in question, which has been chronicled by more than one contemporary writer, is thus recorded by Pepys. "What mad freaks," he says, "the maids of honour at Court have! That Mrs. Jennings, one of the Duchess's maids, the other day dressed herself like an orange wench, and went up and down and cried oranges; till, falling down, or by some accident, her fine shoes were discovered, and she put to a great deal of shame." The particulars of the adventure are well known, but will perhaps bear repetition.

Lord Rochester, at this time in disgrace at Court,

happened to be consoling himself for the King's displeasure, by performing, in an obscure corner of the city, the character of a German empiric and fortune-teller. The success of his celebrated frolic is well known. His fame, which at first had been merely local, had gradually spread itself abroad, till at last it reached the ears of the Court. Rochester was of course equally as well acquainted with the scandal of the day, as with the persons and characters of those who figured in the licentious Court of his royal master. Accordingly, having recognised one or two of the female attendants of the maids of honour, who had eagerly flocked to consult him, he sent them back so amazed by his super-human powers as to excite the curiosity of their mistresses. The result fully answered Rochester's expectations. Under the protection of the then fashionable mask, there was more than one giddy maid of honour who made up her mind to dive into the secrets of futurity by means of the German mountebank. Who, indeed, could gravely blame them, when even the Queen herself had set the example of risking her reputation, by indulging in similar masquerading frolics?

Among those, whose curiosity was thus excited, were Miss Jennings and Miss Price; the latter, a young lady of indifferent reputation, who had formerly been a maid of honour to the Duchess of York. Miss Jennings, young and indiscreet, believing that as long as she preserved her virtue, it mattered little how she obtained amusement, easily enlisted her friend in her mad schemes. Accordingly, having provided themselves with the dresses of orange-girls, (a garb usually worn by the least reputable members of society,) they issued from St. James's Palace, and, crossing the park on foot, entered a hackney-coach at Whitehall.

They had nearly reached the theatre, where they knew the Duchess to be in person, when Miss Price had the imprudence to propose their joining the real orange-girls and selling their fruit in the face of the Court. As they entered the theatre, they encountered "the handsome Sydney," who was just then alighting from his carriage. Miss Price offered him her basket; but the dandy, either lost in the contemplation of his own charms, or of those of his mistress, the Duchess of York, took no notice of the masqueraders. Their next adventure was with Killegrew, to whom Miss Jennings timidly held out her basket, while the other, in the cant language of the place, requested him to buy "her fine oranges." The challenge was met by the libertine in the kind of manner that might have been expected. He even gave proof of his admiration of Miss Jennings by so rude an homage, as to bring the blush to her cheek and the fire to her eye. Leaving Killegrew to enjoy a hearty laugh at the preposterous notion of the existence of a virtuous orange-girl, Miss Price hastily dragged away her friend, whom terror and indignation had rendered nearly powerless.

Their fright, however, was insufficient to prevent their pursuing the original frolic of the evening. Having entered another hackney-coach, they were on the point of alighting within a few doors of the fortune-teller's, when, to their consternation, they encountered a far more dangerous person than Killegrew. This was no other than the immoral and licentious Brouncker, who, having been dining with a merchant in the neighbourhood, was on his way homewards, when the novelty of seeing two orange-girls in a hackney-coach attracted his attention. Perceiving themselves to be objects of curiosity to so dangerous a libertine, they

desired their coachman to drive on, and to put them down in another part of the street. Brouncker, however, stealthily followed them; nor was his astonishment diminished, when he perceived that the shoes and stockings, that covered the pretty feet and ankles which alighted from the vehicle, were of a quality strangely at variance with the rest of the costume. Having contrived to obtain a glimpse of their faces, which they vainly endeavoured to conceal from him, he at once recognised the beautiful maid of honour, on whose motives for disguise he naturally put the worst possible construction. Believing that an assignation on the part of the chaste Miss Jennings was at the bottom of the frolic; and, delighted with the tale of scandal with which he had it in his power to amuse the Court, he continued to tease the frightened girls for a short time, without betraying that he had recognised them, and then laughingly wished them good night.

Unfortunately the disagreeable adventures of the night were not yet at an end. During the time that the two maids of honour had been enduring the impertinences and libertine proposals of Brouncker, a crowd of black-guard boys, not contented with collecting round their coach, had made a violent attack on their orange-baskets. The coachman had taken the part of his fare; and, in consequence of his gallantly resisting the attempts of the depredators, a fight had ensued and the street was in an uproar. The fruit, of course, was only too gladly relinquished to the mob, from whom, notwithstanding, the presumed orange-girls received a volley of abuse and ridicule. Finally, though with some difficulty, they contrived to re-enter their coach, and at last arrived, completely frightened and dispirited, at St. James's.

At the period of this adventure Miss Jennings was surrounded by a crowd of lovers. Fortunately for her reputation, they seem to have regarded her conduct as the frolic of a young and giddy girl, and to have thought none the worse of her for the indiscretion. The swaggering and gigantic Talbot,* afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel, had early declared himself her admirer. Though eminently handsome; though possessed of a considerable but ill-acquired fortune, and of an ancient

* Richard, or Dick Talbot, as he was familiarly called, was descended from an ancient family of English extraction, who had early settled in Ireland. He commenced life as a profligate and ended it as a bigot. Clarendon informs us that he was the person selected to assassinate Cromwell, and that he willingly undertook to execute the deed: at another time we find him cruelly and impudently insisting on his intimacy with Anne Hyde, in order to prevent her union with the Duke of York. In person he was far above the common stature, and was extremely graceful and well-made. He possessed considerable knowledge of the world, and had early been introduced into the best society. To his friends he is said to have been generous and obliging, and it was much to his credit, that at the Revolution no offers could induce him to desert the King's interests. His conduct in Ireland at that period is matter of history. He strenuously espoused the cause of James; but, as his capacity was inferior to his zeal, and as he had more personal courage than military genius, his services were of little avail. "From the time of the battle of the Boyne," says the Duke of Berwick, "he sunk prodigiously, and became as irresolute in his mind as unwieldy in his person." He died at Limerick, 5th August, 1591. Andrew Marvell says, in his *Advice to a Painter*:—

"Next, Talbot must by his great master stand,
Laden with folly, flesh, and ill-got land;
He's of a size indeed to fill a porch,
But ne'er can make a pillar of the church.
His sword is all his argument, not his book;
Although no scholar, he can act the cook,
And will cut throats again, if he be paid;
In the Irish shambles he first learnt the trade."

A stanza is also allotted to Talbot in the famous doggerel ballad of "Lillibullero."

family, he had already been rejected by "*la belle Hamilton*," and was destined to encounter the same rebuff from Miss Jennings. His rival was Henry Jermyn,—"*le petit Jermyn*,"—the most formidable lover and the most insufferable puppy of the Court. The nature of Jermyn's intentions seem to have been extremely questionable; although, when the Duchess of York interposed for the honour of her charming attendant, he passionately affirmed his views to be honourable. With this insignificant coxcomb, Miss Jennings, following the example of older beauties than herself, fell violently in love; and, as the world really believed he intended to make her his wife, she was complimented on having humbled so formidable a gallant. While their intimacy, however, was still supplying gossip to the Court, an accident happened to her lover, which for a time deprived her of his society. Jermyn it seems, had laid a wager of five hundred guineas, that with one horse he would ride the distance of twenty miles on the high road in an hour. This feat he accomplished. The exertion proved too much for his strength, and consequently for a considerable time he was confined to his house as an invalid.

This was a fortunate juncture which the stately Talbot conceived he might easily improve to his own advantage. He had formerly paid his addresses to Miss Jennings, but having presumed to give her some proper, though unseasonable, advice, he had met with a spirited rebuff. He was one day seated alone in Miss Jennings' apartment, and was about to commence the tenderest of all possible appeals, when their privacy was suddenly broken in upon by Miss Temple, who entered with a paper in her hand. According to De Grammont,—“The paper which Miss Temple brought was a poetical epistle, which Lord

Rochester had written some time before, upon the intrigues of the two Courts. In this, speaking of Miss Jennings, he said, 'that Talbot had struck terror among the people of God, by his gigantic stature; but that Jermyn, like a little David, had vanquished the great Goliath.' Miss Jennings, delighted with this allusion, read it over two or three times, thought it more entertaining than Talbot's conversation, and at first heartily laughed at it; but soon after, assuming a tender air, 'Poor little David!' she said, with a deep sigh, and turning her face on one side, during this short reverie, she shed a few tears, which assuredly did not flow for the defeat of the giant. Talbot was stung to the quick; and, seeing himself so ridiculously deceived in his hopes, he quitted the room abruptly, vowing never to think any more of a giddy girl, in whose conduct there was neither rhyme nor reason. Talbot, it may be mentioned, was afterwards sufficiently avenged on his mistress, by the apostacy of the unworthy Jermyn, who, finding the virtue of Miss Jennings impregnable, became more and more cold in his attentions. His visits evidently wore the air rather of habit or duty than of love, and ere long were entirely discontinued.

The person on whom the choice of Frances Jennings subsequently fell was Sir George Hamilton, grandson of James first Earl of Abercorn. He was a younger brother and without fortune. They were married in 1665. This was the same Hamilton who figures in the gay annals of his brother-in-law, the Count de Grammont, as the successful lover of Mrs. Wetenhall, and the imprudent admirer of Miss Stewart. His youth seems to have been passed in fighting and making love; and, as he rose to be a *mareschal-de-camp* in France, and as beauty smiled on him, it must be presumed that he was successful in

both of his favourite pursuits. Evelyn styles him "a valiant and worthy gentleman." He survived their marriage but a few years, leaving a young widow with three daughters;— Elizabeth, who married Lawrence Viscount Ross; Frances, who married Henry Viscount Dillon; and Mary, who became the wife of Nicholas Viscount Kingsland. They were distinguished as the "three Viscountesses" at the vice-regal court, and lie buried together in the cathedral at Dublin.

Miss Jennings, now Lady Hamilton, shortly after the death of her husband accidentally encountered, in France, her former admirer, Talbot. He, too, having closed the eyes of the "languishing Boynton," whom he had been bold enough to make his wife, had become a widower and an exile. As the object of his early attachment was still young and charming, he renewed his addresses, and accordingly, in 1679, they were married at Paris.

At the accession of James, Talbot was created Earl of Tyrconnel, and received a commission as lieutenant-colonel to command the royal forces in Ireland. At the revolution of 1688, he declared for King James, and, having actively supported the cause of that monarch, was rewarded by him with the Dukedom of Tyrconnel, and made Viceroy of Ireland. His lady accompanied him to that country. She seems to have been his companion during those stirring times; and, after the battle of the Boyne, entertained King James in the castle of Dublin. Lord Melfort, who was secretary to that monarch, reports harshly, in his letters to James, of her intriguing disposition and improper interference in the King's affairs. She is reported, he says, to have *l'ame la plus noire qui se puisse concevoir*. What degree of truth there may be in his condemnations, or to what extent the once giddy maid

of honour may have been metamorphosed into the restless politician, it is now impossible to ascertain. Lord Melfort, at all events, is not a person whose praise or blame must be received without qualification.

At the death of Tyrconnel, in 1691, his widow retired to the Continent, where she subsisted for some time on a small pension she received from the French Court. If we are to place any credit in a strange story, related both by Walpole and Pennant, she was residing in London shortly after this period in extreme distress. The latter, in his account of London, speaking of the New Exchange, which stood to the north of Durham Yard, in the Strand, thus relates the questionable anecdote:—"Above stairs sat, in the character of a milliner, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife of Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland under James the Second. The female suspected to be his duchess, after his death, supported herself for a few days, till she was known and otherwise provided for, by the little trade of the place: she had delicacy enough to wish not to be detected: she sat in a white mask, and a white dress, and was known by the name of the White Milliner." The story is undoubtedly apocryphal.

In the year 1708 we find the Duchess of Tyrconnel a resident at Brussels, where she was visited by her brother-in-law, the great Duke of Marlborough. He seems to have shown her some attentions, and in his letters to his Duchess speaks of her with kindness. On the 14th of May he writes,—“I went yesterday to wait upon Lady Tyrconnel, who I think is grown very old, and her hoarseness much worse than when I saw her last.” Again, the Duke writes,—“When I took leave of Lady Tyrconnel, she told me that her jointure in Ireland was in such disorder, that there was an absolute necessity for her going

there for two or three months, for the better settling of it. As the climate of Ireland will not permit her being there in the winter, she should begin her journey about ten days hence: she said that she did not intend to go to London, but hoped she might have the pleasure of seeing you at St. Alban's. I have offered her all that might be in my power to make her journey to Holland and England easy: as also, that if she cared to stay at St. Alban's, either at her going or return, you would offer it to her with a good heart. You will find her face a good deal changed, but in the discourse I have had with her, she seems to be very reasonable and kind." It has generally been insisted that she was on indifferent terms with her haughty sister. The Duke's letters, however, are strongly opposed to any such supposition.

A portion of her husband's property having been restored to her by the Crown, the Duchess returned to Dublin shortly after this period, and continued to reside in that city during the remainder of her life. She was regarded by those who enjoyed her society as a religious devotee; and is said to have established a nunnery in King Street, in the Irish capital. Her marriage with Tyrconnel had probably led to her embracing the faith of Rome. She survived to her eighty-second or eighty-third year; expiring on the 12th March, 1731, at the house of her late husband, in Paradise Row, Dublin. The circumstances of her dissolution presented a painful contrast to the brilliancy of her early career. "Her death," says Walpole, "was occasioned by her falling out of her bed on the floor, in a winter's night; and being too feeble to rise or to call, was found in the morning so perished with cold, that she died in a few hours." Those, who remembered her in her old age, described her as having been low in stature, and extremely emaciated. There remained

no trace of the surpassing loveliness which had formerly fascinated the fastidious Court of Charles.

In the Rue des Fossés St. Victor at Paris, may be seen a neglected, but, to an Englishman, a most interesting, building, which fortunately escaped the fury and the bigotry of the French Revolution. There, in the chapel of what was formerly the Scots College, among other monuments which recal the misfortunes of the House of Stuart and of their adherents, may be seen a plain tablet, bearing the following inscription :—

D. O. M.
Æternæ Memoriz
Illustrissimæ et nobilissimæ Domine
Franciscæ Jennings,
Ducissæ de Tyrconnell,
Reginæ Mag. Brit. Matronæ Honorariæ,
Hujus Collegii Benefactricis,
Quæ Missam Quotidianam in hoc sacrario
Fundavit perpetuò celebrandam
Pro animâ suâ et animâ ejus Dⁿⁱ Georgii
Hamilton de Abercornæ Equitis aurati
Conjugis sui primi, et Dⁿⁱ Richardi Talbot
Ducis de Tyrconnell Proregis Hyberniz,
Secundi sui conjugis.
Obiit die XII Martii. An. Domini
MDCCLXXI.
Requiescat in Pace.

By her second husband the Duchess of Tyrconnel was the mother of two daughters. Of these Lady Charlotte Talbot married the Prince de Vintimiglia; but of her sister the name and story have alike passed into oblivion.

CHARLES SACKVILLE,

EARL OF DORSET.

Rochester's Saying respecting the Earl of Dorset—His Character—Becomes a great Favourite with Charles II.—His wild Frolics—Takes Nell Gwynn under his Protection—His famous Song, "To all ye Ladies now on Land"—His two Marriages—His Patronage of Literature—Assists the Princess Anne in her Flight—Is in great Favour with William III.—His narrow Escape at Sea—His Death—Congreve's Opinion of his Wit.

"I know not how it is," said Lord Rochester; "but my Lord Dorset can do anything, and yet is never to blame." There is certainly no memoir of this nobleman which is not a panegyric; neither do the encomiums seem to have been exaggerated. Indeed, if it approaches excellence to have fostered genius, and to have been the friend of the unfortunate; to have been charitable to an excess, and tender-hearted to a fault; to have been a man of letters without envy, and a courtier without malice; to have been a friend of all parties, yet the consistent supporter of his own; to have been possessed of a classical taste and romantic courage, of the most engaging manners and the sprightliest fancy,—the meed must be awarded to the accomplished Dorset, the poet, the philanthropist, and the wit.

Charles Lord Buckhurst, which was the title he bore for many years, was born on the 24th January, 1637. He was educated by a private tutor, and in early youth made the tour of Europe. At the Restoration he was elected member for East Grinstead in Sussex, and in the House of Commons gave sufficient promise of future

excellence. Inheriting, however, but little taste for business, he unfortunately preferred the society of men of wit and the charms of literature, to the fatigue of public employments, and the temptation of popular applause. With Charles, who made him a gentleman of his bed-chamber, he was ever an especial favourite. He was a chosen guest at all the social suppers of the "merry monarch," and in that brilliant circle of merry courtiers and witty statesmen, whom Charles assembled around him, there was no one whose society was more courted, or whose conversation was more admired. His spirits, however, were not always the highest, and required adventitious excitement. According to Burnet, it was only when the bottle had passed freely, that his conviviality flowed on a level with that of others.

In our admiration of one so accomplished, we must not forget the errors of his early career. The fact is not without interest, that a life, afterwards so circumspect, and conduct so unimpeachable, should have been preceded by a youth of frolic, debauchery, and excess. Certain it is, that the future Mæcenas of his day—"the best good man," as he is styled by Rochester,—condescended to riot with the most unblushing profligates of the Court, and became the boon companion of such men as Sedley and Killegrew, who, however gifted and witty, were totally without principle, religion, or even honour.

Anthony Wood, in his life of himself, incidentally mentions a party at Sir Henry Saville's, the English Ambassador at Paris, at which Lord Buckhurst and other libertines are described as "enjoying themselves, talking blasphemy and atheism." Not long afterwards, a wild scrape in which he was engaged very nearly cost him his life. This incident occurred in 1662, when, with his brother Edward Sackville, and some other friends, he

was committed to Newgate, on a charge of highway robbery and murder. According to the most favourable construction which has been put upon the story, these reckless libertines happened to be in pursuit of some thieves near Waltham-cross, when, in endeavouring to secure one Hoppy, a tanner, whom they believed to be an accomplice, they deprived this unfortunate and innocent person of life. This was their own account of the affair. The worst part of the transaction was the undeniable fact that the man was not only killed but plundered. Moreover, the story is in other respects involved in mystery. Pepys, who was in a situation to hear all the gossip of the day, expresses his doubt, notwithstanding the published explanatory statement of the offenders, whether the affair would not terminate more seriously than they flattered themselves would be the result. The grand jury, however, brought in a bill of manslaughter only, and of this offence they were afterwards acquitted at their trial.*

The following year, 1663, we find Lord Buckhurst engaged in a frolic with Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Thomas Ogle, in which, although the consequences were less serious, the transaction was even more disreputable. This affair, the particulars of which are wholly unfit for

* "A very unfortunate accident happened. The Lord Buckhurst ; his brother, Mr. Edward Sackville ; Sir Henry Bellasis, Knight of the Bath, son and heir to the Lord Bellasis ; Mr. Bellasis, brother to the Lord Fauconbridge ; and Mr. Wentworth, son to Sir George ; accompanying an acquaintance out of town, upon their return, being informed there were highwaymen and thieves on the road, meeting a tanner, and suspecting him for one of them, after some resistance made by him, killed him ; for this mischance they were arraigned at the King's Bench bar, but by the jury quitted, it not being probable that persons of their estates and quality would set upon a single person to do him injury, but it might happen merely by a mistake, and good intent of freeing the road."—*Heath's Chronicle*, p. 505.

publication, took place after a debauch at the Cock Tavern, Bow Street, then a famous house of recreation.* Sir Charles Sedley, who was the worst of the party, was tried before Sir Robert Hyde, Chief-justice of the Common Pleas, and fined in the large sum of five hundred pounds. His lordship's name having transpired during the proceedings, the judge inquired, says Pepys, "whether it was that Buckhurst that was lately tried for robbery; and when answered, yes, he asked whether he had so soon forgot his deliverance at that time; and that it would have more become him to have been at his prayers begging God's forgiveness, than now running into such courses again." There must have been more in the story of the robbery than has been handed down to us, or the judge would scarcely have ventured upon such an admonition. Fortunately, from this period we hear little of Lord Dorset's debaucheries. It may be remarked, however, that Nell Gwynn was for some time under his protection, previously to her becoming the mistress of Charles.

In what was still an ostentatious and a romantic age,—when the sun of chivalry had scarcely yet set, and when, to be considered valiant, it was necessary to have given personal proof of valour—the gay courtiers of Charles made war a pastime, and eagerly volunteered their services in the sickliest climates, and on the most hazardous expeditions. Among these candidates for fame was Lord Buckhurst. In 1665 he hastened on board the fleet under the Duke of York, and consequently was present at the great naval fight of the 3rd of June, when the Dutch Admiral Opdam was blown up, and thirty of

* The particulars of this affair will be found by the curious in Anthony Wood's *Life of Himself*, and also in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. ii. p. 1100, where they are again detailed by the antiquary.

his ships either destroyed or captured. The night before the action, with a gallantry and recklessness of spirit the true philosophy of which is questionable, he is said to have composed his famous song:—

“ To all ye ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite,” &c.

Whether the song were really written on the eve of battle, may perhaps be doubted: there is certainly no reference to any proximity on the part of the enemy's fleet, a circumstance which could hardly fail to have been touched upon, had it been known to the writer. The young and courtly volunteers seem to have passed their time pleasantly enough: *—

“ To pass the tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play;
Perhaps permit some happier man,
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.”

* According to Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, however, they were sufficiently long at sea to grow tired of each other's society: “'Tis observable,” he says, “that the first night we came to London, the Lord Blany, Sir Thomas Clifford, afterwards Lord Treasurer, Mr. Henry Saville, and myself, though such familiar friends as to be very often together for many years after, were then so satiated and cloyed with each other, by our being shut up together so long in one ship, that I remember we avoided one another's company at least for a whole month after; though, except myself, there could hardly be any more pleasant.”
—*Duke of Buckingham's Works*, vol. ii. p. 5.

In 1674 Lord Buckhurst, by the death of his uncle, Lionel Earl of Middlesex, became possessed of a considerable property, and in April 1675 was created Baron of Cranfield and Earl of Middlesex. By the decease of his father, in 1677, he succeeded as sixth Earl of Dorset, and about the same time was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Sussex. During the reign of Charles, he was employed on more than one embassy to France. They were missions, however, which required rather the graces of a fine gentleman than the qualifications of a man of business or any eminent diplomatic qualifications. In 1684 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Hervey Bagot, Esq. of Pipe Hall, in Warwickshire, widow of Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth, by whom he had no children. He afterwards united himself to an accomplished and beautiful woman, Lady Mary Compton, daughter of James Earl of Northampton, who also died in his lifetime, in 1651. By this lady he had one son, Lionel, who succeeded him in his titles, and a daughter, Mary, who became the wife of Henry second Duke of Beaufort. She died in childhood on the 18th of June, 1705.

The literature of his time is replete with the praises of Lord Dorset. As there was scarcely a man of letters who was not his personal friend, and as there were many who experienced the kindness of his heart and owed their success to his judgment and patronage, they have naturally recorded their own gratitude and the Earl's merits. Prior, in his poetical epistle to Fleetwood Sheppard, describing his first introduction at Court, pays a graceful tribute to the good-humour of the Earl:—

“ When crowding folks, with strange ill faces,
Were making legs, and begging places ;
And some with patents, some with merit,
Tired out my good Lord Dorset's spirit,” &c.

His contemporaries appear to have paid no less deference to his taste. Dryden, who dedicated to him his translation of Juvenal, affirms that his Lordship's satire was the model of his own. Wycherley owed to his judgment the success of the "Plain Dealer;" and Butler that his *Hudibras* was appreciated and his fame established. Rymer says, in dedicating to him his "Short View of Tragedy,"—"It was principally your countenance that buoyed me up and supported a righteous cause against the prejudice and corruption then reigning." Buckingham withheld the "Rehearsal" till he knew his fiat, and Charles declined to approve the paintings of Lely, till a verdict had been given by Lord Dorset. Pope, when Lord Dorset died, must have been too young to have personally known him; but he had probably listened to the praises of older bards, and consequently pays a tribute as glowing as the rest. In the words of Walpole, "He was the finest gentleman in the voluptuous Court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought." Burnet completes the picture. "Never," he says, "was so much ill-nature in a pen as in his, joined with so much good-nature as was in himself, even to excess, for he was against all punishing, even of malefactors. He was bountiful, even to run himself into difficulties; and charitable to a fault, for he commonly gave all that he had about him, when he met an object that moved him. But he was so lazy, that though the King seemed to court him to be a favourite, he would not give himself the trouble that belonged to that post." The contrast between the acrimony of his pen and the sweetness of

his disposition is celebrated in the well-known couplet of Rochester,—

“ For pointed satire I would Buckhurst chuse,
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.”

Pope also echoes the sentiment in his panegyric on the Earl :—

“ The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state ;
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral and his wisdom gay.”

Like many men of an open and generous disposition, his temper appears to have been hasty and occasionally violent. Prior says, “that in these moments of ebullition, his servants used purposely to throw themselves in his way: they knew by experience that they would hereafter be sufficiently rewarded for the momentary exposure to his wrath.” Lord Dorset said of a heavy, good-natured simpleton,—“ It is a thousand pities that he is not ill-natured, that we might kick him out of the room.”

At the coronation of James the Second, we find him carrying a portion of the Queen's regalia in the procession. The political principles, however, of this reign accorded but little with his own, and accordingly at the Revolution he eagerly attached himself to the fortunes of the Prince of Orange. He was accordingly selected to accompany Queen Anne, then Princess of Denmark, when she fled from the roof of her father. The Princess sought refuge in the house of the Bishop of London in Aldersgate Street, from whence the Earl conducted her, attended by the Bishop and about forty horsemen, to Nottingham, where the Earl of Devonshire gave her a guard of two hundred men. At this place she was shortly afterwards joined by her husband, and the Earl was consequently relieved from his charge.

During the excitement of this period appeared the famous Irish song of "Lilliburlero." This clever trifle, which created a far greater sensation than commonly falls to the lot of a mere ballad, was generally attributed to Lord Dorset. There was a particular expression in it, which, according to King James, he well remembered Lord Dorset to have made use of in the course of one of their conversations, which appears to have given birth to the surmise. The authorship of this ballad has since, we believe, been fathered elsewhere.

King William, shortly after his elevation to the throne, showed his gratitude to the Earl, by selecting him for the post of Lord Chamberlain, a place for which his knowledge of the Court and his personal accomplishments rendered him eminently qualified. He was also sworn of the Privy Council, and restored to the Lord Lieutenancy of Sussex, of which he had been deprived by James. His Countess, about the same time, was made a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Mary.

The Earl's society was as eagerly courted by the phlegmatic William as it had formerly been by the dissolute Charles. In 1691 he was selected by the former monarch to accompany him to the Hague, in order to be present during the conference with the German confederacy. They embarked on the 16th of January, and had approached within three leagues of Goree, when the wind prevented the royal squadron from approaching nearer to the shore. The King, impatient at this conclusion of a tedious voyage, expressed his determination of making for land in one of the ship's boats. Unfortunately, the sea was covered with floating masses of ice, and subsequently a dense fog gathering around them, they were unable either to reach the shore, or regain their vessel. In this perilous condition, in the bitterest

weather, they continued about twenty-two hours. When they at length gained the land, there was scarcely one of the party who could either speak or stand.

In the course of the following month, Lord Dorset was rewarded with the Order of the Garter. During this reign also he was nominated, on four different occasions, a member of the regency during the absence of King William from his British dominions.

In 1699, Lord Dorset's health beginning to decline, he considered it his duty to resign his post of Lord Chamberlain. Lord Dartmouth, on the other hand, asserts, in his notes to Bishop Burnet's History, that the Earl disposed of the office to the King for ten thousand pounds. Macky says of the Earl, when he was in the decline of life, "He is still one of the pleasantest companions in the world when he likes his companion: he is very fat, troubled with the spleen, and turned of sixty years." Swift, however, adds in MS. on this passage,—“Not of late years, but a very dull one.” The Earl had latterly grown corpulent, and, during the long illness which preceded his death, he suffered much from bodily pain. His physicians prescribed the air and waters of Bath, in which city he died, on the 29th of January, 1706, in his seventieth year. He was buried in the family vault at Withiam. Congreve, who visited him in the last days of his life, observed that he “slabbered” more wit while dying, than other people were in the habit of doing in their best health.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

His Personal Appearance—Admitted to the private Parties of Charles—His Gallantry in the Dutch War—Quarrel with Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham—Rochester forfeits his Reputation for Courage—His wild Frolics—His frequent Disgraces at Court—Practices in the Character of Fortune-teller—Burnet's severe Picture of the libertine Poet—Lively Specimen of Rochester's Correspondence—His Abduction of Elizabeth Mallet—His Marriage—Character of his Wife—Specimens of their Correspondence—Rochester's Illness—His Religious Doubts—His Death-bed Repentance—His last Moments—Reflections of Archbishop Tillotson.

THERE can be no conduct more cruel, no crime of greater magnitude, than that of an author of established genius lending to impiety or lasciviousness the weight and lustre of his name. As regards the ordinary profligate, or the infidel in social life, inasmuch as their talents are probably of no high order, and their powers of doing mischief contracted to a narrower sphere, so is their example less dangerous and the disease more remediable. But with respect to the man of genius, whose doctrines coexist with the language of his country, the case is widely different. His ravages are extended over a far wider space; he instils his poison into the young and inexperienced, and extends the corruption and its bitterness to unborn generations. Fascinated by alluring descriptions, or ingenious sophistries, the heart that was once chaste becomes polluted, and the faith that hitherto remained unquestioned is undermined, if not entirely destroyed. Genius, however depraved, too frequently

excites admiration where it should raise abhorrence. It carries with it, unfortunately, its own passport, and glitters too often and too successfully through the shroud of obloquy, with which the wise and the virtuous would willingly veil it from the world.

The daring profligate, on whom these remarks have been hazarded, was born at Ditchley in Oxfordshire, on the 10th of April, 1648. His father was Henry Lord Wilmot, who shared the sufferings of Charles the Second after the battle of Worcester, and who was rewarded by that monarch with the Earldom of Rochester. His only surviving child, the subject of this memoir, was educated at the free-school at Burford, near his native place. At the age of twelve he was entered at Wadham College, Oxford. In the several editions of his works are preserved a copy of verses, said to have been composed by him at this early age, addressed to the King on his happy Restoration. The young poet professes himself,—

“ One whose ambition ’tis for to be known,
By daring loyalty your Wilmot’s son.”

Anthony Wood questions the authenticity of this early specimen of Rochester’s muse. As the verses possess no higher merit than usually attaches itself to similar precocious juvenilities, the question is of very trifling importance.

In the study of the classical authors Rochester made a rapid progress, and is said to have early acquired a taste for their beauties which he retained to the last. Unfortunately, while he was infected with all the indecency of Ovid, he caught none of his refinement.

In the year 1661 he was admitted a Master of Arts in Convocation; Lord Clarendon, the Chancellor of the University, distinguishing him from other candidates, by

affectionately admitting him to the fraternity with a kiss. He afterwards travelled into France and Italy, and, returning from the continent at the age of eighteen, was presented at the dangerous Court of Charles. His demeanour at this period is said to have been remarkable for its modesty. His manners were graceful, his figure tall and slender, and his face handsome and animated. Young as he was, his wit and companionable qualities were speedily discovered, and accordingly before long he became a courtier and a debauchee. Charles especially delighted in his conversation. He invited him to his private suppers, and soon afterwards conferred on him the appointments of a gentleman of the bedchamber, and comptroller of Woodstock Park.

It was shortly after his initiation into the vices of the Court, that, in the winter of 1665, the Earl of Sandwich was sent in quest of the Dutch East India fleet. Rochester was one of the gay band of courtiers who volunteered their services on the occasion. He was present in the "Revenge," during the desperate attack on the fort of Bergen, in Norway, in the port of which town the Dutch fleet had taken refuge. During the action, he particularly distinguished himself by his reckless gallantry. The following year he was present at the great sea-fight of the 3rd of June, on which occasion he was one of the few volunteers who escaped with their lives. On his return, his friends were delighted at discovering a singular improvement in his moral conduct. During a short interval he lived temperately, shunned his former disorderly companions, and even spoke of his past career of dissipation with abhorrence. This creditable reformation, however, was unhappily of no long continuance, and he gradually relapsed into still more daring irregularities. He admitted to Bishop Burnet,

in his last sickness, that for five years together he had been in a continual state of inebriety.

Whether it was that his nerves had become unstrung by this incessant course of dissipation, certain it is that the reputation which he had acquired for valour in the Dutch war, was of extremely brief duration. The result of a quarrel which he had with Sheffield Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, sufficiently impaired his character for courage with the world.*

Of Rochester's wild freaks and adventures, once so celebrated, many must be looked upon as apocryphal, while many are of a nature the details of which are unfit for insertion. At times he used to amuse himself by wandering about the streets as a beggar, and at others pursued the lowest amours in the meanest disguises. "He found out a footman," says Bishop Burnet, "who knew all the Court, and having furnished him with a red coat and musket as a sentinel, he kept him all the winter long, every night, at the doors of such ladies as he believed might be in intrigues. In the Court a sentinel is little minded, and is believed to be posted by a captain of the guards to hinder a combat: so this man saw who walked about and visited at forbidden hours. By this means Lord Rochester made many discoveries. And when he was well furnished with materials, he used to retire into the country for a month or two to write libels. Once, being drunk, he intended to give the King a libel that he had written on some ladies; but by a mistake he gave him one written on himself."

The liberties which Rochester took with the good-

* For an account of this bloodless and uninteresting quarrel, see Buckingham's own account of it, not improbably a partial one, in his *Works*, vol. ii. p. 10.

humoured monarch led to his frequent, though usually brief, dismissals from Court. During one of his disgraces he took up his abode in the city, and, under an assumed name, obtained admittance to the feasts and amusements of the sober citizens. Like George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, he seems to have been gifted with the peculiar art of being able to adapt himself to all societies; and, accordingly, by inveighing against the profligacy of the Court, and the shamelessness of the royal mistresses, he made himself extremely popular with his new friends. It was not long, however, according to Count Hamilton, before "he grew sick of their cramming and endless invitations." His most celebrated frolic, which was in the character of a fortune-teller and empiric, was practised during one of his banishments from the Court. His stage on Tower Hill was long remembered by the citizens. His address to the public on this occasion, in which he signs himself Alexander Bendo, and professes to cure all disorders, to restore beauty, and a hundred other specific absurdities, will be found in the different editions of his works.

Among the formerly excluded passages of Burnet's History we find the following severe picture of the libertine poet. "He seemed to have freed himself from all impressions of virtue or religion, of honour or good-nature. He delivered himself without either restraint or decency to all the pleasures of wine and women. He had but one maxim, to which he adhered firmly, that he had to do everything, and deny himself in nothing, that might maintain his greatness. He was unhappily made for drunkenness, for he had drunk all his friends dead, and was able to subdue two or three sets of drunkards one after another: so it scarce ever appeared that he was disordered after the greatest drinking: an hour or two

of sleep carried all off entirely, that no sign of them remained. He would go about business without any uneasiness, or discovering heat either in body or mind. This had a terrible conclusion; for, after he had killed all his friends, he fell at last into such weakness of stomach, that he had perpetual cholic when he was not hot within, and full of strong liquor, of which he was frequently seized, so that he was always either sick or drunk."

There are said to have been happy intervals in Rochester's life of dissipation which were passed in study. "He used to say," says Aubrey, "that he did very well as long as he lived in the country, but that as soon as he got as far as Brentford he felt the devil enter into him." According to his own expression, in one of his letters, he believed the world in which he sojourned to be as thoughtless and as giddy as he was himself.

As the letters of this irregular genius are but little known, a specimen of his correspondence with Henry Saville, a gay libertine like himself, may not be unwelcome.

"June 22.

"Whether love, wine, or wisdom, which rule you by turns, have the present ascendant, I cannot pretend to determine at this distance; but good-nature, which waits about you with more diligence than Godfrey himself, is my security that you are not unmindful of your former friends. To be from you, and forgotten by you at once, is a misfortune I never was criminal enough to merit, since to the black and fair countesses I villainously betrayed the daily addresses of your divided heart. You forgave that upon the first bottle, and upon the second, on my conscience, would have renounced the whole sex. Oh! that second bottle, Harry, is the sincerest, wisest,

and most impartial downright friend we have; tells us truth of ourselves, and forces us to speak truth of others; banishes flattery from our tongues and distrust from our hearts; sets us above the mean policy of court prudence, which makes us lie to one another all day, for fear of being betrayed by others at night. And before God I believe the arrantest villain breathing is honest as long as that bottle lives, and few of that tribe dare venture upon him, at least among the courtiers and statesmen. I have seriously considered one thing, that of the three businesses of this age—women, politics, and drinking—the last is the only exercise at which you and I have not proved ourselves arrant fumblers. If you have the vanity to think otherwise, when we meet next, let us appeal to friends of both sexes, and, as they shall determine, live and die mere drunkards or entire lovers: for, as we mingle the matter, it is hard to say which is the most tiresome creature, the loving drunkard or the drunken lover.

“Bath, the 22nd of June, from

“Your humble servant,

“ROCHESTER.” *

“To Mr. Henry Saville.”

Rochester could scarcely have exceeded the years of boyhood, when he united himself to Elizabeth, daughter of John Mallet, Esquire, of Enmere in Somersetshire, *la triste héritière* of De Grammont. Her fortune, which amounted to 2,500*l.* a year, would be looked upon with contempt by a modern fortune-hunter. In the days of Charles, however, it was not only regarded as a considerable acquisition by a needy courtier, but even tempted

* MS. Add.: Brit. Mus. 4162. Art. 74.

Rochester to commit the grave and daring offence of abduction. On the night on which he made the attempt, the young lady had been supping with her beautiful friend, Frances Stewart, at Whitehall, and was returning home with her grandfather, Lord Haly, when their coach was suddenly arrested near Charing Cross. In a moment they were surrounded by a number of armed men, on foot and horseback, who forcibly hurried the lady into another coach, drawn by six horses, where she found herself in company with two strange females. The coach drove off at a rapid pace; Rochester, in the mean time, skulking in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, expecting his accomplices and their victim. The alarm, however, had speedily been raised, and an instant pursuit having been instituted, Rochester was arrested and committed to the Tower. As Charles had been previously a confidante of Rochester's in his designs on the heiress, and as he had even personally interfered to obtain her for his favourite by legitimate means, he was naturally not a little annoyed by Rochester's unmeaning outrage. The affair eventually terminated by the lady extending her forgiveness to Rochester, and after a short delay they were married.

Of the character of his Countess we know but little. Rochester appears to have treated her with kindness, but, on the other hand, he was constantly absenting himself from her society; and, indeed, his defections were gross, frequent, and unpardonable. Glaring, however, as were his faults, they seem not only to have been readily forgiven by his neglected but devoted Countess, but such of her letters as are extant, exhibit, under every circumstance of neglect and provocation, the purest and most devoted attachment. "If," she writes to him, "I could have been troubled at anything, when I had the happiness

of receiving a letter from you, I should be so because you did not name a time when I might hope to see you, the uncertainty of which very much afflicts me." And she concludes with much tenderness:—"Lay your commands upon me what I am to do, and though it be to forget my children, and the long hope I have lived in of seeing you, yet I will endeavour to obey you; or in the memory only torment myself, without giving you the trouble of putting you in mind, that there lives such a creature as,

"Your faithful humble servant."

Rochester's own letters to his Countess, preserved in the British Museum, abound with frequent apologies for his repeated absences and unjustifiable neglect. Generally speaking, he pleads his constant attendance upon the King. On an occasion, however, of his having been banished from Court, being evidently at a loss for a legitimate excuse, his apology is amusing enough:—he cannot think of paying her a visit *while in disgrace*. The following specimen of his correspondence is too characteristic to be omitted.

"From our tub at Mrs. Fourcard's, this 18th of Oct.

"WIFE,

"We are now in bed, so that we are not in a condition of writing either according to thy merit or our desert. We therefore do command thy benign acceptance of these our letters, in what way soever by us inscribed or not directed, willing thee therewithal to assure our sole daughter and her issue female; the Lady Anne Tart, of our best respects. This with your care and diligence, in the execution of our firmans, is at present the utmost of our will and pleasure.

"I went away like a rascal without taking leave, dear wife. It is an unpolished way of proceeding, which a modest man ought to be ashamed of. I have left you a prey to your own imaginations amongst my relations, the worst of damnations. But there will come an hour of deliverance, till when, may my mother be merciful unto you. The small share I could spare you out of my pocket I have sent as a debt to Mrs Rouse: within a week or ten days I return you more.

"Pray write as often as you have leisure to your

"ROCHESTER.

"Remember me to Nan and my Lord Wilmot. You must present my service to my cousins. I intend to be at the deflowering of my niece Ellen, if I hear of it. Excuse my ill paper and my ill manners to my mother; they are both the best the place and age will afford."

"For my wife." *

The Lord Wilmot, mentioned in the postscript of the foregoing letter, was his young son, Charles, who survived his father about twelve months. Considering the libertine character of the father, the following brief letters from Rochester to his son, will probably be read with interest.

"CHARLES,

"I take it very kindly that you write to me, though seldom, and wish heartily that you would behave yourself so as that I might show you how much I love you and without being ashamed. Obedience to your grandmother, and those who instruct you in good things, is the way to make you happy here and for ever. Avoid idleness, scorn lying, and God will bless you, which I pray.

"ROCHESTER."

* MS. Add. : Brit. Mus. 4162. Art. 74.

" CHARLES,

" I hope, when you receive this, and know that I have sent this gentleman to be your tutor, you will be very glad to see I take such care of you, and be very grateful, which is best shown by being obedient and diligent. You are now grown big enough to be a man, if you can be wise enough ; and the way to be truly wise is to serve God, learn your book, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutor, to whom I have entirely resigned you for this seven years ; and according as you employ that time, you are to be happy or unhappy for ever. I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to think you will never deceive me. Dear child, learn your book and be obedient, and you will see what a father I shall be to you. You shall want no pleasure while you are good, and that you may be good are my constant prayers.

ROCHESTER." *

" For my Lord Wilmot."

By his wild and dissolute course of life, Rochester had not only impaired an excellent constitution, but had exhibited symptoms, before he was thirty, of premature old age. During an illness, which attacked him about a year before his death, he seems for the first time to have felt the necessity of religion, and to have sighed for the consolation of that faith, which, in his days of buoyant health and rude spirits, had been the subject of his scorn, and the vehicle of his wit. Bishop Burnet, who made his acquaintance shortly after this period, has left us an account, in a volume still popular, of the prejudices and arguments he had to combat, and the remorse he was called upon to soothe: " It is a book," says Dr. Johnson,

* Add. MSS. 4162. Art. 86 and 87, Brit. Mus.

"which the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety." Burnet, it seems, had previously attended a mistress of Rochester's in her last moments. This person had reported so satisfactorily of the Bishop's kindness, and the consolation she had received from his doctrines, that Rochester expressed a strong desire to make his acquaintance. Rochester, who was at this period recovering a small stock of deceitful health at Bath, laid open to the Bishop all his secret thoughts, and the arguments which had led to his disbelief in revealed religion. During many a winter evening, they calmly discussed the merits of natural as well as revealed religion; Burnet endeavouring to controvert the reasonings of the sceptics, and to force conviction on the mind of his friend. In the Spring of 1680 Rochester quitted London for his residence at Woodstock. He was still, it seems, an unwilling disbeliever, but nevertheless his feelings had become softened, and many of his prejudices had been shaken.

The air of his native place effected a transient improvement in Rochester's health. Having indiscreetly, however, travelled on horseback into Somersetshire, the exertion proved too violent for his shattered constitution, and it was with difficulty that he was brought back to Woodstock. He now felt that the hand of death was upon him, and, between the writhings of remorse and the distractions of an unsettled faith, his sufferings are described as agonizing in the extreme. In this state of mind he was constantly attended by an excellent divine, Mr. Parsons, his mother's chaplain; and, moreover, received occasional visits from the Bishop of Oxford; Dr. Marshal, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford; and lastly from Dr. Pierce, President of Magdalen College, afterwards Dean of Sarum. The circumstances which led to

his complete conviction Rochester himself related to Bishop Burnet shortly before his death; at the same time adducing them as powerful evidences of the truth of Christianity, and the power of inward grace. Mr. Parsons, he said, was reading to him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, containing the prediction of our Saviour's advent and his subsequent passion, when an inward light seemed to break upon his mind. Such was its effect, according to Burnet, that, "he was not only convinced by the reasonings he had about it, which satisfied his understanding, but by a power which did so effectually restrain him, that he did ever after as firmly believe in his Saviour, as if he had seen him in the clouds." A letter, which the penitent addressed to Dr. Pierce about this period, will be read with great interest.

"Ranger's Lodge in Woodstock Park, July 1680.

"My indisposition renders my intellectuals almost as feeble as my person, but considering the candour and extreme charity your natural mildness hath always showed me, I am assured at once of a favourable construction of my present lines, which can but faintly express the sorrowful character of an humble and afflicted mind: and also those great comforts your inexhaustible goodness, learning, and piety, plenteously afford to the drooping spirits of poor sinners, so that I may truly say, —Holy man! to you I owe what consolation I enjoy, in urging God's mercies against despair, and holding me up under the weight of those high and mountainous sins, my wicked and ungovernable life hath heaped upon me. If God shall be pleased to spare me a little longer here, I have unalterably resolved to become a new man; to wash out the stains of my lewd courses with my tears, and weep over the profane and unhallowed abominations

of my former doings; that the world may see how I loath sin, and abhor the very remembrance of those tainted and unclean joys I once delighted in; these being as the Apostle tells us, the things whereof I am now ashamed; or, if it be his great pleasure now to put a period to my days, that he will accept my last gasp, that the smoke of my deathbed offering may not be unsavoury to his nostrils, and drive me like Cain from his presence. Pray for me, dear doctor, and all you that forget not God, pray for me fervently. Take heaven by force, and let me enter with you in disguise; for I dare not appear before the dread majesty of that Holy One I have so often offended. Warn all my friends and companions to a true and sincere repentance to-day, while it is called to-day, before the evil day come and they be no more. Let them know that sin is like the angel's book in the Revelations, it is sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly. Let them know that God will not be mocked; that he is an holy God, and will be served in holiness and purity, that requires the whole man and the early man: bid them make haste, for the night cometh when no man can work. Oh that they were wise, that they would consider this, and not with me, with wretched me, delay it until their latter end. Pray, dear sir, continually pray for your poor friend,

ROCHESTER."

At the time when the departing libertine was on his deathbed, a visit was paid to him by one of his former worldly companions, who seems, up to the hour of his arrival at the Ranger's Lodge at Woodstock, to have been in ignorance of the dangerous and distressing state of his friend, both as to body and soul. The account of the visit, with other interesting particulars, is related in the following brief narrative, preserved in the British Museum.

“ When Wilmot Earl of Rochester lay on his death-bed, Mr. Fanshaw came to visit him, with an intention to stay about a week with him. Mr. Fanshaw, sitting by the bed-side, perceived his lordship praying to God through Jesus Christ, and acquainted Dr. Radcliffe, who attended my Lord Rochester in this illness, and was then in the house, with what he had heard; and told him, that my lord was certainly delirious, for to his knowledge, he said, he believed neither in God nor in Jesus Christ. The doctor, who had often heard him pray in the same manner, proposed to Mr. Fanshaw to go up to his lordship to be further satisfied touching this affair. When they came to his room; the doctor told my lord what Mr. Fanshaw said, upon which his lordship addressed himself to Mr. Fanshaw, to this effect: ‘ Sir, it is true, you and I have been very bad and profane together, and then I was of the opinion you mention. But now I am quite of another mind; and happy am I that I am so. I am very sensible how miserable I was whilst of another opinion. Sir, you may assure yourself that there is a Judge and future state;’ and so entered into a very handsome discourse concerning the last Judgment, future state, &c., and, concluded with a serious and pathetic exhortation to Mr. Fanshaw, to enter into another course of life; adding that he (Mr. F.) knew him to be his friend; that he never was more so than at this time; and ‘ sir,’ said he, to use a scripture expression, ‘ I am not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness.’ Upon this Mr. Fanshaw trembled, and went immediately a-foot to Woodstock, and there hired a horse to Oxford, and thence took coach to London.

“ At the same time, Dr. Shorter, who also attended my lord in his illness, and Dr. Radcliffe, walking together in the park, and discoursing touching his lordship’s con-

dition, which they agreed to be past remedy, Dr. Shorter, fetching a deep sigh, said, ' Well, I can do him no good, but he has done me a great deal.'

" When Dr. Radcliffe came to reside in London, he made inquiry about Dr. Shorter, and understood he was before that time a libertine in principles, but after that he professed the Roman Catholic religion. I heard Dr. Radcliffe give this account at my Lord Oxford's table, then Speaker of the House of Commons, June 16th, 1702; present, besides Mr. Speaker, Lord Weymouth, Mr. Bromley of Warwickshire, Mr. William Harvey, Mr. Pendarvis, Mr. Henry St. John; and I wrote it down immediately.

WM. THOMAS."

Only a few days before Rochester expired, Burnet hastened to pay a visit to his former disputant. " He told me," says Burnet, " as his strength served him at several snatches (for he was then so low that he could not hold up discourse long at once), what sense he had of his past life; what sad apprehension for having so offended his Maker, and dishonoured his Redeemer: what horrors he had gone through, and how much his mind was turned to call on God, and on his crucified Saviour. So that he hoped he should obtain mercy, for he believed he had sincerely repented; and had now a calm in his mind, after that storm he had been in for some weeks. He had strong apprehensions and persuasions of his admittance to Heaven; of which he spake not without some extraordinary emotion."

Among other subjects affecting his spiritual welfare, he spoke of the efficacy of a death-bed repentance, and inquired Burnet's opinion on the subject. As regarded himself, he said, he freely forgave every one; he bore ill-will to no man; he had made arrangements

for the payment of his debts, and suffered pain with cheerfulness. He added that "he was contented either to die or live, as should please God; and, though it was a foolish thing for a man to pretend to choose whether he would die or live, yet he wished rather to die. He knew he could never be so well, that life should be comfortable to him. He was confident he should be happy if he died, but he feared if he lived he might relapse." To his friends he sent affectionate messages, reminding them of the uncertain tenure of life, and enjoining them to publish to the world whatever circumstances connected with his own life and death might possibly be beneficial to others. It was his prayer, he said, that, as he had inflicted injury on religion by his life, he might at least do it some service by his death.

For his wife, who joined with him in receiving the Sacrament, he expressed the greatest tenderness. He called his children also to his bedside, to whom he solemnly bequeathed his dying blessing and advice. Aubrey says, "he even sent for all his servants, except his cow-herd, and, while they surrounded his bed, expressed his remorse to them for his former dissolute life and pernicious opinions." According to the same writer, he affirmed that Hobbes and the philosophers had been his ruin: "This," he cried, laying his hand energetically upon his Bible, "this is the true philosophy."

At last, nature having been entirely spent, he died without a struggle, in the Ranger's lodge in Woodstock Park, on the 26th of July, 1680, in his thirty-third year. The apartment in which he expired was pointed out to the visitor at Woodstock within the last year or two; and, it is to be hoped, is still in existence. He was buried by the side of his father, under the north aisle of Spilsbury church, in Oxfordshire.

On the occasion of Rochester's death, we find Archbishop Tillotson entering the following remarks among his private papers.

"Bad men are infidels *se defendendo*. When the affection to our lusts is gone, the objections against religion vanish of themselves.

"The greatest instance any age hath afforded of reformation : not for his own sake, as St. Paul was not, who yet was no enemy to God and religion, but by mistake. I cannot think but it was intended for some greater good to others.

"Atheism and infidelity do not bind up the senses of men strong enough, but they may be awakened by the apprehension of death, or some greater calamity coming upon them."

By his Countess, Rochester left four children ;—Charles, who succeeded him, who died on the 12th of November, 1681, in his minority ;—Anne, married to Henry Bainton, Esq., and afterwards to Francis, son of Fulke Greville, Lord Broke ;—Elizabeth, married to Edward Montagu, Earl of Sandwich ;—and Mallet, who became the wife of John Vaughan, first Viscount Lisburne, in Ireland, and ancestor of the present Earl. The title of Rochester became extinct on the death of his son.

HENRY JERMYN, LORD DOVER.

Jermyn's Popularity with the Fair Sex—His personal Appearance—
His Intrigue with the Duchess of Cleveland—Banished the Court
—His Duel with Thomas Howard—His Death and Burial.

THIS frivolous coxcomb, who turned the heads of half the women of the Court of Charles, and whose name figures so conspicuously in its meretricious annals, was a younger son of Thomas Jermyn, Esq., of Rushbroke, in Suffolk. The kindness of his uncle, Henry Jermyn Earl of St. Albans,—the supposed husband of Henrietta Maria,—ensured him a favourable reception at Court, and enabled him to follow the course of pleasure which was the darling object of his life.

During the exile of the royal family, the Princess of Orange, sister of Charles the Second, was supposed to have been enamoured of him. Accordingly, at the Restoration he found his character for gallantry established, and the ladies predisposed to become his slaves. Nevertheless, if the portrait drawn of him by Count Hamilton affords a correct likeness, the "invincible Jermyn" must have possessed so few agreeable qualifications, either of mind or person, that his success seems almost incredible. "Jermyn," says the Count, "was brave, and certainly a gentleman, yet he had neither brilliant actions, nor distinguished rank to set him off; and, as for his figure, he had nothing to boast of. He was diminutive in his person, his head large, and his legs small: his features were not disagreeable, but he was extremely affected in his carriage and behaviour.

His wit consisted entirely in expressions learned by rote, which he occasionally employed either in raillery or love. This was the whole foundation of the merit of a man so formidable in his amours." As Jermyn had formerly been an admirer of Miss Hamilton, a prejudice against him in the pages of De Grammont may be readily understood.

The beautiful Mrs. Hyde,* then a young and happy wife, had early fallen headlong in love with the admired Jermyn; but it was the favours of the Duchess of Cleveland which raised his glory to its highest pitch. Charles affected to despise his rival; but nevertheless dismissed him from Court. As the King made a point of never interfering with the gallantries of his friends, he was the more provoked by the infidelity of his mistress and the insolence of Jermyn. It may be mentioned, as an instance of Charles's good-nature, that he no sooner came to terms with the imperious Duchess, than he consented to Jermyn's recall. The latter, however, it appears, remained for several months sulking at his country-seat; "setting up," says Count Hamilton, "for a little philosopher, under the eyes of the sportsmen in the neighbourhood, who regarded him as an extraordinary instance of the mutability of fortune." According to the Count, his sole motive for returning to Court was to make an attack on Miss Jennings's

* Theodosia, daughter of Arthur, first Lord Capel, was the first wife of Henry Hyde, afterwards Lord Cornbury, and Earl of Clarendon. Count Hamilton describes her person: "She was of a middle size, had a skin of a dazzling whiteness, fine hands, and a foot surprisingly beautiful, even in England: long custom had given such a languishing tenderness to her looks, that she never opened her eyes but like a Chinese; and when she ogled, one would have thought she was doing something worse." Her son succeeded as third Earl of Clarendon, and died in 1723.

virtue, which had hitherto been regarded as impregnable. As regarded her virtue he made little progress, but over her heart he was more successful.

With the exception of a duel which he fought with Thomas Howard,* on account of the infamous Lady Shrewsbury, (on which occasion he was left on the field with little hopes of life,) the career of this insignificant man of pleasure affords few important or entertaining particulars. On the 13th of May, 1685, soon after the accession of James the Second, he was created by letters patent, Baron Jermyn of Dover, and, on the 4th of January, 1687, was nominated a Commissioner of the Treasury with Sir Stephen Fox and others. About the same period, (with Lords Arundel and Bellasyse, Father Petre, and others,) he was nominated one of the secret committee for watching over the interests of the Roman Catholics. In 1688, we find him governor of Portsmouth, but he appears to have failed in obtaining the command of the Life-guards, which was the principal object of his ambition. The last years of his life were passed in retirement at Cheveley, in Cambridgeshire, where he died, without issue, 6th April, 1708. His remains were carried to Bruges, in Flanders, and were interred in the monastery of the Carmelites in that city.

* Fourth son of Sir William Howard, and brother of Charles, first Earl of Carlisle. He was the husband of Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond: died in 1678.

ELIZABETH BUTLER,

COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD.

De Grammont's alluring Portrait of this Lady—Her Lineage—Her Marriage—Notice of the Earl of Chesterfield—His Jealousy—The Duke of York becomes the professed Admirer of Lady Chesterfield—Her Husband removes her to the Peak—Supposed to have been poisoned—Her Husband's Account of her Death.

WE cannot but lament that a daughter of the high-minded Ormond and of his virtuous Duchess should have been mixed up with the scandalous intrigues of the Court of Charles, and that one of a race so illustrious, if not exactly a wanton, should at least have been a very blameable coquette. In the alluring portrait of her by De Grammont; in the meretricious picture of her large blue eyes; of her expressive countenance and faultless symmetry, there is something which rather displeases than charms. The daughter of a race so virtuous should have figured otherwise than in wild frolics and voluptuous details.

Elizabeth, daughter of James Duke of Ormond, was born at Kilkenny, on the 29th of June, 1640, and consequently at the Restoration had not completed her twentieth year. Shortly before that event, she married Philip Earl of Chesterfield,* a young man of disagreeable

* Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, was born in 1633. He married, first, Lady Anne Percy, eldest daughter of Algernon Earl of Northumberland; secondly, Lady Elizabeth Butler, the subject of the present memoir; and, thirdly, Lady Elizabeth Dormer, eldest daughter of Charles Earl of Caernarvon. His lordship held the appoint-

manners and immoral habits. He seems to have entertained the best opinion of himself with the worst conceivable one of women, and to have been principally remarkable for the jealousy of his disposition and the redundancy of his hair. Swift speaks of him as "the greatest knave in England." Whatever may have been the secret of their domestic differences, we discover, at a very early period of their marriage, aversion on her part, and cruelty on his.

It was natural, in a libertine Court, that a young, beautiful, and vivacious woman, willing enough to be admired, and openly neglected by her morose husband, should have been surrounded by lovers on every side. The admiration which she excited, if it failed in restoring the affection of her lord, had at least the effect of inflaming his jealousy to a very painful degree. He became, or affected to have become, the lover of his own wife, and disregarding the ridicule of the Court, was constantly observed to be either watching her or at her side. But it was now Lady Chesterfield's turn to retaliate. Either intoxicated by the adulation of a host of coxcombs, or rendered callous by his previous neglect, she returned his reviving attentions with unequivocal contempt. Lord Chesterfield only waited to be revenged. While he looked with an eye of jealousy upon all, his suspicions fell principally on the Duke of York, who had for some time been the professed admirer of his wife, and who was the most indiscreet lover of the Court.

About this period Francisco Corbeta, an Italian, was

ments of Chamberlain to Catherine of Braganza, Lord Warden of the King's forests and parks; was sworn of the Privy Council in 1680, and was Colonel of the 3rd regiment of foot. He died, aged eighty, 28th January, 1713.

charming the gay Court of Charles with his delightful performances on the guitar. The King expressed himself an ardent admirer of his talent; the Duke of York became his pupil; a guitar was seen on every table, and Francisco became the fashion of the day. He had lately composed a particular sarabande of great merit. The Duke of York wished to learn it of Lord Arran, whose skill was only surpassed by that of the Italian; and as his sister, Lady Chesterfield, possessed the best guitar in England, it was decided that they should adjourn to her apartments and take advantage of its admirable tones. On entering, they not only found the lady but Lord Chesterfield himself, who appeared evidently disconcerted and annoyed at the unexpected intrusion. Notwithstanding, however, that the sarabande was repeated twenty times, and that their stay consequently was of some length, Lord Chesterfield still continued in the room, as if determined to see the end of the visit. To his annoyance, however, he unexpectedly received a summons from the Queen, requiring his attendance, in the capacity of her chamberlain, at the introduction of the Muscovite Ambassadors. He was still more annoyed, on discovering shortly afterwards that Lord Arran had followed him to the Court, and consequently that the Duke was enjoying a tête-à-tête with his wife.

But a circumstance, even more distressing to his jealous feelings, was communicated by him in confidence to James Hamilton. Lady Chesterfield, it seems, was in the habit of wearing green stockings, the colour she conceived most becoming to her pretty ancles. "After the audience," said her husband, "of those confounded Muscovites, I went to Miss Stewart's apartments, whither the King had just entered before me; and as if the Duke had sworn to pursue me that day wherever I went,

he came in just after me." The conversation turned upon the extraordinary appearance of the ambassadors. "I know not," proceeded Lord Chesterfield, "where that fool Crofts had heard that the Muscovites had all handsome wives; and that all their wives had handsome legs. Upon this the King maintained, that no woman ever had such handsome legs as Miss Stewart; and she, to prove the truth of his Majesty's assertion, immediately showed her leg above the knee. Some were ready to prostrate themselves in order to adore its beauty; for, indeed nothing can be handsomer; but the Duke alone began to criticise it. He contended that it was too slender, and that for his own part he would give nothing for a leg that was not thicker and shorter, and concluded by saying that no leg was worth anything without green stockings; now this, in my opinion, was a sufficient demonstration that he had just seen green stockings, and had them fresh in his remembrance."

Whether Lady Chesterfield's flirtation with the Duke of York amounted to positive criminality may perhaps be doubted. There were, however, subsequent circumstances in their intercourse sufficient to inflame a far less jealous disposition than that of her irritable husband. A scene, of which he was himself a witness, at length decided him. Enraged almost to madness, he suddenly hurried her from London. The seclusion of his own seat of Bretby in Derbyshire, appeared a fit retirement for the offending beauty, and there the young and unhappy creature continued during the remainder of her short life. According to Pepys, "to send a man's wife to the Peak when she vexes him," became a proverb at Court.

We have seen Lord Chesterfield unsuspectingly disclosing his griefs so James Hamilton, who was his wife's

cousin and his own friend. Hamilton, however, though ostensibly in love with Lady Castlemaine, had long been an admirer of Lady Chesterfield, and a rival with the Duke of York for her favours. Accordingly, when her husband disclosed to him the tale of her impropriety, and the evidences of her having conferred kindness on another, he listened with feelings of jealousy scarcely less acute than those of the unsuspecting Chesterfield, and was even cruel enough to propose her banishment into Derbyshire. Lady Chesterfield afterwards sufficiently retaliated on her barbarous lover. The manner in which she avenged herself is fully detailed in the "*Mémoires de Grammont*," and forms not the least agreeable portion of that delightful work.

Lady Chesterfield never again returned to the gay scenes which she had so unwillingly quitted. Whether she became reconciled to her seclusion, or repented of her indiscretions, we have no record. Shortly, however, after her leaving London she gave birth to a daughter, Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, who became the wife of John Lyon, fourth Earl of Strathmore. Lady Chesterfield survived the event but three years, and is reported to have died under circumstances of peculiar horror. The Earl, it was asserted, insisted on her taking the sacrament as a pledge of her innocence with respect to the Duke of York, on which some poison is said to have been inserted by the Duke's chaplain in the sacramental wine, of the effects of which she died. The story was, at least partially, credited by Lord Chesterfield's family. His son, Lord Stanhope, had married Lady Gertrude Saville, a daughter of the Marquis of Halifax. This lady was on bad terms with her father-in-law, and accordingly, whenever she happened to sit at the same table with him, she was invariably furnished with her own cup, a bottle of wine,

and another of water, out of which alone she could be persuaded to drink, and then only from the hands of her own servant.

On the other hand, Lord Chesterfield attributed his wife's death to the plague, which was then raging. "It being the great plague year," he says, "she fell ill of the spotted fever and died; whereupon I returned to my own house at Bretby, where I also fell sick of the spotted fever or plague." In his letters he refers to her dissolution without a trace of regret.*

Lady Chesterfield expired at Wellinborough (where she was residing for the benefit of the waters), in July, 1665, in her twenty-fifth year.

* Letters of Phillip, second Earl of Chesterfield, p. 26, &c.

ELIZABETH BAGOT,

COUNTESS OF FALMOUTH AND DORSET.

Lineage of this Lady—Her Beauty—Her Marriage (with the Earl of Falmouth)—Her Husband killed in an Action with the Dutch—Grief of the King and the Duke of York at his Loss—Dryden's Satire on Lady Falmouth—Her second Marriage (with the Earl of Dorset)—Her Death.

LITTLE is known of this pretty lady, beyond the graceful touches of De Grammont, the charming portrait of her by Lely, and the rude lines of Dryden. She was the daughter of Colonel Hervey Bagot, of Pipe Hall, in Warwickshire, second son of Sir Hervey Bagot, Baronet, of Blythfield in the county of Stafford. Her father, having distinguished himself by his gallantry during the civil troubles, had the post of Gentleman Pensioner conferred on him at the Restoration; while his daughter received the appointment of Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, a situation, at that period, at least of questionable respectability.

The praises of De Grammont are valuable from their rarity. In his libertine observations on the new Court, and the merits of the fair faces which surrounded him, "Miss Bagot," he says, "was the only one who was really possessed of virtue and beauty among these maids of honour: she had beautiful and regular features, and that sort of brown complexion, which, when in perfection, is so particularly fascinating, and more especially in England, where it is uncommon. There was an involuntary blush almost continually upon her cheek, without

having any thing to blush for." De Grammont, like most libertines, could admire modesty in a woman, though he ridiculed it in a man.

About the year 1663 Miss Bagot became the wife of Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth,* a gallant and handsome profligate, whose society was as agreeable as his principles were indifferent. Their union was but short-lived. In 1665, Lord Falmouth volunteered on board the fleet which was sent against the Dutch. In the heat of the great action of the 3rd of June, he was standing by the side of his friend and master the Duke of York, when his head was carried off by a cannon-ball, giving, as Sir John Denham says on the occasion,—

—"the first last proof that he had brains."†

The Duke, who was covered with his blood, had the misfortune to see Lord Muskerry, and Robert Boyle, a son of the Earl of Burlington, killed by the same shot.

Lord Falmouth must have been possessed of some engaging qualities, to have occasioned, as he did, among his own circle, the sorrow which followed his loss. The King was much affected. "Those who knew him best," says Lord Clarendon, "were amazed at the floods of tears which he shed upon this occasion." The Duke of York, even, cold as was his nature, is said to have felt his loss deeply, and to have regretted the laurels he had gained, since they had been purchased by the loss of his friend.

* Second son of Sir Charles Berkeley, of Bruton in Gloucestershire. He was created by Charles II. Baron Berkeley and Viscount Fitzhardinge in Ireland, and, on the 17th of March, 1664, Baron Botetourt and Earl of Falmouth in England. He died June 3rd, 1665, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

† "Directions to a painter concerning the Dutch War."

From this period till her second marriage with Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the celebrated poet and wit, we know little of the history of the young widow. Considering that the slight knowledge which we possess of her character is far from being unfavourable, the following gross and unfeeling lines of Dryden are the more startling and unwelcome. The point of the satire being unknown, it is impossible to canvass its justice.

“ Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married, but wiser puss ne’er thought of that.
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke’s mastiffs, at his kindest time;
Then, for one night, sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow but a barren wife;
Swelled by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugged about a matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restored him to his liberty;
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had famed for dulness in malicious rhymes.”*

The Countess of Dorset died in 1684. By Lord Falmouth she was the mother of one child, Mary, who became the wife of Gilbert Cosyn Gerrard, Esquire, (son of Sir Gilbert Gerrard, Baronet, of Feskerton in Lincolnshire,) from whom she was divorced in 1684. By her second husband, Lady Dorset had no children; but whether Dryden be at all justified in his expression of the “teeming widow,” we have no evidence to decide. It was perhaps no compliment to her memory, that the Earl of Dorset married another wife, Lady Mary Compton, within a year after her death. At Althorpe there is a picture of Miss Bagot by Lely.

* Essay on Satire.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON,

COUNTESS DE GRAMMONT.

Lely's Portrait of Miss Hamilton—Her Wit and Beauty—Her various Lovers—Joke practised by her on Miss Blague—Her Marriage with the Count de Grammont—Doubts of his previous Sincerity—The Countess quits England for France—Charles introduces her to his Sister, the Duchess of Orleans—Unpopularity of the Countess de Grammont at the French Court—Becomes a Devotee—She endeavours to convert her libertine Husband—Conversion and Death of De Grammont—Her own Death.

THERE is a charm in Lely's celebrated gallery of the Beauties of the Court of Charles, which none but a very cold or a very sanctimonious person could fail to appreciate. There is in the bright aspect of beauty in the grave,—in the eye that still languishes on the canvass, and in the smile that still warms,—a fascination and a reality, which identifies us almost involuntarily with the merry Court of Charles; which recalls vividly the song, the laughter, and the sparkling wit, and conjures up to our imagination all the blandishments and allurements of that Paphian Court. Standing in that circle of beauty, the imagination easily recalls the studio of the illustrious Lely, and pictures it to itself, what it once was, the lounging-place of the young, the beautiful, and the gay. We can fancy one of the fair forms around us seated before the obsequious painter, exhibiting, it may be, all the absurd yet graceful prettiness of spoiled beauty and petted caprice. We can fancy the swarthy features of the "merry monarch," while bending over the chair of his

mistress, whispering his soft nothings and provoking the gay repartee; while around are grouped the idle courtiers, favoured, according to their merits, by the guardianship of the muff, the lap-dog, or the fan. The very languish which still captivates on the canvass may have been the actual expression of the minute, thrown out in a moment of tenderness to snare the easy heart of Charles, and caught in a happy moment of inspiration by the admiring artist.

Whether considered as a work of art, or on account of the beauty of the features it represents, the portrait of Miss Hamilton is decidedly the most charming of Lely's celebrated collection; nor, if we are to believe encomiums, (dictated, as they however were, by the fond pride of a husband, and the affectionate regard of a brother,) was her mind less perfect than her face was lovely. The exquisite portrait of her in the "*Mémoires de Grammont*," is one which never fades from the memory. Whatever is supposed to be most fascinating in the mistress, or valuable in the wife; wit, beauty, and good-humour, an agreeable perception of the ridiculous, added to the most irreproachable conduct and the strongest sense; such is described to have been the wife of the profligate Count de Grammont, the heroine of one of the most agreeable works which has ever issued from the press. Such is the likeness of the Countess de Grammont, as drawn by her own family. If in the evidence of others, there is nothing which actually disproves its truth, there is unfortunately but little to support its accuracy. It is ungracious, however, to criticise a portrait so admirably drawn and so generally admired.

The subject of the present memoir was the eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, a soldier of some note during the civil troubles. He was the fourth son of

James, first Earl of Abercorn, and married Mary, granddaughter of Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormond, by which means Miss Hamilton became the niece of James, the first and great Duke of Ormond. On the death of Charles the First, Sir George Hamilton had retired to France, where he accepted a military command under the French monarch. At the Restoration, however, he returned to England, where he presented himself at the Court of Charles with a large family, distinguished equally by wit, beauty, and talent.

His charming daughter, Elizabeth Hamilton, was born in 1641, and consequently, when she first appeared in the gay circles of Whitehall, could scarcely have attained her twentieth year. Lovers, many of them the most eligible of the period, were not slow in presenting themselves. The Duke of York had fallen in love with her portrait in Lely's studio, and, on being presented to her, was no less charmed with the beautiful original. His proposals, however, were dishonourable, and were haughtily rejected. The Duke of Richmond, the gamester and drunkard; the simpleton Arundel, afterwards Duke of Norfolk; the handsome and libertine Falmouth; the Russells, uncle and nephew, celebrated by De Grammont; and the lady-killer Jermyn, alike wore her chains and offered her their hands. De Grammont, graceful, impudent, and clever, was more successful. That she should have received as a lover one whose only recommendation was his wit, and who could look only to the products of the gaming-table for the means of supporting her as his wife, certainly speaks but little in favour of her judgment. On De Grammont's part, he had the merit of discovering her mental, as well as personal accomplishments. The portrait of her, as she appeared to him at this period, was thus dictated by

him to her brother, Count Hamilton, after a union of more than twenty years.

"Miss Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom: she had the fairest shape, the loveliest neck, and most beautiful arms in the world: she was majestic and graceful in all her movements; and she was the original which all the ladies copied in their taste and air of dress. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth: her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness, not to be equalled by borrowed colours: her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she pleased: her mouth was full of graces, and her contour uncommonly perfect: nor was her nose, which was small, delicate, and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, her carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed over her whole person, made the Chevalier de Grammont not doubt that she was possessed of every other qualification. Her mind was a proper companion for such a form: she did not endeavour to shine in conversation by those sprightly sallies which only puzzle; and, with still greater ease, she avoided that affected solemnity in her discourse which produces stupidity; but without any eagerness to talk, she just said what she ought, and no more."

The following lively anecdote discovers agreeably enough that peculiar love of mischief and fun, for which Miss Hamilton was distinguished among her acquaintance. Miss Blague, who had the misfortune to be the victim on the occasion, was maid of honour to the Duchess of York. "Miss Blague," says Count Hamilton, "was a good subject for ridicule; her shape

was neither good nor bad; her countenance bore the appearance of the greatest insipidity; her complexion was the same all over; and she had two little hollow eyes, adorned with white eyelashes as long as one's finger. With these attractions she placed herself in ambuscade to surprise unwary hearts, but she might have done so in vain, had it not been for the arrival of the Marquess Brisacier. Heaven seemed to have made them for each other. He had in his person and manners every requisite to dazzle a creature of her character: he talked eternally, without saying anything, and in his dress exceeded the most extravagant fashions. Miss Blague believed that all this finery was on her account, and the Marquess believed that her long eyelashes had never taken aim at any but himself. Brisacier, whom she looked upon as smitten, had wit, which he set off with common-place talk, and with little songs he sung out of tune most methodically, and was continually exerting one or other of these happy talents. The Duke of Buckingham did all he could to spoil him, by the praises he bestowed both upon his voice and upon his wit; and, upon his authority, Miss Blague, who hardly understood a word of French, regulated herself in admiring the one and the other. It was remarked, that all the words which he sung to her were in praise of fair women, and that, taking this to herself, she always cast down her eyes in acknowledgment and consciousness. Upon these observations it was resolved to make a jest of her the first opportunity."

The following mischievous project, devised by Miss Hamilton and her accomplices, it was decided should be carried into effect at an approaching masquerade, at which the Court were expected to be present. Parisian gloves, of which Miss Hamilton had by chance several

pair, were then very much in fashion. A pair of these she despatched to Miss Blague, accompanied with about four yards of very pale yellow riband, and a note, as if from Brisacier, beseeching her to wear them at the fête, in order that he might be able to discover her in the crowd. Shortly after the messenger had departed, Miss Price, one of the Maids of Honour, happened accidentally to call upon Miss Hamilton. This lady was the sworn foe of Miss Blague, and, accordingly, the fair Hamilton determined to renew hostilities between them, by throwing her in Brisacier's way. She presented her therefore with some gloves and riband, exactly similar to those which she had previously had conveyed to Miss Blague; desiring her jocularly not to interfere with the latter's plans upon Brisacier, an injunction which she well knew would have a very different effect from what was apparently intended.

The day of the fête arrived. All that was beautiful and splendid was present, and among them the laughing Hamilton and her accomplices, waiting eagerly for the *dénouement* of their joke. It was eminently successful. "Miss Blague," says Count Hamilton, "was more yellow than saffron: her fair locks were ornamented with the citron-coloured riband, put there out of complaisance to Brisacier; while, to inform him of his happiness, she often raised to her head her victorious hands, adorned with the gloves we have before mentioned. But if they were surprised to see her in a head-dress that made her look more wan than ever, she felt very different sensations at seeing Miss Price partake with her, in every particular, of Brisacier's present: her surprise soon turned to jealousy, for her rival had not failed to join in conversation with him, in consequence of what had been insinuated to her the evening before: nor did Brisacier fail to return her

first advances, without paying the least attention to the fair Blague, nor to the signs which she was tormenting herself to make him, to inform him of his happy destiny.

"Miss Price was short and thick, and consequently no dancer: the Duke of Buckingham, who brought Brisacier forward as often as he could, came to desire him, on the part of the King, to dance with Miss Blague, without knowing what was then passing in this nymph's heart. Brisacier excused himself, on account of the contempt that he had for country dances. Miss Blague thought that it was herself that he despised; and seeing that he was engaged in conversation with her mortal enemy, she began to dance without knowing what she did; her indignation and jealousy being sufficiently remarkable to divert the whole Court, though none but Miss Hamilton and her accomplices understood the joke perfectly."

It seems that Miss Blague was painfully at a loss to discover the cause of the change in Brisacier's manner. In the letter which had purported to have been sent by him, her eyes had been poetically likened to those of the wild boar, the French word *marcassin* having been made use of for the occasion. Miss Blague, being ignorant of the language, had applied to her friends for the meaning; while they, on their parts, from the circumstance of there being no wild boars in England, had innocently translated it to her as "young pig." This was naturally construed by her into a deliberate insult, and she was highly indignant in consequence. In the midst of her resentment, however, says Count Hamilton, "Sir — Yarborough, of as fair a complexion as herself, made her an offer of marriage and was accepted: chance made up this match, I suppose, as an experiment to try what such a white-haired union would produce." The

joke practised by Miss Hamilton on Lady Muskerrey, at the same masquerade, is as well known, and scarcely less amusing.

About the year 1688, Miss Hamilton became the wife of the celebrated Philibert, Count de Grammont. From our knowledge of his worldly mind and unprincipled character, as well as from several hints which have been handed down to us, it would seem that the vivacious Frenchman had been hitherto merely sporting with her feelings, and that marriage was the last circumstance which had entered into his libertine ideas. There is an anecdote, connected with this supposition, which, willing as we may be to dispute its truth, is unlikely to have been entirely a fiction. De Grammont, as is well known, had been banished from the French Court, for presuming to be the rival of Louis the Fourteenth, for the favours of Mademoiselle La Motte Houdancourt. On receiving the tidings of his recall, after a banishment of six years, so eager he is said to have been to return to his native land, that he forgot his engagements with Miss Hamilton. At all events, he neglected to fulfil them before he took his departure. He was already, we are told, entering the town of Dover, when her two brothers came up to him, determined either to bring him to an explanation or to provoke him to an encounter. "Chevalier de Grammont," they exclaimed, "have you forgotten nothing in London?" De Grammont was not the person to be easily disconcerted. "I beg your pardon," was his characteristic reply, "I forgot to marry your sister." The anecdote is said to have afforded to Molière the idea of "La Marriage Forcée." De Grammont had been the lover of Miss Hamilton for six years, and consequently the first bloom of beauty must already have begun to fade from her cheek, at the time when the

libertine came to the tardy determination of offering her his hand.

After the birth of her first child, in 1669, the Countess retired to France with her husband, where she continued to reside during the remainder of her life. Charles appears to have respected her character, and to have regretted her departure. In a letter to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, dated the 24th October, 1669, he warmly recommends to her notice the Countess de Grammont, who, he intimates, is on the point of setting out for France with her husband. "And now I have named her," he proceeds, "I cannot choose but again desire you to be kind to her; for, besides the merit her family has on both sides, she is as good a creature as ever lived. I believe she will pass for a handsome woman in France, though she has not yet, since her lying-in, recovered that good shape she had before, and I am afraid never will."

Whether this partial loss of beauty had rendered her appearance less dazzling, or whether, as is probable, her natural charms had never in reality been so striking, or her mind quite so amiable, as they have been pictured to us by a husband and a brother, certain it is, that at the French Court Madame de Grammont was neither so beloved nor so admired as seems to have been anticipated by her friends. Not impossibly, the flattering reception which she had met with from the King of France, the vast accession of fortune which her husband shortly afterwards acquired by the death of his elder brother, her appointment as Dame du Palais, at Versailles, as well as her own wit and beauty, may have prejudiced her fair contemporaries against the gifted and beautiful English-woman. Certainly she was no favourite among the female wits, and in the heartless circle of the Louvre.

Madame de Sévigné speaks of her as haughty and disagreeable; Madame de Caylus denounces her as *une Anglaise insupportable*, and Madame de Maintenon as *plus agréable qu'aimable*.

With the increase of years and the decay of beauty, the character of Madame de Grammont seems to have undergone a complete change. Taking refuge in the customary resource of a Frenchwoman when thrust aside by younger and more engaging rivals, she devoted herself to her religious duties, as soon as others had ceased to show devotion towards herself. She even applied herself sedulously to make a convert of her worthless husband. "At the time," according to the younger Richardson, "when this celebrated libertine was thought to be on his death-bed, the King sent the Marquess Dangeau, a famous devotee of those times, to talk with him of God. The Countess de Grammont, also a professed devotee, and who had before been perpetually teasing her husband with repentance, was sitting on the bed-side. So, after the King's devotee had been haranguing him for some time, he turned to his wife, and said, 'Countess, if you don't look about you, Dangeau will smuggle [*escamotera*] my conversion.' " * St. Evremond declared that he would gladly die, to go off with such a *bon mot* in his mouth.

At this period De Grammont was in his seventy-fifth year. He had hitherto rarely known a day's sickness, and, indeed, used to declare jocularly that he should never die. He not only recovered from his malady on this occasion, but survived till the 10th January, 1707, when he expired at the age of eighty-six. It appears, by the letters of St. Evremond to Ninon de l'Enclos, that though

* *Richardsoniana*.

he retained his constitutional vivacity to the last, he followed the praiseworthy example set him by his beautiful wife; expressed his belief in revealed religion, and died penitent, cheerful, and devout. The latter writes to St. Evremond of their mutual friend,—“Madame de Coulogne has undertaken to make your compliments to the Count de Grammont, by the Countess de Grammont. He is so young, that I think him as light as when he hated sick people, and loved them after they had recovered their health.” His widow survived him only a year, dying in 1708, at the age of sixty-seven. Of their two daughters, the only offspring of their marriage, Claude Charlotte, a beautiful and accomplished woman, married, in 1694, Henry Lord Stafford.* Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, whose praise is of value, observes of her: “She had as much honour, and as much good sense, as I ever met with in any creature.”† Her younger sister died abbess of the Chanonesses in Lorrain.

* Henry Howard, Viscount Stafford, was created an earl by James II., not many days before his Abdication, in 1688. See Lady M. Wortley Montagu's Letters, vol. ii. p. 217. Ed. 1837.

† Lady Hervey's Letters, p. 179.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF SOUTHESK.

Lineage of the Countess of Southesk—Her Intrigue with the Duke of York—Jealousy of her Husband—His singular Mode of Revenge—Her Family Afflictions and Death.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF SOUTHESK, remarkable only for her fair face and abandoned character, was the eldest daughter of the handsome and gallant Duke of Hamilton, who died of the wounds which he received at the battle of Worcester. Of her early history little is known. She seems, before marriage, to have been the friend and confidante of Mrs. Palmer, afterwards the famous Duchess of Cleveland, from whose conversation and example she probably imbibed that taste for intrigue, which has obtained for her so discreditable a position in the annals of gallantry and vice.

Lady Anne Hamilton must have been still young when she became the wife of Robert Lord Carnegie, eldest son of the Earl of Southesk, a man whose only characteristic seems to have been ill-temper, and whose principal occupations were bull-baiting and the cock-pit.

According to De Grammont, Lady Southesk had already been long famous for the tenderness of her disposition, at the time when the Duke of York expressed himself a suitor for her favours. The misery which her encouragement of the Duke's addresses occasioned her jealous husband, as well as the eccentric and disgusting means to which he reverted, in order to avenge himself on his rival, are circumstantially related both by Bishop Burnet and in the "*Mémoires de Grammont*."

Lady Southesk seems to have passed through the usual ordeal of pain, misery, and disappointment, with which the world is in the habit of rewarding its veterans. She is described as having been a constant attendant at the gaming-table, and Pepys alludes to her as "devilishly painted," and a flaunting frequenter of the Park. The close of her life was marked by the bitterest domestic suffering. Her first-born, Lord Carnegie, treated her with contempt; while her youngest and beloved son, William Carnegie, falling a victim to his passion for an abandoned woman, died at Paris at the age of nineteen in a miserable quarrel. The year of Lady Southesk's decease is unknown and unimportant. It is certain, however, that she was survived by her husband, who died in 1688.

SUSAN, LADY BELLASYSE.

Marriage of this Lady—Death of her Husband in a Duel—The Duke of York places a Contract of Marriage in her hands—She is frightened into returning it—Her Death—Picture of Lady Bellasyse at Hampton Court.

SUSAN, LADY BELLASYSE, was the only child of Sir William Armine, Baronet, of Osgodby, in Lincolnshire, by Mary Talbot, granddaughter of George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. At an early age she became the second wife of Sir Henry Bellasyse, son of John Lord Bellasyse, and nephew of Thomas Lord Falconberg, the son-in-law of Cromwell. She was early left a widow; her husband losing his life in a drunken fracas with Tom Porter, a Groom of the Bedchamber, and his own intimate friend.* Sir Henry died a Knight of the Bath,—an honour for which he seems to have been indebted rather to his intimacy with the Duke of York, and the military services of his father during the civil wars, than to any merit of his own.

After the death of her husband, in 1667, Lady Bellasyse, who had been left with an only son Henry, afterwards second Lord Bellasyse, retired from the Court. She returned, however, in about two years, when the Duke of York showed his respect for the memory of his friend, by publicly making love to his widow. Whether there was any criminality in their intercourse is not

* For an account of this rather remarkable duel, which was fought 28th July, 1667, see Pepys' Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 104, 105, and 188. 4to.

known. The fact is certain, however, that, after the death of his Duchess, when Lady Bellasyse was no longer young, the Duke of York, probably in order to satisfy the scruples of his mistress, signed a contract of marriage, which he placed in her hands; at the same time making use of every means in his power to convert her to Popery.

Whether or not he achieved a victory over her heart, it is certain that, in his attack on her religious principles, he was entirely unsuccessful. Subsequently, in consequence of the Duke continuing his visits, her friends remonstrated with her on their frequency, and on the injury they reflected on her reputation. Thus provoked to defend her character, Lady Bellasyse, probably in a moment of indignation, produced the marriage contract which she had received from the Duke of York. The story was soon bruited abroad. Her father-in-law, Lord Bellasyse, a bigoted Papist, overlooking the advancement of his family in his regard for the interest of the religion which he professed, and dreading the influence which a zealous Protestant like his kinswoman might obtain over the Duke, immediately addressed himself to the King. Charles, according to Burnet, sent for the Duke:—"It was too much," he said, "to have played the fool once: that was not to be done a second time, and at such an age." Lady Bellasyse, in her turn, was so intimidated by the threats of the Court, as to give up the original contract; adopting, however, the useless precaution of preserving an attested copy. It may be remarked that, after the death of her husband, the Duke of York procured for his mistress the rank of Baroness Bellasyse for her own life.

Pepys mentions his accidentally meeting Lady Bellasyse at a fashionable coachmaker's in 1669. She was seated, he says, with "other great ladies," in a new coach,

where they were enjoying themselves, eating bread and butter and drinking ale. The incident is only so far of importance as throwing an amusing light on the character of the times.

In middle age, Lady Bellasyse united herself to one Fortrey, described as a gentleman of fortune, from which period little is known of her history. As she was invited to be present at the accouchement of Mary of Modena,* and signed the famous deposition of the birth of the Prince of Wales, it is probable that she was well received at the Court of her royal lover, after his accession to the throne. In the poem of "The Deponents," originating in the well-known "warming-pan story," she is alluded to with little reverence:—

"Then pocky Bellasyse the next comes in,
And says she saw the cast of Charles's queen;
And, hearing that the Queen in labour was,
She hurried in without a call or pass:" &c.†

From a letter of Swift's, we learn that her life was extended to the reign of Queen Anne. "You know," he writes, "old Lady Bellasyse is dead at last? She had left Lord Berkeley of Stratton, one of her executors, and it will be a great advantage to him, they say above ten thousand pounds."‡

The picture among the Court Beauties, at Hampton Court, which passes as Lady Byron, is generally supposed to have been painted for Lady Bellasyse. According to Granger, the almost total absence of beauty confirms the conjecture. Vertue doubted whether it was intended for Lady Byron, and Walpole argues, from its resemblance to the mezzotinto of Lady Bellasyse from the original by

* Burnet, vol. iii. p. 253.

† State Poems, vol. iii. p. 161.

‡ Journal to Stella. March 14, 1713.

Sir Peter Lely, that it was meant for that lady. The same authority informs us, that he had a miniature of Lady Bellasyse by Cooper, which was "historically plain." Walpole conjectures, though apparently with little reason, that the portrait of Lady Bellasyse was admitted by Charles among the Court Beauties, in order to display the superiority of his own taste over that of his brother. The portrait of Lady Bellasyse at Hampton Court, is by Huisman, the pupil of Vandyke.

ISABELLA, LADY ROBARTS.

Her doubtful Identity—The Duke of York her professed Admirer—
 Jealousy of her Husband—He removes her from London—Her
 Death and numerous Children.

OF this lady we know but little beyond the passing notice which De Grammont has vouchsafed to her charms and her frailty. Her very name and family are involved in doubt.

According to Horace Walpole, the Lady Robarts of De Grammont was Sarah, daughter of John Bodville, of Bodville Castle in Carnarvonshire, wife of Robert Robarts, eldest son of John, first Earl of Radnor. This is undoubtedly a mistake, and is corrected by Sir William Musgrave in his MS. notes to De Grammont. He justly observes, that it in no manner "agrees with the description of her husband as being old and a lord, because Robarts the son could not have been very old when he died before his father, who [moreover] was only Lord Robarts." The lady, there can be little question, was Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith, Knight, of Kent, and the second wife of John, second Baron Robarts, and first Earl of Radnor, the father of the person to whom Horace Walpole has allotted her. As the son never bore the title of Robarts, it is another argument that she could not have been his wife. Lord Robarts, the father, had sided against his Sovereign during the Civil Wars, and yet, notwithstanding his disloyalty, was received into favour at the Restoration. Lord Clarendon speaks of him as a morose,

proud, and ill-tempered man, which exactly agrees with the description of De Grammont.

"Lady Roberts," says the latter, "was then in the zenith of her glory: her beauty was striking; yet, notwithstanding the brightness of her fine complexion, with all the bloom of youth, and with every requisite for inspiring passion, she was not attractive. The Duke, however, would probably have been successful, if difficulties, almost insurmountable, had not opposed themselves to his good intentions. Lord Roberts, her husband, was an old, snarling, troublesome, peevish fellow, in love with her to distraction, and, to complete her misery, never suffered her out of his sight." The lady, however, appears to have persisted in giving the Duke encouragement, who in consequence redoubled his attentions, while the watchfulness of the husband not unnaturally increased. Various plans were devised by the Duke and his friends, either to bribe him into compliance or blind him to his dishonour. Among other expedients, it was proposed to him that his wife should accept an important post about the Queen or the Duchess of York; while he was himself offered either the Lord Lieutenancy of his own county, or the management of the Duke of York's revenues in Ireland. The one would have given his wife apartments at Whitehall, the other would have removed him to a distance from the Court. "But in vain," adds De Grammont, "did ambition and avarice hold out their allurements: he was deaf to all their temptations. Under the pretence of a pilgrimage to Saint Winifred, the virgin and martyr, who was said to cure women of barrenness, he did not rest, until the highest mountains in Wales were placed between his wife and the person who had designed to perform this miracle in London after his departure." The Duke, after his separation from his

mistress, figures as anything but a disconsolate lover. In the pleasures of the chase, and in the charms of Lady Chesterfield, he seems to have speedily forgotten the exiled lady and her jealous lord.

Such is the little that can be ascertained respecting this unimportant beauty. Presuming her, however, to be the lady we have supposed, the visit to St. Winifred's Well was either very needless, or else it was eminently successful. She figures in the Peerages as the mother of no fewer than four sons and five daughters, of whom the eldest was Francis, Member of Parliament in the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne; Vice-President of the Royal Society, and, moreover, a man of considerable intellectual acquirements. His brother, John, eventually succeeded as fourth Earl of Radnor, and, dying in 1764 unmarried, the title became extinct. It was conferred the following year on William Bouverie, second Viscount Folkstone.

ANNE TEMPLE, LADY LYTTTELTON.

Her narrow Escape from the Court Libertines—Her Beauty and Silly Disposition—Notice of her Husband, Sir Charles Lyttelton—His Dread of being Cuckolded—Death of Lady Lyttelton.

THIS beautiful but silly woman, the heroine of an agreeable, but scarcely decent, adventure in De Grammont's Memoirs, was Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. She appeared at Court when extremely young, and fortunately quitted it before she was much older.

Anne Temple was the daughter of Thomas Temple, Esq. of Frankton, in Warwickshire, by Rebecca, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight, of Beddington, in Surrey. She no sooner appeared at the Court of Charles, than she excited the attention of its libertine frequenters. The gay Rochester and the handsome Sydney were suitors for her smiles, and, as she loved to be admired, her reputation very narrowly escaped being ruined by their dalliance. "Miss Temple," says Count Hamilton, "was brown compared with Miss Jennings: she had a good shape, fine teeth, languishing eyes, a fresh complexion, an agreeable smile, and a lively air. Such was the outward form, and it would be difficult to describe the rest; for she was simple and vain, credulous and suspicious, coquettish and prudent, very conceited and very silly." She figures as the companion of Miss Hobart, a person who shared the strange moral peculiarities of Sappho, without a tittle of the genius of the Lesbian poetess.

Fortunately, Miss Temple had scarcely been two years at Court, when a very eligible offer of marriage gave her an opportunity of escaping from her dangerous post of Maid of Honour. At the age of eighteen, she accepted the hand of Sir Charles Lyttelton, Knight, a gallant cavalier of forty, and owner of the afterwards classical seat of Hagley. He had formerly distinguished himself under the royal standard in the civil troubles, and since then had been governor of Jamaica, where he built the town of Port Royal. At the period of his marriage, he was colonel of the Duke of York's regiment. He afterwards rose to be a Brigadier-General, Governor of Sheerness, and sat as Member of Parliament for Bewdley. He seems to have experienced a severe struggle between his love for the lady and his dread of her proving unfaithful to him after his marriage: however, he seems to have had no reason to complain of the conduct of his fair wife. They appear to have led a domestic life, Lady Littleton bearing him thirteen children, of whom there were five sons and eight daughters. Sir Charles lived to the age of eighty-six, dying at Hagley on the 2nd of May, 1716. His lady survived him only two years, expiring, also at Hagley, on the 27th of August, 1718. The celebrated Lord Lyttelton was her grandson.

MISS BROOKE, LADY DENHAM.

Introduction to Court by her Uncle the Earl of Bristol—His scheme of advancing his Interests through her Shame—Her Marriage with Sir John Denham, the Poet—Anecdotes of Sir John—Lady Denham becomes the Mistress of the Duke of York—Madness of her Husband—Believed to have caused her Death by Poison—Her last Illness—Distress of the Duke of York—Death of Sir John Denham.

LADY DENHAM was the eldest daughter of Sir William Brooke, K.B., and niece of George Digby, second Earl of Bristol. Her brief but romantic story, the genius of her husband, and her own loveliness and untimely end, have invested her name with a peculiar interest. The world believed that, in introducing her to the libertine monarch, and in obtaining invitations for her to the royal parties, the unprincipled Earl trusted to advance his own interests by means of the charms, if not the shame, of his beautiful kinswoman.* In his public capacity, Lord Bristol is sufficiently well known from his absurd political inconsistencies; and, in private life, as a sycophantic panderer to the amusements and pleasures of Charles the Second.

Miss Brooke, at the time when she appeared at Court with her lovely sister Frances, was only eighteen.† Her

* It appears by a passage in Pepys's Memoirs, that her subsequent endeavours to advance the intrigues of her profligate uncle, produced a temporary coolness between the Duke of York and Lady Denham, who for some time had notoriously encouraged the addresses of her royal lover.—Memoirs, vol. i. p. 491. 4to.

† Frances Brooke, also noticed in De Grammont's Memoirs. She afterwards became the wife of Sir Thomas Whitmore, K.B.

charms at once attracted the attention of Charles. Lady Castlemaine, however, who was then in the zenith of her beauty and power, interfered with her headstrong jealousy, and accordingly the King was robbed of his prize, and Miss Brooke of the honour of enslaving her sovereign.

The Duke of York succeeded as her professed lover, but as long as she remained unmarried she appears to have afforded him but little encouragement. It was probably yielding to the advice of her friends, who hoped to save her from ruin by a timely marriage, that she consented to become the wife of Sir John Denham, the celebrated poet, a man no less wealthy than disagreeable, sarcastic, and old. The story of the poet, more especially as he figures as the social companion of two monarchs, the first and second Charles, requires a passing notice.

He was the only son of Sir John Denham, Knight, of Little Horseley in Essex, Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and afterwards promoted to be a Baron of the Exchequer in England. His gifted son was born in Dublin (according to Wood, in 1615), and in 1631 was entered a Gentleman Commoner of Trinity College, Oxford. At the University, according to Aubrey, he was regarded as the "dreamingest young fellow alive." He seems, at a very early period, to have imbibed a miserable passion for play, and, whenever he was not in a poetical reverie, to have been engaged at the gaming table. "He was looked upon," says Anthony Wood, "as a slow, dreaming, young man, and more addicted to gaming than study: they could never imagine he could ever enrich the world with the issue of his brain as he afterwards did." After a residence of three years at the University, he entered himself as a member of Lincoln's Inn, where, as Aubrey assures us, he was again "much rooked by gamesters, and fell acquainted with that

unsanctified crew to his ruin." Both Wood and Aubrey relate an amusing anecdote of him at this period. His father, having received intimation of the ruinous course of life his son was leading, addressed a forcible and affectionate letter of remonstrance to his prodigal offspring. The father, if the anecdote be true, was probably as weak-minded as the son was hypocritical. In order completely to lull any inconvenient suspicions on the part of his parent, the poet actually composed and printed an essay against gaming, which he transmitted to his father. The scheme was apparently successful, for the old lawyer subsequently bequeathed him a considerable fortune, the savings probably of a long life of labour and self-denial.

Aubrey relates another anecdote of the poet, at the period when he was studying the law. "He was generally," he says, "temperate in drinking; but one time, when he was a student of Lincoln's Inn, having been merry at the tavern with his comrades, late at night a frolic came into his head, to get a plaisterer's brush and a pot of ink, and blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, which made a strange confusion the next day, as it was in Term time; but it happened that they were discovered, and it cost him and them some moneys. This I had from R. Estcourt, Esquire, who carried the ink-pot." His father dying in 1638, the improvident poet, within a short period, squandered a considerable portion of his property; and, in consequence of his subsequently taking the part of his Sovereign in the civil troubles, the Parliament without scruple deprived him of the remainder.

In 1642, he published his tragedy of the "Sophy," which had been acted in the course of the previous year at the theatre in Black Friars, and where it was received with considerable applause. The following year he printed

at Oxford his celebrated "Cooper's Hill." In a satirical poem, published many years afterwards, we find,—

"Then in came Denham, that limping old bard,
Whose fame on the Sophy and Cooper's Hill stands;
And brought many stationers, who swore very hard,
That nothing sold better, except 'twere his lands." *

In 1652, when on a visit at Lord Pembroke's seat at Wilton, he is said to have burlesqued one of the books of Virgil, which he afterwards burnt. It was a shame, he said, that the first poet in the world should be abused.†

Sir John performed some good service for his Sovereign during the Civil Wars. About the year 1642, he was appointed Governor of Farnham Castle, but his military genius proving far inferior to his poetical powers, he soon relinquished his command, and repaired to Charles, who was then holding his court at Oxford. In 1647, he was entrusted by Henrietta Maria with a message to her unfortunate husband, then in the hands of the army. He was also on other occasions employed in the royal cause.‡ He is said to have accompanied the young Duke of York to the Continent, when he fled from St. James's in disguise, in 1648.§ The fact, however, is unlikely, inasmuch as neither Lord Clarendon nor the Stuart Papers make the least allusion to his having been the companion of the Duke in his adventurous flight. Sir John appears to have been received on terms of familiar companionship by Charles the First, of whom, in his Dedication of his poems to the second Charles, he speaks affectionately as his "old master." About the year 1650,

* Session of the Poets; *State Poems*, vol. i. p. 210.

† Aubrey; *Letters of Eminent Men*, vol. ii. p. 318.

‡ Biog. Brit. vol. iii. p. 1646.

§ Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 423.

he was sent by Charles the Second, then in poverty and exile, as his envoy to the King of Poland. On the decease of Inigo Jones, in 1652, he was appointed Surveyor of His Majesty's Buildings; an unprofitable appointment, it would seem, inasmuch as the young King had not a house he could call his own. At the Restoration he was created a Knight of the Bath.

According both to Aubrey and to De Grammont, Sir John was an "old and limping" man, at the period when he was weak enough to unite himself with Miss Brooke. There seems to be some doubt, however, whether he was really as old as he is represented to have been by the lampooners of the time. If the data of Anthony Wood be correct, who places his birth in 1615, he could not have far exceeded the age of fifty at the time of his marriage. Unless we suppose that dissipation had produced an appearance of premature old age, the discrepancy is difficult to be reconciled.

The marriage of Miss Brooke with the snarling and ungainly poet was a signal to the Duke of York to redouble his unhallowed attentions. According to Pepys, he used to follow her up and down the presence-chamber "like a dog." And he adds,—“The Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham; going at noon-day with all his gentlemen to visit her in Scotland-yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy Stairs.

According to De Grammont, the obduracy of Lady Denham was but the whim of the moment. “She suffered the Duke,” he says, “to entertain hopes of an approaching bliss, which a thousand considerations had opposed her granting him before her marriage.” And he adds,—“It was soon brought to a conclusion, for where both parties are sincere in a negotiation, no time is lost

in cavilling." The unhappy poet almost deserved the bitter penalty which awaited his folly. Where the selection of a wife was in question, any contact with a society such as Charles the Second's Court was composed of, must have been sufficient to rob any woman of her charm. Sir John Denham was not only well aware of this fact, but it was remarkable that he had been long famous for exerting his biting powers of sarcasm, against any friend or acquaintance who had been weak enough to select a wife from the voluptuous Court of his royal master. Either, however, he was silly enough to place confidence in a giddy girl, or else he was vain enough to except himself from the general doom. "Every man," writes Dr. Johnson to Barretti, "believes that mistresses are unfaithful, and patrons capricious; but he excepts his own mistress, and his own patron."

On discovering the frailty of his young wife, either his love or his vanity suffered so deeply, that it occasioned a temporary aberration of mind. "His madness," says Aubrey, "first appeared, when he went from London to see the famous free-stone quarries in Portland, in Dorset. When he came within a mile of it, he turned back to London again, and would not see it. He went to Hounslow, and demanded rents of lands he had sold many years before; but it pleased God that he was cured of this distemper, and wrote excellent verses, particularly on the death of Abraham Cowley, afterwards." Lord Lisle writes to Sir William Temple, 26th September, 1667,— "Poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies also. He is at many of the meetings, at dinners, talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleased with those that seem willing to hear him, and from that obligation exceedingly praises the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendish: if he had not the name of being

mad, I believe in most companies he would be thought wittier than ever he was. He seems to have few extravagances besides that of telling stories of himself, which he is always inclined to." *

In Butler's Posthumous Works will be found a scandalous attack on Sir John Denham, entitled "A Panegyric upon his recovery from his madness." Anthony Wood also makes mention of his aberration of mind:—"Upon some discontent arising from a second match,† he became crazed for a time, and so, consequently, contemptible among vain fops. Soon after, being cured of his distemper, he wrote excellent verses on the death of Abraham Cowley, the prince of poets, and some months after followed him." These verses, it may be remarked, though indifferent as to merit, exhibit no signs of insanity. The fact appears somewhat singular, if we consider the reputed cause of his madness, that, in a poem on such a subject, he should have introduced the following irrelevant lines. Speaking of Cowley, he says,—

" His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seemed too much :
His severe judgment, giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe ;
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair."

The fate of his lovely wife is described as having been a miserable one. Pepys inserts in his Diary, 10th November, 1666, "I hear that my Lady Denham is exceedingly sick, even unto death, and that she says, and everybody else discourses, that she is poisoned." Count Hamilton

* Temple's Works, vol. i. p. 484.

† His first wife, according to Aubrey, was a Miss Cotton, of Gloucestershire. He obtained with her a fortune of five hundred pounds, and had by her one son and two daughters.

evidently falls into the opinion, which was pretty general at the time, that her death was caused by the jealousy of her husband. "As no person," he says, "entertained any doubt of his having poisoned her, the populace of his neighbourhood threatened to tear him in pieces as soon as he should come abroad; but he shut himself up to bewail her death, until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he distributed four times more burnt wine than had ever been drunk at any funeral in England." There were others who did not scruple to implicate the Duchess of York in this doubtful tragedy. The improbable suspicion, however, rests entirely on the lampoons of the time, one of which is said to have been actually affixed to the Duchess's door. Aubrey tells us authoritatively, though without adducing any evidence whatever, that Lady Denham was "poisoned by the hands of the Countess of Rochester with chocolate."

One argument against Lady Denham having met with unfair play, was the fact of the lingering nature of her indisposition. Pepys mentions his incidentally hearing of her illness as early as the 10th of November, 1666; whereas it is known that she did not expire till so late as the 7th January, 1667. The Duke of York, notwithstanding his cold nature and variable affections, is said to have been deeply distressed at her death. She was the second lady who was believed to have been poisoned by their husbands out of jealousy of the Duke. Sir John Denham survived his unhappy wife several years. He expired at his house at Whitehall, opposite the present Admiralty, in March, 1688, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the graves of Chaucer and Cowley.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

Summary of Etherege's Character—His Comedy of "The Comical Revenge"—Introduced to the private Parties of Charles—His Dramatic Writings—Libertinism of his Poetry—Marries a rich Widow to retrieve his Fortunes—His Necessities compel him to quit England—Retires to Ratisbon—His Witty Letter to the Duke of Buckingham—The German Widow—Sudden Death of Etherege—His Sprightliness and showy Person.

IF the Court of Charles the Second was the resort of all who were profligate and unprincipled, the King at least collected round his own person as much wit as the age could afford, as well as that kind of light and agreeable talent, which embellishes, if only with a superficial lustre, the grossness and stupidity of ordinary vice.

Among those, whom their genius or conversational talents had introduced to the royal circle, was Sir George Etherege. He was a man known affectionately among his own friends as Gentle George and Easy Etherege; and is still popular with posterity from his dramatic writings, as well as from some lighter productions of his accomplished and versatile mind. He is described by his contemporaries as one of the finest gentlemen who frequented the Court, and was certainly not without a considerable share of wit. Unfortunately, however, the profligacy of his life was exceeded only by the libertinism of his muse.

Sir George Etherege, who was born about the year 1636, is said to have been descended from an ancient family in Oxfordshire. There is reason to believe that he graduated at Cambridge. As regards his youth,

however, it is only certain that he travelled early in France, and that he entered himself, on his return, at one of the Inns of Court. The dry details of the law being but little suited to the vivacity of his disposition, he, not long afterwards, deserted the courts of law for those of pleasure and the muses. In 1664, we find him famous as the author of a successful comedy, "The Comic Revenge, or Love in a Tub."

The flattering reception fo his play, which was first acted at the Duke of York's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, as well as the reputation he had acquired for social humour and conversational talent, introduced him at once into the society of the court wits, and to the private parties of Charles. In dedicating his play to the gay Mæcenas of his time, Charles, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset,—“I could not,” he says, “have wished myself more fortunate than I have been, in the success of this poem: the writing of it was a means to make me known to your lordship; the acting of it has lost me no reputation; and the printing of it has now given me an opportunity to show you how much I honour you,” &c. Indolence was one of the many failings of the good-humoured poet. It was not till the year 1668, that he brought out his second and more finished comedy of “She would if She could;” and, moreover, nearly eight more years of idleness were allowed to elapse before he gave to the world his last and most celebrated production, “The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter,” which is still read and admired. According to a couplet in the Session of the Poets,—

“In the crying sin, Idleness, he was so hardened,
That his seven years’ silence was not to be pardoned.”

“The Man of Mode,” in consequence of the general

impression that existed at the time that the poet had introduced into it existing characters under fictitious names, excited the eager attention of his contemporaries. Sir Fopling Flutter was thought to be Beau Hewit, a famous fop of the period; Dorimont, Wilmot Earl of Rochester; and Medley, the Poet himself. Dean Lockier, on the other hand, who was personally acquainted with Etherege,* was of opinion, that it was the courtly Dorimont with whose character the poet intended to identify himself. "Sir George Etherege," he said, in conversation with Spence, "was as thorough a fop as ever I saw; he was exactly his own Sir Fopling Flutter, and yet he designed Dorimont, the genteel rake of wit, for his own picture."

The circumstance is characteristic of the easy morality of the period, that a play, which stands conspicuous for its immoral tendency, should have been dedicated to a woman of unblemished virtue, Mary of Modena, who afterwards shared the throne with James the Second. The "Man of Mode," however, is not so much to be reprobated for any offensive grossness of expression, as for that dangerous and insinuating libertinism, and that evident intention to extol vice and undermine virtue, which is the general character of all his productions.

"Here gentle Etherege and Sedley's muse,
Warm the coy maid and melting love infuse;
No unchaste words, with harsh offensive sound,
The tender ears of blushing virgins wound;
Nor thoughts, which nauseous images inspire,
And damp the glowing heat of warm desire:
But calm and easy the sweet numbers move,
And every verse is influenced by love."

Addicted, beyond all moderation, to wine, women, and

* Spence's Anecdotes, p. 116.

the gaming-table—with an impaired constitution and an impoverished purse—the poet is said to have paid his addresses to a rich widow, whose only merit in his eyes was the means she possessed of extricating him from his pecuniary difficulties. The lady, we are told, refused to marry him, unless he “could make her a lady.” Accordingly, he purchased the honour of Knighthood, and gave her in exchange for an easy competence, a ruined character and an empty title. The name of the lady to whom he united himself, as well as the tale of their married life, remain unrecorded. Whether Etherege squandered her wealth, or whether he was disappointed in obtaining possession of it, it is certain that, not long afterwards, his necessities compelled him to exile himself from his native country. Through the influence of the Duchess of York, he obtained the appointment of Minister at Ratisbon. According to Oldys, the wits, alluding to the well-known irregularities of his past life, observed humorously, that he was sent Ambassador to Rot-his-bones.*

There are extant two letters, addressed by him, during his residence at Ratisbon, to George Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, which not only abound with humour, but go far to illustrate the character of the libertine poet. The following extract is from a letter dated Ratisbon, 2nd October, 1689.† After reminding his Grace of the former incidents in their London life—of suppers spent in the society of Dorset and Sedley, and the smiles of past beauties,—Etherege thus proceeds: “I have been long enough in this town, one would think, to have made acquaintance enough with persons of both

* Oldys' MS. notes to Langbaine.

† As the Duke died considerably before this period, either the date must be a mistake, or the communication between Ratisbon and London must have been anything but rapid.

sexes, so as never to be at a loss how to pass the few vacant hours I can allow myself. But the terrible drinking that accompanies all our visits, hinders me from conversing with the men so often as I would otherwise do; and the German ladies are so intolerably reserved and virtuous, (with tears in my eyes I speak it to your Grace,) that it is next to an impossibility to carry on an intrigue with them. A man has so many scruples to conquer, and so many difficulties to surmount, before he can promise himself the least success, that for my part I have given over all pursuits of this nature: besides, so universal a spirit of censoriousness reigns in this town, that a man and woman cannot be seen at ombre or piquet together, but it is immediately concluded some other game has been played between them; and as this renders all manner of access to the ladies almost impracticable, for fear of exposing their reputation to the mercy of their ill-natured neighbours, so it makes an innocent piece of gallantry often pass for a criminal correspondence.

“So that to deal freely with your Grace, among so many noble and wealthy families as we have in this town, I can only pretend to be truly acquainted with one: the gentleman’s name was Monsieur Hoffman, a frank, hearty, jolly companion; his father, one of the most eminent wine merchants of the city, left him a considerable fortune, which he improved by marrying a French jeweller’s daughter, of Lyons. To give you his character in short, he was a sensible ingenious man, and had none of his country’s vices, which I impute to his having travelled abroad and seen Italy, France, and England. His lady is a most accomplished, ingenious person, and notwithstanding she is come into a place where so much formality and stiffness are practised, keeps up all the vivacity and air, and good humour of France.

"I had been happy in my acquaintance with this family for some months, when an ill-favoured accident robbed me of the greatest happiness I had hitherto enjoyed in Germany, the loss of which I can never sufficiently regret. Monsieur Hoffman, about three weeks ago, going to make merry with some friends, at a village some three leagues from this place, upon the Danube, by the unskilfulness or negligence of the waterman, the boat, wherein he was, unfortunately chanced to overset, and of some twenty persons not one escaped to bring home the news, but a boy that miraculously saved himself by holding fast to the rudder, and so by the rapidity of the current was cast upon the other shore.

"I was sensibly affected at the destiny of my worthy friend: and so indeed were all that had the honour of knowing him; but his wife took on so extravagantly, that she, in a short time, was the only talk both of city and country. She refused to admit any visits from her nearest relations; her chamber, her antechamber, and pro-ante-chamber were hung with black; nay the very candles, her fans, and tea-table wore the livery of grief; she refused all manner of sustenance, and was so averse to the thoughts of living, that she talked of nothing but death; in short, you may tell your ingenious friend, Monsieur de Saint Evremond, that Petronius's Ephesian matron, to whose story he has done so much justice in his noble translation, was only a type of our more obstinate, as well as unhappy German widow.

"About a fortnight after this cruel loss, (for I thought it would be labour lost to attack her grief in its first vehemence,) I thought myself bound, in point of honour and gratitude to the memory of my deceased friend, to make her a small visit, and condole with her ladyship upon this unhappy occasion; and though I had been

told that she had refused to see several persons, who had gone to wait on her with the same errand, yet I presumed so much upon the friendship her late husband had always expressed for me, (not to mention the particular civilities I had received from herself,) as to think I should be admitted to have a sight of her. Accordingly I came to her house, sent up my name, and word was immediately brought me, that, if I pleased, I might go up to her.

"When I came into the room, I fancied myself in the territories of Death, everything looked so gloomy, so dismal, and so melancholy. There was a grave Lutheran Minister with her, that omitted no arguments to bring her to a more composed and more Christian disposition of mind. 'Madam,' says he, 'you don't consider that by abandoning yourself thus to despair, you actually rebel against Providence.' 'I can't help it,' says she, 'Providence may even thank itself, for laying so insupportable a load upon me.' 'Oh, fie! Madam,' cries the other, 'this is downright impiety. What would you say now if Heaven should punish it by some more exemplary visitation?' 'That is impossible,' replies the lady sighing, 'and since it has robbed me of the only delight I had in this world, the only favour it can do me is to level a thunderbolt at my head, and put an end to all my sufferings.' The parson, finding her in this extravagant strain, and feeling no likelihood of persuading her to come to a better temper, got up from his seat and took his leave of her.

"It came to my turn now to try whether I was not capable of comforting her, and being convinced by so late an instance, that arguments brought from religion were not likely to work any extraordinary effects upon her, I resolved to attack her ladyship in a more sensible part,

and represent to her the great inconveniencies, not which her soul, but her body received from this inordinate sorrow.

“ ‘Madam,’ says I to her, ‘next to my concern for your worthy husband’s untimely death, I am grieved to see what an alteration the bemoaning of his loss has occasioned in you.’ These words raising her curiosity to know what this alteration was, I thus continued my discourse : ‘ In endeavouring, Madam, to extinguish, or at least to alleviate your grief, than which nothing can be more prejudicial to a beautiful woman, I intend a public benefit ; for if the public is interested, as most certainly it is, in the preserving of a beautiful face, that man does the public no little service who contributes most to its preservation.’

“ This odd beginning operated so wonderfully upon her, that she desired me to leave this general road of compliments, and explain myself more particularly to her. Upon this, delivering myself with an unusual air of gravity, which your grace knows I seldom carry about with me in the company of ladies, I told her that grief ruins the finest faces sooner than anything whatever ; and that as envy itself could not deny her face to be the most charming in the universe, so if she did not suffer herself to be comforted, she must soon expect to take a farewell of it. I confirmed this assertion by telling her of one of the finest women we ever had in England who did herself more injury in a fortnight’s time by lamenting only her brother’s death, than ten years could possibly have done ; that I had heard an eminent physician at Leyden say, that tears, having abundance of saline particles in them, not only spoiled the complexion, but hastened wrinkles. ‘ But, Madam,’ concluded I, ‘ why should I give myself the trouble to confirm this by foreign

instances, and by the testimonies of our most knowing doctors, when, alas! your own face so fully justifies the truth of what I have said to you.'

" 'How!' replied our disconsolate widow, with a sigh that came from the bottom of her heart, 'and is it possible that my just concern for my dear husband has wrought so cruel an effect upon me in a short time!' with that she ordered her gentlewoman to bring the looking-glass to her, and having surveyed herself a few minutes in it, she told me that she was perfectly convinced that my notions were true, but, cries she, 'what would you have us poor women to do in these cases? For something,' continued she, 'we owe to the memory of the deceased, and something too to the world, which expects at least the common appearance of grief from us.'

" 'By your leave, Madam,' says I, 'all this is a mistake, and no better; you owe nothing to your husband, since he is dead, and knows nothing of your lamentation; besides, could you shed an ocean of tears upon his hearse, it would not do him the least service; much less do you lie under any such obligations to the world, as to spoil a good face only to comply with its tyrannic customs; no, Madam, take care to preserve your beauty, and then let the world say what it pleases, your ladyship may be revenged upon the world whenever you see fit.' 'I am resolved,' answers she, 'to be entirely governed by you; therefore, tell me frankly what sort of a course you would have me steer.' 'Why, Madam,' says I, 'in the first place forget the defunct; and in order to bring that about, relieve Nature, to which you have been so long unmerciful, with the most exquisite meat and the most generous wines.' 'Upon condition you will sup with me,' replies our afflicted lady, 'I will submit to your prescription.' But why should I trouble your grace with

a narration of every particular! In short, we had a noble regale that evening in her bedchamber, and our good widow pushed the glass so strenuously about, that her comforter (meaning myself) could hardly find the way to his coach. To conclude this farce (which I am afraid now begins to be tedious to your grace), this Phoenix of her sex, this pattern of conjugal fidelity, two mornings ago was married to a smooth-chinned Ensign of Count Trautmandorf's regiment, that had not a farthing in the world but his pay to depend upon. I assisted at the ceremony, though I little imagined the lady would take the matrimonial receipt so soon.*

In the "Familiar Letters," are two epistles in verse, addressed by Etherege to the Earl of Middleton, during the residence of the poet at Ratisbon. Although they possess no particular merit, they are rendered agreeable enough from their entertaining ridicule of the German beauties; their pleasing recurrences to past times; and the manner in which the poet describes himself as spending his time:—

"Where, minding nothing all the day,
And all the night too, you will say;
To make grave legs in formal fetters,
Converse with fops and write dull letters;
To go to bed 'twixt eight and nine,
And sleep away my precious time;
In such an idle sneaking place,
Where vice and folly hide their face."

The manner of Etherege's death was characteristic of the life which he had led. According to Oldys, whose account is confirmed by the writers of the "Biographia Britannica," he had been entertaining some friends, and,

* Villiers, Duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii. p. 132.

having drunk to intoxication, was proceeding, with lights in his hands, to show his guests from his apartments, when he lost his balance, and, tumbling headlong down stairs, broke his neck in the fall. He died at Ratisbon, according to Dennis, either in 1693 or 1694. The year 1688, however, seems to be the last in which any evidence of his existence can be traced in the records of his native country.

By his wife, Etherege is believed to have left no children. By the beautiful actress, Mrs. Barry, to whom poor Otway addresses his six well-known pathetic letters, he left one daughter, on whom he contrived to settle six or seven thousand pounds. The child, however, did not long live to benefit by the provision.*

In the words of Oldys, Sir George Etherege was "a man of much courtesy and delicate address." Profligacy, sprightliness, and good humour, seem to have been his principal characteristics. In person he is described as a "fair, slender, and genteel man," and his face is said to have been handsome. In later times, however, his comeliness is reported to have been spoiled by the effect of intemperance and the exceeding irregularity of his career.

* Oldys, MS. Notes to Langbaine, p. 136, Biog. Brit. on the authority of John Bowman, the actor, who was acquainted with Etherege.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Parentage of Sir Charles—Waller's Epitaph on his Mother—Sedley's first Appearance at Court—His Reception among the Wits—Insidious Libertinism of his Poetry—His Dramatic Writings—Narrowly escapes being Crushed to Death—His famous Frolic in Covent Garden—Kynaston the Actor—Sedley reforms his Conduct—His Daughter the Countess of Dorchester—Witty Speech of Sir Charles—His Death.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY was another of those gifted profligates of whom the Court of Charles was so prolific. Like Etherege, he was no less distinguished by his wit and vivacity in social life, than by his reckless pursuit of pleasure. Their poetry, moreover, is characterised by the same insinuating and poisonous sweetness. It was to this fraternity of libertinism that Evelyn alludes in his imitation of one of Ovid's Elegies,—

"While fathers are severe, and servants cheat,
Sedley and easy Etherege will be great."

Again, in a couplet already quoted, we find,—

"Here gentle Etherege and Sedley's Muse
Warm the coy maid, and melting love infuse."

Sir Charles Sedley was born at Aylesford in Kent, about the year 1639. He was the grandson of Sir William Sedley, Baronet, who founded the Sedleian Lecture of Natural Philosophy at Oxford, and son of Sir John Sedley, also a Kentish Baronet. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Saville, the learned Provost of Eton, whose fortune and talents she seems to

have inherited. Waller wrote her epitaph in beautiful verse, though the ideas are apparently borrowed from Grotius : *—

“ Here lies the learned Saville’s heir,
So early wise, and lasting fair,
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.”

According to Anthony Wood, her promising son was entered, at the age of seventeen, a Fellow Commoner of Wadham College, Oxford. After remaining a due time at the University, he retired to his father’s house, where he continued till the Restoration.

The poet first appeared at Court about the year 1667. In the brilliant assemblage of wit and humour which Charles assembled round his person, there was no one who was more courted for his society, or admired for his talents. The King, who especially delighted in his convivial qualities, observed of his favourite, that “ Nature had given him a patent to be Apollo’s Viceroy.” †

Sedley’s poetry has at least the merit of being free from these obscene expressions, which sully, if they do not entirely degrade, the pages of Suckling, Rochester, and other libertine versifiers of the age. In that more dangerous art, which, while it offends not the taste, insensibly kindles the imagination, he was certainly a pernicious adept. The Duke of Buckingham called it “ Sedley’s witchcraft,” and Lord Rochester writes on the subject,—

“ For songs and verses, mannerly obscene,
That can stir nature up by springs unseen ;
And, without forcing blushes, warm the quean—

* *Unica lux sæcli, genitoris gloria, nemo
Quem puerum, nemo credidit esse senem.*

“ *Criteria of Plagiarism.*” (*Rambler*, No. 143.)

† Scott’s Dryden, vol. iv. p. 438.

Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
 That can, with a resistless charm, impart
 The loosest wishes to the chastest heart ;
 Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
 Betwixt declining virtue and desire ;
 Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
 In dreams all night, and sighs and tears all day."

Langhorne, in his "Effusions of Fancy," considers that these verses rather allude to Sedley's "personal address" than to the witchery of his writings. The critic, however, could scarcely have paid any attention to the commencing line.

Sedley appears to have been no less popular with his brother poets, than with the fashionable and high-born hangers-on of the Court. Dryden dedicated to him his "Assignation," and Shadwell grows warm when he speaks of his brilliant conversational powers. "I have heard him," he says, "*speak* more wit at a supper, than all his adversaries could have *written* in a year."

Sir Charles, in addition to his agreeable lyrics, was the author of several plays. The latter, indeed, have little merit, but, as they suited the taste of the age, they obtained an ephemeral popularity. His tragedy of "Anthony and Cleopatra" was first acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1667 ; his "Mulberry Garden," a comedy, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1668, and his "Bellamira, or the Mistress," in 1687. It was during the performance of the latter play at the King's House, that an unfortunate accident happened. The roof of the theatre suddenly fell in, and, singularly enough, Sedley himself was one of those who had the narrowest escape from destruction. Sir Fleetwood Shepherd* told him, that there was so

* Sir Fleetwood Shepherd was the friend and patron of Prior,—who has inscribed two of his smaller poems to him,—and one of the gay companions of Charles II. He was the son of William Shepherd of

much fire in the piece, that it blew up the poet, house, audience and all. "No," replied Sedley, "it was so heavy that it broke the house down, and buried the poet in his own rubbish."* Sir Charles was also the author of "Beauty the Conqueror," a tragedy; and, apparently, of two other dramatic pieces which have occasionally been attributed to him.

Profligate and debauched Sedley certainly was. His disgraceful frolic at the Cock Tavern, in Bow Street, Covent Garden, on which his genius has conferred an unfortunate notoriety, is not only too indecent to bear repetition, but was an insult even to the age in which he lived. The mob attempted to break open the doors, and, in the riot which ensued, Sedley, Sir Thomas Ogle, and Lord Buckhurst, "the best good man," nearly lost their lives. They were taken before the Court of Common Pleas, where a heavy fine was inflicted upon them, the penalty imposed on Sedley being no less than five hundred pounds. When placed at the bar, Sir Robert Hyde, the Lord Chief Justice, in commenting on the offence, inquired sarcastically of Sedley if he had ever read the "Complete Gentleman?" The reply of the culprit was impudent enough;—"I believe," he said, "I have read more books than your Lordship."† Sedley and his fellow criminals, it seems, employed Killegrew, and another courtier, to intercede with the King for a mitigation of

Great Rowldright in Oxfordshire; was entered a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, and soon after became a Student at Christ Church. At the Restoration he contrived to introduce himself to the wits, and, becoming Steward to Nell Gwynn, was thence admitted to the society of Charles. He was afterwards received into favour by King William, in whose household he held the appointments of Gentleman Usher, Daily Waiter, and afterwards Usher of the Black Rod.

* Life of Sedley. Attached to his Works, London, 1778.

† Anthony Wood, Life of Himself, p. 187.

their fine. Instead, however, of exerting themselves in the cause of friendship, they are said to have begged the amount from the King for themselves, and actually to have extorted it to the last penny.

Another unwarrantable exploit of Sir Charles Sedley is related by Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine. "There was a great resemblance," he says, "in the shape and features, between him and Kynaston the actor, who once got some laced clothes made exactly after a suit Sir Charles wore, who therefore got him well caned. Sir Charles's emissary pretending to take Kynaston for Sir Charles, quarrelled with him in St. James's Park, and beat him as Sir Charles. When some of his friends, in pity to the man, reproved Sir Charles for it, he told them that they misplaced their pity, and that it was himself they should bestow it on; that Kynaston's bones would not suffer so much as his reputation; for all the town believed it was him that was thrashed, and suffered such a public disgrace."

To have been mistaken for Kynaston could scarcely have conveyed a reproach. He was the handsomest man of his time, and his celebrity as an actor has scarcely yet faded. Before it was the fashion to admit women on the stage, he was generally selected, from the exceeding delicacy of his features, for the personification of female characters. Later in life, we are surprised to hear of his "lion-like majesty" in "Don Sebastian," and of his representation of a tyrant being "truly terrible."

In connection with Kynaston's delineation of female characters, an amusing anecdote is related. Charles the Second, happening one evening to enter the theatre rather earlier than usual, found the actors unprepared to commence their parts. A messenger was of course despatched to inquire the reason of the delay, on which the

manager immediately presented himself before the royal box. Believing, from his knowledge of the King's character, that the best excuse would be the true one, he fairly told his Majesty that the Queen was not yet *shaved*. Charles, with his usual good-humour, was amused at the excuse, which entertained him till the performances commenced. "In a word," says Colley Cibber, the relator of the anecdote, "Kynaston at that time was so beautiful a youth, that the ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park, in his theatrical habit, after the play; which, in those days, they might have sufficient time to do, because plays then were used to begin at four o'clock, the hour that people of the same rank are now going to dinner."*

To return to Sir Charles Sedley. A happy revolution of conduct is said to have followed his unfortunate exploit in Bow Street. He is described as having suddenly become more serious, and as henceforth applying himself sedulously to business. In the Long Parliament we find him returned as the representative of New Romney, in Kent; and also, a second time, in the reign of James the Second, when he distinguished himself by his opposition to the Court. He seems to have been a frequent speaker during the reign of King William. In 1691, on a motion upon the Civil List, we find him inveighing against exorbitant pensions and unnecessary salaries; the patriot not unprobably having been disappointed in securing either one or the other. His speeches, or at least quite a sufficient number of them, will be found among his "Works."

* The date of Kynaston's death is unknown; he continued on the stage, however, till the latter end of the reign of King William, or the commencement of the reign of Queen Anne.

Sir Charles, as is well known, was the father of the famous Catherine Sedley, afterwards Countess of Dorchester, whose story will be related in our Memoirs of the following reign. Sedley, libertine as he was, is said to have been so shocked at the disreputable connection between his daughter and King James, that, although indebted to his sovereign for many favours, he promoted the Revolution with so much eagerness, that his patriotism was thought to have originated in private rancour. After William and Mary had mounted the throne, Sedley was one day asked why he appeared so inflamed against the late King, to whom he had been under so many obligations?—"I hate ingratitude," he said, "and therefore, as the King has made *my* daughter a Countess, I will endeavour to make *his* daughter a Queen."

Sir Charles Sedley is commonly reported to have died about the year 1722, at the age of eighty-two or eighty-three.* Without, however, making any attempt to fix the actual date of his decease, it may be mentioned that this is evidently a mistake. In the edition of his works published by his friend and relative Captain Ayloffe, in 1702, the latter, throughout his preface, distinctly speaks of the poet as being no more. Ayloffe pays a pleasing tribute to the friend whom he has lost. "He was a man," he says, "of the first class of wit and gallantry; his friendship was courted by everybody; and nobody went out of his company but pleased and improved; time added but very little to Nature, and he was everything that an English gentleman could be. The correct date of Sir Charles Sedley's death seems to be the 20th August, 1701.

* Biog. Brit., Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Sir Charles had only one daughter born in wedlock ; the too celebrated lady whom we have already mentioned. He was the father, however, of three natural children ; a son, who bore the name of Charles Sedley, alias Ascough, and two daughters. On his natural children he settled a portion of some estates, which he possessed both in Kent and Essex.*

* Oldys, MS. notes to Langbaine, p. 486.

THOMAS KILLEGREW.

Killegrew's Position as a Courtier—Appointed Resident of Charles II., at Venice—The Venetians are scandalised at his Vices—His questionable Loyalty—His Dramatic Writings—His Appointment as "King's Jester"—Exercises a praise-worthy Influence over Charles—Anecdotes—His son, Henry Killegrew the younger—Libertinism of this Person—He is twice personally Chastised—Notice of Sir William Killegrew—Of Dr. Henry Killegrew—Anecdote of the latter—His gifted Daughter, Anne Killegrew—Her Genius for Poetry and Painting—Her Death—Notice of the last of the Killegrews.

THE name of Killegrew is a familiar one in the annals of the Court of England from the reign of Henry the Eighth to that of the second James. The subject of the present memoir was the son of Sir Robert Killegrew, Chamberlain to Queen Henrietta Maria. He was born at Hanworth, in Middlesex, in February, 1611. The interest of his father at Court obtained his appointment as page of honour to Charles the First, and, as he ever continued a favourite with that virtuous monarch, it is improbable that the profligacy, for which he was afterwards so notorious, should have been early imbibed, or, at least, that it was at this time prominently exhibited.

During the exile of Charles the Second, Killegrew was not only in constant attendance on his person, but appears to have been the principal panderer to his pleasures. In 1651, notwithstanding the opposition of the King's advisers, he was appointed by Charles his Resi-

dent at Venice, with the object of borrowing money from the English merchants in that city. According to Lord Clarendon, his conduct, during his residence in the dominions of the Republic, reflected credit neither on his own character, nor on the sovereign of whom he was the representative. At length the Venetians, scandalised at his vices, complained to Charles of his conduct through their Ambassador at Paris, and insisted on his departure from their territories. As Killegrew, however, on his return, brought with him a company of Italian singers, which added considerably to the amusement of the exiled Court, the reprimand which he received is unlikely to have been severe: indeed, in all probability, the whole affair was treated as a jest.

Killegrew, notwithstanding he was a courtier, has usually had the credit of having been a faithful adherent of his sovereign, and devotedly attached to his interests. From a passage, however, in Thurloe's voluminous State Papers, it seems very questionable whether these encomiums were deserved. There seems to be little doubt, indeed, that, notwithstanding the confidential situation which he held in the household of Charles, Killegrew was in fact in the pay of Cromwell, and an unprincipled spy upon the actions of his royal master. Downing, Cromwell's resident at the Hague, in a letter to Thurloe, dated October, 1658, thus alludes to a surreptitious visit which had been recently paid by the exiled monarch to the Dutch Court. "As for Charles Stuart having been in Holland, surely you had my memorial thereof: at the very time, I had an account from one Killegrew, of his bedchamber, of every place where he was, and the time, with his stay and company, of which also I gave you an account in mine of the last post: he vowed that it was a journey of pleasure, and that none of the States

General, nor any person of note, of Amsterdam, came to him.”*

During his residence at Venice, Killegrew had found leisure for several literary undertakings, as well as for the mere pursuit of pleasure. He was the author of ten plays, of which six were composed either at Venice, or amidst the gay society of the exiled Court. Sir John Denham says of him on his return from the Republic:—

“Our resident Tom
From Venice is come,
And has left all the statesmen behind him ;
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich ;
And just where you left him, you find him.

But who says he's not
A man of much plot,
May repent of this false accusation ;
Having plotted and penned
Six *plays* to attend
On the *farce* of his negotiation.”

The conversational talents of Killegrew are said to have been of a high order ; while, on the other hand, his contemporary, Cowley, who was eminently his superior in genius, is spoken of as having been a dull companion. Accordingly, Denham writes:—

“Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killegrew ne'er writ,
Combined in one they'd make a matchless wit.”

At the Restoration, Killegrew was appointed a Groom of the Bedchamber to the King, and Master of the Revels. For many years he continued, by his wit and humour, as successfully to promote the hilarities of a brilliant Court, as he had formerly contributed to raise the spirits of a

* Thurloe's State Papers, vol. vii. p. 418.

deserted one. Charles delighted in his society, and never failed to laugh at his jests. He even good-naturedly submitted to be the object of his satire, and admitted him to freedoms and familiarities, on which few others would have been bold enough to presume. De Grammont bears testimony to his wit, and particularly applauds his happy and graceful manner of relating a story.

It would appear by Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, that Killegrew held a regular appointment as "King's Jester" to Charles the Second. Pepys also inserts in his Diary (1667-8)—"Mr. Brisbane tells me, in discourse, that Tom Killegrew hath a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of King's Fool or Jester, and may revile or jeer anybody, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place." After every consideration, however, it seems unlikely that he held an official appointment of this nature. His facetious humour, his constant flow of spirits, and well-known familiarity with the King, probably obtained for him the undignified title.

Killegrew, notwithstanding his own failings, is said, on more than one occasion, to have laudably exercised his influence over Charles, in order to divert him from that insane pursuit of pleasure, to which the King was so culpably addicted. "I was told," says Pepys, "by Mr. Pierce, as a great truth,—as being told it by Mr. Cowley, who was by and heard it,—that Tom Killegrew should publicly tell the King that his matters were coming to a very ill state: but yet there was a way to help all. Says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles

Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you could give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.'"

On another occasion, Killegrew, entering the King's apartment, habited like a pilgrim, gravely informed his Majesty that he was about to undertake a very long journey. Charles inquired whither he was going? "*To Hell*,"—was the unceremonious reply:—"I am going," he said, "to speak to the Devil to send back Oliver Cromwell to take charge of the affairs of England, for, as to his successor, he is always employed in other business."

Another characteristic anecdote is related of Killegrew. Charles, engrossed with his pleasures and his mistresses, had latterly refrained from attending the council-table, notwithstanding the most pressing business required hourly his attention and despatch. On one occasion, the Council having assembled, and the King, as usual, not making his appearance, the Duke of Lauderdale, a man of a hasty temper, suddenly quitted his colleagues, and hastened personally to remonstrate with his sovereign. His entreaties, however, were of no avail, and accordingly the Duke retired in anger. On quitting the presence-chamber he encountered Killegrew, to whom he declaimed in strong terms on the King's neglect of his affairs. Killegrew, desiring him to be pacified, offered to lay him a wager of a hundred pounds that Charles would attend the council in less than half an hour. Lauderdale thought proper to accept the bet, and shortly afterwards rejoined his colleagues. In the meantime, Killegrew, entering the King's apartment, related to his Majesty all that had just passed. "I know," he said, "that your Majesty hates Lauderdale, and it is only the necessity of your affairs which induces you to be civil to him. Now,

if you choose to get rid of him you have only to go this once to council:—I know his covetous disposition so well, that, rather than pay this hundred pounds, I am satisfied he would hang himself in spite, and never plague you again." It was impossible for Charles to help smiling:—"Well, then, Killegrew," he replied, "I *positively* will go." He kept his word, and the wager was won.

The dramatic writings of Killegrew have already been mentioned. They are but seldom read, and, indeed, are scarcely remembered. Of his ten plays, the one which possesses the greatest merit is "The Parson's Wedding," published in Dodsley's Collection. The fact is somewhat remarkable that, before the Restoration no woman had appeared upon the stage, and yet this comedy was acted by women only. "The Parson's Wedding" was formerly much admired, but the plot, which is otherwise excellent, appears to have been borrowed from Shakerly Marmion's comedy of "The Antiquary." In 1660, when Charles licensed the two theatres, the Bull, in Vere Street, Clare Market (afterwards removed to Drury Lane), and the other in Dorset Garden, Killegrew became patentee of the former.* The one was called the King's Company, the other the Duke's. The passion for the stage, which Killegrew shared with the rest of his family, appears to have been imbibed in childhood. When very young, in order to obtain admittance to the theatre, he used to wait outside the doors, till one of the actors, as was then usual, used to come forward, and inquire which of the boys would act the devil. Young Killegrew invariably enlisted himself, and thus witnessed the performance for nothing.†

* Biog. Dram., vol. i. p. 21.

† Pepys, vol. i. p. 176.

Killegrew was twice married. His first wife was Cecilia, daughter of Sir Henry Croft, of Suffolk, a maid of honour to Henrietta Maria. Her successor was a Dutch lady, whose name has not been recorded. By the former of these ladies, he was the father of Henry Killegrew, commonly called "the younger," a person who seems to have inherited the libertinism, and a portion of the wit, of his father, but to have been totally deficient in the natural strong sense which distinguished the elder Killegrew. Pepys met him at dinner, at Foxhall, in 1668, on which occasion he astonished the sober secretary by his wild wit and the obscenity of his conversation. Pepys calls him as very a rogue as any in town, and ready to catch hold of every woman who came near him.

In 1667, the misdeeds of the younger Killegrew obtained for him a severe chastisement from the Duke of Buckingham, who publicly deprived him of his sword at the King's Theatre, and beat him till he begged for his life. Although we are left in ignorance of the particulars of the affair, we glean from Pepys that he richly deserved the punishment.

Two years afterwards, in 1669, we find Henry Killegrew receiving another and far severer castigation. According to De Grammont, he had been peculiarly favoured by the debauched Lady Shrewsbury, a distinction of which he was so extremely proud, as to boast in all societies of his conquest. "He possessed," says Count Hamilton, "a great deal of wit, and still more eloquence, which more particularly displayed itself when a little elevated with wine, when he would indulge in the most glowing descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's charms." The picture which he thus drew excited the curiosity of the Duke of Buckingham; the result of which was, that having

declared himself the lady's ardent admirer, the loquacious Killegrew was unceremoniously dismissed. Exasperated beyond all measure, he was silly enough to indulge in the most abusive invectives, and, though warned of the inconveniences to which his indiscretion might expose him, he persisted in his intemperate abuse. Neither Buckingham nor his new mistress were persons to be trifled with: and accordingly, as Killegrew, some days afterwards, was returning in a hackney coach from Turnham Green, he was stopped by a number of ruffians who had been hired for the occasion. In the course of the unequal affray that followed, Killegrew's servant was killed, and he himself received as many as nine wounds. Lady Shrewsbury had previously repaired to the spot, and was a witness of the struggle from her coach window. The Duke of Buckingham assured the King that it had been only intended to beat him, but that Killegrew rushing on his assailants with his sword, the chastisement had necessarily been more severe than had been contemplated. There is a slight difference in De Grammont's account of the affray, who moreover places the scene in St. James's Park.

Of the subsequent career of the younger Killegrew we have no account. His father, the principal subject of the present memoir, lived to a good old age, dying at Whitehall, in his seventy-second year, on the 19th March, 1682. His remains were interred on the north side of Westminster Abbey, in the cross aisle.

There were two brothers of the elder Killegrew, who, like himself, were distinguished by their dramatic genius and conversational humour, and whose names occur too frequently in the annals of the Court of Charles, not to demand a passing notice. Of these, Sir William Killegrew, the elder brother, was born at Hanworth, in

May, 1605. He was educated at St. John's College, Oxford, and, on quitting the University, made a tour on the continent. On his return he was made governor of Pendennis Castle and Falmouth Haven, with the command of the Militia in the western part of Cornwall. Shortly afterwards he was knighted, and appointed by Charles I. one of the gentlemen ushers of his Privy Chamber. During the civil wars he held some important military situations, and was a considerable sufferer in the royal cause. At the Restoration he was reinstated in his old post of Gentleman Usher, and shortly afterwards was appointed Vice-Chamberlain to Catherine of Braganza, in which situation he continued twenty-two years. About the period that he quitted the Court, he published a curious work reflecting on the vanity of human wishes, with the following quaint title, "The artless Midnight Thoughts of a Gentleman at Court, who for many years built on sand, which every blast of cross fortune has defaced; but now he has laid new foundations on the Rock of his Salvation," &c. The exact date of his decease is unknown. It is certain, however, that he was alive at the commencement of 1693, having then attained to his eighty-ninth year. "He now," (July, 1693) says Anthony Wood, "lies in Westminster Abbey, with his brother, Dr. Henry Killegrew." He was the author of five indifferent plays; which, however, received the commendation of Waller, and enjoyed a certain amount of popularity in their day.

Henry Killegrew, D.D., the youngest son of Sir Robert Killegrew, was born at Hanworth, on the 11th February, 1612, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Having taken orders, he was appointed a chaplain to the army, which situation he afterwards held in the household of the young Duke of York; besides

obtaining a prebendal stall at Westminster. Like his brothers, he was a considerable sufferer in the great Rebellion, but at the Restoration was restored to his prebend, and obtained the Rectorship of Wheathamsted, in Hertfordshire. He was subsequently appointed Almoner to the Duke of York, and Master of the Savoy.

Like his brothers, also, Henry Killegrew was a man of humour, and a favourite at Court. Lord Dartmouth remarks, in one of his MS. notes to Burnet's History: "I have heard my uncle say, (who was a Groom of the Bedchamber,) the first proof the courtiers had of Lord Clarendon being out of favour, was Harry Killegrew's mimicking him before the King; which he would do in a very ridiculous manner, by carrying the bellows about the room, instead of a purse, and another before him with a shovel for a mace, and could counterfeit his voice and style very exactly." Lord Dartmouth may probably have been mistaken in the Christian name of the perpetrator of the jest. The author of it is more likely to have been Thomas Killegrew, whose facetiousness has been already recorded.

Henry Killegrew was the writer of a volume of sermons, and of one play, "The Conspiracy," which was composed at the early age of seventeen. It was intended to have been performed before Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, at York House, on the occasion of the nuptials of Lord Charles Herbert and Lady Mary Villiers. This play, which obtained the commendation of Ben Jonson, and also of the celebrated Lord Falkland, was afterwards acted at the Theatre in Black Friars.* Henry Killegrew

* "The Conspiracy" was originally printed without the consent of its author, in 1638. Later in life, Killegrew improved it considerably, and in 1653, under the name of "Pallantus and Eudora," again brought it before the public.

lived to a good old age, though the year of his death is unknown. He was, however, certainly living as late as 1693.

One word remains to be said respecting his pious, charming, and gifted daughter, Anne Killegrew, the beauty, the poetess, and the painter. She was born about the year 1660 in St. Martin's Lane, London, and at an early age was appointed a Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. Wood says of her, that she was "a Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit." Ballard also observes,—“Her engaging and polite accomplishments were the least of her attainments; for she crowned all with an exemplary piety towards God, in the due observance of the duties of religion, which she began to practise in the early part of her life.”* Even Horace Walpole condescends to speak in her favour, though, at the same time, he cannot help indulging in one of his usual sneers. After alluding to her early promise, and the likelihood of her becoming one of the “fairest ornaments” of her accomplished family,—“Dryden,” he proceeds, “has celebrated her genius for painting and poetry in a very long ode, in which the rich stream of his numbers has hurried along with it all that his luxuriant fancy produced in his way: it is an harmonious hyperbole composed of the fall of Adam, Arethusa, Vestal Virgins, Diana, Cupid, Noah's Ark, the Pleiades, the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the last Assizes.”† Notwithstanding Walpole's sarcasm, however, there are some lines in this singular Ode that are worthy of Dryden himself. He says of her,—

“Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply,

* *Memoirs of Celebrated Ladies*, p. 339.

† *Anecdotes of Painting; Walpole's Works*, vol. iii. p. 297.

So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy;
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seemed borrowed where 'twas only born."

And again,—

"Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled,
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child."

Walpole, who gives her more credit for her painting than for her poetry, quotes a remark of Vertue's, who, in speaking of some of her paintings, observes,—“These pictures I saw, but can say little.” Her performances were in history, portrait, and landscape. It also appears by Dryden's Ode, that both the Duke and Duchess of York sat to her for their pictures. Her career was as brief as it was interesting. She died of the small-pox, in her twenty-fifth year, at her father's apartments in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, on the 16th June, 1685. She was buried in the Savoy Chapel, where a handsome monument may still be seen to her memory. Her poems were published in a thin quarto the year after her decease.

The last of the Killebrews who seems to have distinguished himself, and who probably closed the career of an accomplished race, was Thomas Killebrew, a gentleman of the bedchamber to George the Second, when Prince of Wales, and the author of a pleasing comedy called “Chit-Chat.” Owing to the exertions of the Duke of Argyle, and the numerous influential friends of its author, the profits of this play, on its being first presented at Drury Lane, are said to have amounted to upwards of a thousand pounds. Thomas Killebrew died in July, 1719, and was buried at Kensington.

WILLIAM CHIFFINCH.

Connection of William and Thomas Chiffinch with the scandalous Annals of the Court—Notice of Thomas—Peculiar Duties of William Chiffinch—The "Spy Office"—Notice of Edward Progers, another confidant of the royal intrigues—Residence of this Person in Bushy Park—Peculiar Circumstances which attended his Death.

THERE were two brothers of the name of Chiffinch, William and Thomas, who are both intimately connected with the scandalous annals of the Court of Charles. They are generally confounded together; nor is it an easy task to separate the story of the one from that of the other. They both held appointments in the royal household, and were both men of pleasure. It seems, however, to have been William Chiffinch, (whose name has been rendered classical by Sir Walter Scott,*) who is so frequently mentioned by his contemporaries as the depositor of the secrets, and the panderer to the pleasures, of Charles. Whichever it may have been, the elder brother, Thomas, as he died the earliest, and as his story was the briefest, shall be dismissed the first.

The little that can be gleaned respecting Thomas Chiffinch is scanty and unsatisfactory in the extreme: that little, however, is not unfavourable to his character. He was probably a man of taste, since Charles entrusted him with the care of his collection of curiosities, which Evelyn says might have been made as famous as the

* In Peveril of the Peak.

fidential post by James. Among other intrigues to which he was a party during this reign, we find the Secret Committee,—appointed to watch over the interests of the Roman Catholics in England,—assembling in the apartments of Chiffinch at Whitehall. It was to these apartments, also, that the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was brought by water from the Tower, previous to his being admitted to his last and memorable interview with James.

Lord Dartmouth, in one of his notes to Burnet's History, adverts incidentally to his having held a conversation with Chiffinch—a circumstance only so far of importance, as showing that he must have survived his royal master, King Charles, for some years; Lord Dartmouth not having been born till the year 1672, and apparently not having been a very young man at the time when the conversation took place. It may be mentioned that, in a letter from a Mr. Shaw to Lawrence Earl of Rochester, dated 13th July, 1691, there is a report of his having died at "Philberts."* There is a portrait of William Chiffinch at Gorhambury.

Another disreputable hanger-on of the profligate court of Charles was EDWARD PROGERS, the confidant of the royal intrigues, and one of the principal panderers to the pleasures of his sovereign. Andrew Marvell says in his "Instructions to a Painter,"—

"Then the procurers under Progers filed,
Gentlest of men, and his lieutenant mild."†

Progers, who was a gentleman by birth, appears to have held a confidential situation about the Court at least

* See Clarendon and Rochester Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 340.

† Henry Brounker. See the next memoir.

as early as 1646, when Charles was Prince of Wales. In that year, we find him entrusted by Henrietta Maria with a very important letter to her son's advisers, in which she strongly recommended the Prince's removal from Scilly, either into Jersey or France.* Probably he was a relative of Henry Progers, one of the assassins of Ascham, the Ambassador of the English Commonwealth at the Court of Madrid.†

At the Restoration, Progers was appointed a groom of the bedchamber, and was also intended by Charles to have been one of the Knights of his projected order of the Royal Oak. According to Horace Walpole, he had permission to build a house in the royal park at Bushy, on condition that after his death it should lapse to the Crown. This is known to have been what is now called the Upper Lodge, in Bushy Park. We have the authority of Le Neve, that Progers died either on the 31st December, 1712, or 1st January, 1713, at the patriarchal age of ninety-six. "He died," says Le Neve, "of the anguish of cutting his teeth, he having cut four new teeth, and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums, that he died thereof." He was buried at Hampton, in Middlesex, where his monument, at the recent demolition of the old church, was accidentally discovered.

* Clarendon's Rebellion, vol. v. p. 363.

† See Oldmixon, p. 385; Clarendon, vol. vi. p. 444.

HENRY BROUNKER.

Parentage of this Person—His Mother's Attachment to the Gaming-table—Brounker's exceeding Libertinism—His Skill at Chess—His Conduct during the War with the Dutch—Dismissed from the Duke of York's household—Ordered to be impeached by the House of Commons—His Death and Burial—Notice of his brother, Lord Brounker—Death of that Nobleman.

THIS shameless libertine, according to Lord Clarendon, was remarkable for his impudence, his profligacy, and his skill at chess. He was gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Duke of York, and held the same equivocal position about his Royal Highness's person, that was occupied by Chiffinch and Progers near that of his brother Charles. He was a younger brother of William, second Lord Brounker, Viscount of Castle Lyons, whom he succeeded in his title. Their father was Sir William Brounker, Commissary-general in the Scotch expedition of 1639, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles I., and Vice-Chamberlain to Charles II., when Prince of Wales. On the 12th of September, 1645, Charles I. created him Viscount of Castle Lyons in Ireland; an honour which he only lived to enjoy a few weeks, dying at Wadham College, Oxford, in the middle of November following.

The mother of the libertine was Winifred, daughter of William Leigh, Esq., of Newenham, in Warwickshire, famous among her contemporaries for her attachment to the gaming-table, and the grand scale on which she practised the vice. Aubrey says,—“She was an extraordi-

nary gamester, and played all gold play; she kept the box herself. Mr. Arundel, brother of the Lord Wardour, made a song on the characters of the nobility. Among others I remember this,—

Here's a health to my Lady Brounker,
And the best card in her hand;
And a health to my lord her husband,
With ne'er a foot of land."

Brounker, easy and good-tempered as he is generally described to have been, is commonly spoken of, *par excellence*, as the most unprincipled libertine of his day. "Of all the men at Court," says De Grammont, "Brounker had the least esteem for the fair sex, and the least regard to their reputation. He was not young, and his person was disagreeable; however, with a great deal of wit, he had a violent passion for women. He did himself justice respecting his own merit, and, being persuaded that he could only succeed with females who were desirous of having his money, he carried on open war with all the rest." De Grammont, Pepys, and Lord Clarendon, alike give him credit for his remarkable skill at chess.

It was evidently owing either to his cowardice or to his folly, that the Dutch escaped a complete defeat, in the great naval engagement of 1665. After one of the hottest actions recorded in naval warfare, night having closed on the two fleets, the Dutch, who had undoubtedly suffered the most severely of the two in the encounter, moved off from the scene of action. A council of war was held in the English fleet, at which the Duke's personal friends, either trembling for their master's safety or for their own, urged him to rest satisfied with the advantage he had obtained, and to abstain from pursuing the enemy. Cowardice, however, was not a fault of James, and accordingly, disregarding their pusillanimous

counsel, he gave orders to set all sail, and also directed that he should be called as soon as the Dutch fleet appeared in sight. In the course of the night, however, it seems that Brounker presented himself to the English Admiral, Sir William Penn, with directions, as if from the Duke, that he should slacken sail. Penn, it is said, was astonished at receiving such orders, but nevertheless obeyed them. According to Bishop Burnet, "When the Duke had slept, he, upon his waking, went out on the quarter-deck, and seemed amazed to see the sails slackened, and that thereby all hope of overtaking the Dutch was lost. He questioned Penn upon it. Penn put it upon Brounker, who said nothing. The Duke denied that he had given any such order; but he neither punished Brounker for carrying it, nor Penn for obeying it. He indeed put Brounker out of his service; and it was said that he durst do no more, because he was so much in the King's favour, and in the mistress's." *

The whole of this affair, excepting as regards the conduct of Brounker, is involved in mystery. According to Lord Clarendon, it was not till some years afterwards that the Duke was made acquainted with Brounker's untoward interference. At all events, it is certain that the latter was not dismissed from the Duke's household till after two years had elapsed;† and even then, his dismissal was not on account of his extraordinary conduct after the action with the Dutch, but for words spoken disrespectfully of Lord Clarendon. According to Pepys, every one was glad of his disgrace, for he adds,—“He was a pestilent rogue and atheist, and one that would have sold his King and country for sixpence almost, so corrupt and wicked was he by all men's report.” Again, it was

* The Duchess of Cleveland.

† Pepys, vol. ii. p. 115.

not till 1668, three years after the action, that Browner's conduct became so openly talked of, as to lead to an investigation in Parliament. That the Duke, during this long interval, should have been in utter ignorance of Browner's conduct, appears incredible; indeed, the more so, as it would seem to have been generally canvassed at the time. Sir John Denham, in his "Directions to a Painter," published as early as 1667, has the following lines:—

"Now all conspire unto the Dutchman's loss;
 The wind, the fire, we, they themselves do cross;
 When a sweet sleep began the Duke to drown,
 And with soft diadems his temples crown;
 And first he orders all the rest to watch,
 And they the foe, while he a nap doth catch.
 But lo, Browner, by a secret instinct,
 Slept on, nor needed:—he all day had winkt.
 The Duke in bed, he then first draws his steel,
 Whose virtue makes the misled compass wheel;
 So, e'er he waked, both fleets were innocent;
 But Browner Member is of Parliament."

It may be remarked that an investigation into Browner's conduct subsequently led to his dismissal from the House of Commons. From henceforward we hear nothing of his pursuits nor even any mention of his name. He died about the 4th of January, 1687, and was buried at Richmond, in Surrey, where a monument was erected to his memory.

William, Viscount Browner, the elder brother of the libertine, fortunately bears a more reputable character. He was born about the year 1620. Aubrey says, "He was of no university, as he himself told me." At an early age, he made mathematics his study, in which he afterwards rendered himself famous. Both Aubrey and Anthony Wood bear testimony to his success in his

favourite pursuit, and Bishop Burnet styles him a "profound mathematician." According to Evelyn, "He was noted for a hard, covetous, vicious man, though, for his worldly craft and skill in gaining, few exceeded him."

Lord Brounker is famous as having been the first President of the Royal Society, on its foundation by Charles II. He continued in that honourable situation about fifteen years; according to Wood,—“doing much honour to the Society, and advancing it by his learning and experience.” He also held the appointments of Chancellor to Queen Catherine, and Keeper of her Great Seal; and was a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, and Master of St. Catherine’s Hospital, near the Tower. With the exception of a Treatise, of which he is the author, entitled “Experiments of the Recoiling of Guns,” no evidence, beyond hearsay, has been handed down to us either of his scientific or literary attainments. Lord Brounker died at his house in St. James’s Street, on the 5th April, 1684, at the age of sixty-four. He was buried in the Church of St. Catherine’s, in a vault which he had erected in his lifetime for the reception of his remains.

THOMAS THYNNE.

The "Issachar" of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel"—His great Wealth—His Friendship with the Duke of Monmouth—Thynne's diplomatic Employments—His singular Marriage with Lady Elizabeth Percy—Murdered in Pall Mall at the instigation of Count Coningsmark—Account of the three Assassins—Fate of Coningsmark—Monument of Thynne in Westminster Abbey.

THOMAS THYNNE, the "Issachar" of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," and the possessor of Longleat, was styled by his contemporaries, in consequence of his great wealth, "Tom of Ten Thousand." He mingled not only in the pleasures, but in the politics of the Court of Charles. He had originally attached himself to the party of the Duke of York, by whom, in 1669, he was despatched to Dunkirk, on a mission of congratulation to the French King. Owing, however, to some personal misunderstanding, he afterwards deserted the interests of James for those of the Duke of Monmouth, with whom he subsequently lived on the most intimate and affectionate terms. The unfortunate Duke was probably a frequent guest at Longleat. Dryden says :—

" But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend."

Notwithstanding the epithet "wise," which Dryden applies to Thynne, there is an ill-natured couplet of Lord Rochester's, which attributes to him anything but a brilliancy of parts :—

" Who'd be a wit in Dryden's cudgelled skin,
Or who'd be rich and senseless like Tom Thynne ?"

But whether Thynne's intellectual powers were of a high or low order, it is certain that, in 1667, he was employed in an important mission to Holland, to negotiate a peace with the Dutch. Those were times, however, when selection for public employment depended but little on the fitness of the individual to fill the station assigned him by his sovereign.

The story of Thynne's assassination is replete with painful interest. The great heiress and beauty of her day was Elizabeth, the only daughter of Jocelyn Percy, eleventh Earl of Northumberland. When almost in her infancy, she had been married to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of Henry Duke of Newcastle, who dying in 1680, she was left, as Echard expresses it, a "virgin widow" at an early age. Soon after the death of Lord Ogle, her grandmother, the old Countess of Northumberland, had contracted her to Thynne; obliging him, however, to enter into an agreement, that on account of her daughter's youth the marriage should not be consummated till a year had elapsed. As time passed on, the young lady, it seems, conceived such a rooted dislike to her intended husband, that, according to Beresby, she quitted her home and flew into Holland.

In the meantime, the famous Count Coningsmark,—noted for his beauty and intrigues in most of the Courts of Europe,—had accidentally met Lady Ogle in public, and had either fallen in love with her person, or with the vast fortune of which she was the mistress. That the feeling was reciprocal there is not the least reason to suppose. Coningsmark, however, equally daring and unprincipled, determined by foul, if not by fair means, to make her his wife, and, as the first step, projected the assassination of the unfortunate Thynne. The persons whom he hired to commit the crime, were three

foreigners,—one Captain Vratz, a German; a Lieutenant Stern, a Swede; and one George Borotski, a Pole. The two former seem to have been as daring and reckless adventurers as any the age could produce. Borotski, on the other hand, was a quiet uneducated man, who appears to have acted entirely from a feeling of retainer-ship, without any thought of the gold which had induced his accomplices to undertake to commit the crime.

The night of Sunday, the 12th of February, 1682, was fixed upon for the perpetration of the foul deed. Accordingly, having had their several parts assigned to them, between seven and eight o'clock the three assassins, mounted on horseback, posted themselves in a part of Pall Mall, nearly opposite to the present Opera Colonnade, through which they had ascertained the equipage of Thynne was likely to pass. As soon as the coach appeared in sight, they all three rode up to the window, and, by their imposing attitude, compelled the coachman to halt. One shot only was fired, which was from a musketoon, carried by Borotski. So true, however, was the aim, that as many as five bullets entered the body of his victim. Thynne was forthwith carried to his own residence, where he lingered till about six o'clock the following morning, when he expired.

The account bequeathed us by Sir John Reresby, who was employed in his magisterial capacity to search for the assassins, is full of interest. "I happened," he says, "to be at Court that evening, when the King, hearing the news, seemed greatly concerned at it; not only for the horror of the action itself, which was shocking to his natural disposition, but also for fear the turn the anti-court party might give thereto. I left the Court, and was just stepping into bed, when Mr. Thynne's gentleman came to me to grant him an hue-and-cry, and im-

mediately at his heels comes the Duke of Montagu's page, to desire me to come to him at Mr. Thynne's lodging, sending his coach for me, which I made use of accordingly. I there found his grace surrounded by several lords and gentlemen, Mr. Thynne's friends; and Mr. Thynne himself mortally wounded with five shots from a blunderbuss." By the exertions of Reresby it was not long before the three assassins were in custody. The last who was seized was Captain Vratz, who was discovered in the house of a Swedish doctor, in Leicester Fields. "I went first into his room," says Reresby, "followed by Lord Mordaunt, where I found him in bed, with his sword at some distance from him on the table. His weapon I in the first place secured, and then his person, committing him to the constables. I wondered he should make so tame a submission, for he was certainly a man of great courage, and appeared quite unconcerned at the very beginning, though he was very certain he would be found the chief actor in the tragedy." Vratz, it may be mentioned, had a short time previously commanded the forlorn hope at the siege of Mons, on which occasion, out of fifty individuals, only two besides himself had escaped with their lives.

In the mean time, Count Coningsmark had effected his escape in disguise as far as Gravesend, where he was recognised and arrested by a servant of the Duke of Monmouth, at the very moment when he was about to set his foot on board a foreign ship. Having been reconducted to London, he was examined before the King in council, on which occasion he demeaned himself with the most imperturbable assurance. According to Reresby, who was present at the examination, it was evident from the manner of Charles throughout, that it was his intention to save the life of the most culpable of the party.

The trial of Coningsmark and his accomplices took place in Hicks's Hall. The Count, after some hesitation, was acquitted, while the other three, according to sentence passed upon them, were executed on the 10th of March, in Pall Mall.

There is extant a curious tract, entitled "An Account of the Deportment of Captain Vratz, Lieutenant Stern, and George Borotski, the murderers of Thomas Thynne, Esq., both in prison and at the execution." It was drawn up, and evidently with some care, by Bishop Burnet, who attended the criminals in their last moments. Stern and Borotski confessed their crime, and died penitent. Vratz, however, notwithstanding the admission of his associates, insisted to the last that he had merely intended to challenge Thynne to single combat, and that the fact of Borotski having fired the blunderbuss was entirely from a misapprehension of his orders. When Burnet expostulated with him on the heinousness of his offence, and urged him to confess his guilt;—"he considered it to be sufficient," he said, "if he confessed his sins to God;" adding ingeniously, that "he thought it was a piece of popery to press him to confess."

His demeanour, and the state of his mind, seem throughout to have puzzled the Bishop. It was his firm conviction, he said, that he should be "received into eternal happiness;" adding, as his opinion of a future state, that the only punishment of the damned would be their exclusion from the presence of God, and their seeing others happier than themselves. To Dr. Horneck, a foreign minister of religion who attended him, he expressed similar eccentric opinions. "He was confident," he said, "that God would consider a gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in; and that he would not take it

ill, if a soldier, who lived by his sword, revenged the affront offered to him by another."

Burnet had more than once warned him against a false affectation of courage, which, he said, would certainly desert him at the last. And yet, when they finally met at the place of execution,—“He smiled on me,” says Burnet, “and said, that I should see it was not false bravery, but that he was fearless to the last.”—“It is certain,” adds the Bishop, “that never man died with more resolution and less signs of fear, or the least disorder. His carriage, both in the cart, as he was led along, and at the place of execution, was astonishing: he was not only undaunted, but looked cheerful, and smiled often. When the rope was put about his neck, he did not change colour nor tremble; his legs were firm under him: he looked often about on those that stood in balconies and windows; and seemed to fix his eyes on some persons: three or four times he smiled; he would not cover his face as the rest did, but continued in that state, often looking up to heaven, with a cheerfulness in his countenance, and a little motion of his hands.”

Reresby also bears witness to his intrepidity. “The Captain,” he says, “died without the least symptom of fear; and seeing me in my coach as he passed by in the cart, he made a bow to me with the most steady countenance, as he did to several of the spectators he knew, before he was turned off.” Stern, on the scaffold, complained that he died for “a man’s fortune whom he never spoke to; for a woman he never saw; and for a dead man, whom he never had a view of.” *

In allusion to the peculiar circumstances which led to

* Scott’s Dryden, vol. ix. p. 292.

the assassination of Thynne, the following Epitaph, or rather Epigram, was in vogue at the time:—

“ Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall,
Who never would have miscarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married.”

“Two anecdotes,” says Walpole, “are attached to these lines. Miss Trevor, one of the Maids of Honour to Catherine of Portugal, wife of Charles the Second, having discovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the Duke excited Mr. Thynne to seduce Miss Trevor. She was the woman he lay withal. The woman he married was the great heiress, to whom he was affianced, when he was killed by Count Coningsmark, in Pall Mall.” This story is corroborated by a passage in Archdeacon Echard’s History. After the death of Thynne, Lady Ogle became the wife of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, by whom she had three sons;—Algeron, who succeeded his father in the Dukedom, and Percy and Charles, who both died unmarried.

The Duke of Monmouth seems to have sincerely lamented his friend. He sat up with Thynne during the whole night that preceded his dissolution, and exerted himself in the most indefatigable manner to bring the assassins to justice. It was, perhaps, a satisfaction to the Duke, that Coningsmark was arrested by his own servant. Monmouth openly and loudly expressed his dissatisfaction at the escape of the Count. Destined himself to perish on the public scaffold, the Duke is mentioned as having been a spectator of the execution of the murderers of his friend.

Thynne was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his monument of white marble, representing the tragedy in bas-relief, is well known.

LUCY WALTERS.

The first Mistress of Charles—Her Lineage—Her Influence over the young King—Her Son, the Duke of Monmouth—Doubt whether the King was his Father—Infidelities of Lucy Walters—Her Manner of living at the Hague—Returns to England and is sent by Cromwell to the Tower—Her examination before the Council—Reported to have been married to Charles—Her miserable Death.

LUCY WALTERS, the mother of the unhappy Duke of Monmouth, and the ancestress of the Dukes of Buccleugh, was apparently the first passion of Charles, whose mistress she became in 1648, when he was only eighteen. She seems to have been no less beautiful in person, than reckless in conduct and abandoned in morals. Her story, unfortunately, is the tale of many a fair face and broken heart. In her particular case, however, the moral is rendered peculiarly affecting, in consequence of the contrast between the splendid prosperity of her early life, and the misery which attended its close.

Although, during her brief life-time, the beautiful girl was generally addressed as Mrs. Barlow, her *maiden* name was Walters. According to Anthony Wood, she was a native of Pembrokeshire. King James also tells us, in his Memoirs, that she was born of a gentleman's family in Wales, whence she came to London to seek her fortune. In corroboration of her having been born of respectable parents, we have her own somewhat doubtful evidence that her mother bequeathed her a considerable fortune. Evelyn, on the contrary, speaks of her as the

"daughter of some very mean creatures." The Peerages, possibly with more complaisance than truth, style her daughter of Richard Walters, Esquire, of Haverford West, in Pembrokeshire.

The feeling of Charles for his early mistress, as is generally the case with first attachments, appears to have been paramount and absorbing. "She was so perfect a beauty," says Madame Dunois, "and so charmed and transported the King, when he first saw her in Wales, that amidst the misfortunes which disturbed the first years of his life and reign, he enjoyed no satisfaction nor pleasure, but in loving and being beloved by this charming mistress. This being his first passion, the equipage he allowed her, the care he took to please her, and the complaisance he had for her, were so exceeding great, that it made the world believe he had promised her marriage." Even when her notorious infidelities had compelled the King to separate from her, we find him still keeping a jealous watch over her actions, and liberally supplying her wants.

According to Lord Clarendon, (who speaks of her as "a private Welshwoman of no good fame, but handsome,") she expressly transplanted herself to the Hague, in the hopes of winning the heart of the young King. This was certainly not the case. Algernon Sidney assured the Duke of York, that when he was an officer in Cromwell's army, he had agreed with her for "fifty broad pieces," as the price of her virtue, but that being hastily ordered away with his regiment, he missed his bargain. He added, that she afterwards went over to Holland, where she fell into the hands of his brother, Colonel Robert Sidney, with whom she lived for some time, till the fame of her exceeding beauty having reached the King's ears, he found means to entice her into his

keeping. At the time when she quitted him, Sidney was heard to say,—“Let whoever will have her, she is already sped.” King James also tells us, that she gave birth to an infant so soon after her intercourse with his brother, that the world never doubted whose offspring it was. This child was the Duke of Monmouth. According to James, the real parentage was so suspicious, that “when he grew to be a man, he very much resembled the colonel both in stature and countenance, even to a wart on his face.” The fact is corroborated by Evelyn, who especially mentions the resemblance which Monmouth bore, in after life, to his mother’s first paramour, Colonel Robert Sidney.

James freely admits in his *Memoirs* that Mrs. Walters was “very handsome,” adding that, “though she had not much wit, she had a great deal of that sort of cunning which those of her profession usually have.” In 1649, we find the correct and high-minded Evelyn travelling with her in Lord Wilmot’s coach from Paris to St. Germain’s. In recording the circumstance, Evelyn merely speaks of her as a “brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature.” It was certainly a strange companionship. The probability is that the philosopher pitied the courtesan, and that the courtesan laughed at the philosopher.

According to Lord Clarendon, during the absence of Charles on his expedition into Scotland she conducted herself with such extreme indiscretion, that on his return the following year, after his defeat at Worcester, he refused to have any further commerce with his beautiful mistress. “She tried in vain,” says Lord Clarendon, “all her little arts, and endeavoured to persuade Dr. Cousins that she was a convert, and would quit her scandalous way of life; but had at the same time a child by the Earl of Arlington, who grew up to be a woman, and was owned by the mother to be hers, as

like the Earl as possible." This daughter was evidently Mary Walters, who became the wife of William Sarsfield, Esquire, of Ireland, and afterwards of William Fanshaw, Esquire.

That Charles, as Lord Clarendon would lead us to suppose, broke off *all* commerce with his mistress at this period, is undoubtedly not the fact. There are some curious letters in Thurloe's State Papers, which prove that, even as late as 1656, six years afterwards, he still continued to supply her necessities; that he still watched over the actions of his early mistress with a deep interest; and apparently that she still maintained no slight degree of influence over his heart. Moreover, they afford an insight—amounting almost to a painful interest—into the history of her character and career.

The following are extracts from two letters of Mr. Daniel O'Neile to Charles the Second, relative to his unhappy mistress. The first is dated the Hague, 8th February, 1656: "I have hitherto forborne giving your Majesty any account of your commands concerning Mrs. Barlow; because those that I employed to her, brought me assurances from her, she would obey your Majesty's commands. Of late I am told she intends nothing less, and that she is assured from Cologne your Majesty would not have her son from her. I am much troubled to see the prejudice her being here does your Majesty, for every idle action of hers brings your Majesty upon the stage; and I am no less ashamed to have so much importuned your Majesty, to have believed her worthy your care. When I have the honour to wait upon your Majesty, I shall tell you what I have from a midwife of this town, and one of her maids, which she had not the discretion to use well after knowing so much of her secrets." *

* Thurloe's State Papers, vol. i. p. 683.

The next extract is from a letter dated the 14th of the same month. "I had," says O'Neile, "the opportunity to save her from public scandal at least. Her maid, whom she would have killed by thrusting a bodkin into her ear as she was asleep, would have accused her of miscarrying of two children by physic, and of the infamous manner of her living with Mr. Howard; but I have prevented the mischief, partly with threats, but more with one hundred gilders I am to give her maid. Her last miscarriage was since Mr. Howard went, as the midwife says to one that I employ to her. Dr. Rusuf has given her physic, but it was always after her miscarrying; and though he knew anything, it would be indiscreet to tell it. Therefore I would not attempt him, and the rather, that I was sufficiently assured by those that were nearer. Though I have saved her for this time, it's not likely she'll escape when I am gone; for only the consideration of your Majesty has held Monsieur Heenuleit and Monsieur Nertwick, not to have her banished this town and country for an infamous person, and by sound of drum. Therefore it were well, if your Majesty would own this child, to send her your positive command to deliver him unto whom your Majesty will appoint. I know it from one who has read my Lord Taaffe's letter to her of the 11th, by this last post, that he tells her, your Majesty has nothing more in consideration than her sufferings; and that the next money you can get or borrow, shall be sent to supply her. While your Majesty encourages any to speak this language, she will never obey what you will have; the only way is to necessitate her, if your Majesty can think her worth your care." *

* Thurloe, vol. i. p. 684.

The fact is not impossible that the catastrophe actually happened to this beautiful creature, which had been anticipated by O'Neile, and that she was ignominiously expelled by the States. At all events, within the period of four months, we find her in London, having in the mean time paid a visit to Flushing. She had no sooner set foot in England—where she arrived with her brother, a Mr. Howard, and Ann Hill her maid—than she was taken into custody by order of Cromwell, and sent to the Tower. The examination of Ann Hill took place upon oath, on the 26th June, 1656. She deposed,—“that she was servant to Lady Walters, in Holland, about seven months; that the same lady came lately out of Flushing, hiring a boat to bring herself, two children, Mr. Justus Walters her brother, and Thomas Howard, gentleman of the horse to the Princess Royal, at the Hague; that she had often heard that her lady had one of the said children by Charles Stuart, and that the said lady had no other means to maintain her but that she hath from the said Charles Stuart, although she lived in a costly and high manner; and that her brother swore to the said informant, the said lady had been lately with the King, meaning Charles Stuart, a night and day together.” *

At another examination, which took place on the 2nd of July following, we find Hill further deposing, on the authority of Mrs. Walters herself,—“that the very same night in which she came from Antwerp to Brussels, Charles Stuart came thither, whereupon this informant asked her in these words, ‘Did your honour see him?’ to which she answered, ‘Yes, and he saw your master too’—meaning one of her children, who is usually called

* Thurloe, vol. v. p. 160.

master. And this informant saith she knows not who came with the said lady into England besides Justus Walters and Thomas Howard, and saith that she heard the said lady and her brother confer together about a necklace of pearl, which the lady intimated to him she had bought; and that they discoursed it must have cost about 1500*l*. That she heard the said lady say, she had bespoken a coach, and that she would have it lined with red velvet, and have gold fringe on it within three weeks; and said, although they lived but closely in their lodgings, yet very plentifully in clothes and diet, and had a coach to attend them continually from week to week." Almost penniless himself, and surrounded by starving followers, how astonishing that Charles should have found the means and the conscience, to lavish such large sums and unmeaning luxuries on an abandoned woman and false mistress!

The unfortunate girl was subsequently herself subjected to an examination, in which she acknowledged that she had formerly had a child by Charles. This child she declared was dead; accounting for the two who were still alive, by declaring they "were by a husband in Holland, who was also dead." * On being further questioned, she stated that she had left Flushing about three weeks; that she had not seen the King for two years; that she had accidentally fallen in with Howard at Flushing; and that her object in visiting England was to recover 1500*l*. a-year, which had been bequeathed her by her mother. According to Anthony Wood, she continued in the Tower from the commencement of 1656 till July in that year. We have seen, however, that she did not arrive in England till about the middle of June; consequently her imprisonment must have been of a short duration.

* Thurloe, vol. v. p. 169.

From the period of her release from the Tower, we hear little of the beautiful courtesan. Evelyn, who saw her afterwards in Paris, informs us that she was still lovely, and adds that she was earning a wretched subsistence by her charms. We learn from the same authority, that she died "miserably, and without anything to bury her." In the Parish Registers for Hammersmith occurs the following entry, which has been supposed to record the burial of this unhappy woman:—

"1633, June 5, Lucy Walters bur."

The history of this unfortunate woman, as far as her intercourse with Charles is concerned, was pretended to be told in a scandalous work, entitled "The Perplexed Prince." The book, which has little merit, was read with avidity by our ancestors, but is now deservedly forgotten.

NELL GWYNN.

Low Origin of this celebrated Woman—She wanders from Tavern to Tavern singing Ballads—Her early Frailty—Poetical Life of her by Sir George Etherege—Her Intercourse with Lacy and Hart, the Actors—Falls into the hands of Lord Buckhurst—Becomes the Mistress of Charles II.—Her Merits as an Actress—Freedom with the King—Anecdotes—Nell Gwynn's Residence in Pall Mall—Her House at Windsor and in the King's Road—Her Habit of Swearing—Her Rivalship with the Duchess of Portsmouth—Anecdote—Looked upon as the Champion of Protestantism at Court—Her Benevolent Charities—Regarded with Affection by the Public—Her pious End—Description of her Person.

THE society of this sprightly and warm-hearted creature must have exactly suited the tastes of a sauntering voluptuary, such as Charles had become in the latter period of his career. Always in good humour, ever prepared with her wild wit and merry laugh, she was completely at her ease in his presence, and neither soured him with jealousies like the Duchess of Cleveland, nor wearied him with politics like the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Nell, or rather Eleanor Gwynn, was born about the year 1650. She is said to have been of Welsh extraction, and Hereford, Oxford, and the Coal Yard, Drury Lane, have severally been named as her birth-place. We are unable to throw any dignity over her origin. It is only certain, that the ragged and light-hearted girl, who afterwards became the mother of a Duke and the grandmother of a Bishop, was nurtured in the foulest regions of filth and the lowest haunts of iniquity. It would even appear that she was born in a night-cellar, and commenced

earning her livelihood as an itinerant vender of fish. Rochester says—

“ Her first employment was, with open throat,
To cry fresh herrings, even ten a groat.”

In this capacity, she is said to have wandered from tavern to tavern, charming the company, after dinner or supper, with her merry songs and exquisite voice. She seems at one period to have been actually domesticated at a tavern. Pepys tells us,—“ Nelly and Beck Marshall falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst’s mistress. Nell answered her, ‘ I am but one man’s mistress, though I was brought up in a tavern to fill strong waters to gentlemen ; and you are mistress to three or four, though a Presbyter’s praying daughter.’ ” The poor girl appears to have sinned in her first womanhood, falling into the hands of a Madam Ross, a celebrated courtesan of the period. It was probably this unfortunate connection which led to her becoming an orange-girl at the theatre, and subsequently to her appearance on the stage.

There is a poetical life of Nell Gwynn, by Sir George Etherege, of which the following is the doggrel argument:—

“ The life of Nelly trully shown,
From coal-yard and cellar to the throne,
Till into the grave she tumbled down.”

The poem would seem to have had its origin in personal pique. As it is difficult to believe that any man would abuse a beautiful and kind-hearted woman, unless she had piqued his vanity or interfered with his pleasures, it is not improbable that Sir George may have made overtures to Nelly which were not very favourably

received. Etherege says of her in the commencement of her career,—

“ He that has seen her muddling in the street,
Her face all pot-lid black, unshod her feet ;
And in a cloud of dust her cinders shaking,
Could he have thought her fit for monarch's taking ?
Even then she had her charms of brisk and witty,
Which first enslaved a cully of the city.”

After the “ cully of the city,” Etherege mentions her having conferred her favours on more than one lover, before she became the mistress of Lord Buckhurst. Among these, it is well known, were Lacy, and afterwards Hart, the actors. She is said also to have been the mistress of Lord Rochester, but the fact is extremely questionable.

Nell Gwynn first appeared on the stage in the early part of 1667, when we find her acting in Killebrew's company at the New Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. About this period she fell into the hands of Lord Buckhurst, who was then as notorious for his profligacy, as afterwards, when Earl of Dorset, he became celebrated for his high breeding and his wit. The tale of their brief intimacy is casually recorded by Pepys in his Diary.

“ July, 1667.—Mr. Pierce tells me what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the King's House, and gives her 100*l.* a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more.

“ 14th July, 1667.—To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well, where much company. And to the town to the King's Head ; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them ; and keep a merry house. Poor girl ! I pity her ; but more the loss of her at the King's House.

"26th August, 1667.—Sir W. Penn and I had a great deal of discourse with Mall, who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend: she is come to the play-house, but is neglected by them all."

According to more than one authority, it was the splendid promises of Charles, and the temptation of becoming the royal mistress, which induced her to quit the protection of Lord Buckhurst. One writer, indeed, observes, that, in order to get him out of the way, his lordship was sent on "a sleeveless errand into France;" while, according to Lord Rochester, his consent to part with his mistress was purchased with an earldom.

These suppositions, however, are not only disproved by the minute particulars of Pepys, but it is certain that the King paid her no particular attention till nearly a year after her estrangement from Lord Buckhurst.

On the merits of Nell Gwynn as an actress, it is scarcely necessary to dwell. In droll characters, in light and showy parts, especially where the song or the dance were introduced, her performances were the delight of her contemporaries. Her Florimel in "The Maiden Queen," and her Jacinta in "The Mock Astrologer," are especially recorded. In tragedy she was less successful; nor is it easy to imagine her as performing the part of Queen Elizabeth in "The Earl of Essex," nor of Cidaria in "The Indian Emperor." The latter, according to Pepys, she played "most basely." Nevertheless, as Valeria in "Tyrannic Love," and as Almahide, in "The Conquest of Granada," her performance is spoken of as meritorious. Lord Lansdown, in his "Progress of Beauty"—regretting "with Charles the Cupids and the Graces gone"—thus,

many years afterwards, alludes to her famous acting in the latter character,—

“ Past is the gallantry, the fame remains
Transmitted safe in Dryden’s lofty strains ;
Granada lost, beheld her pomps restored,
And Almahide once more by Kings adored.”

It was in this play, or rather in speaking the Prologue to it, that she appeared in her famous “ broad-brimmed hat.” Nokes, at the rival theatre, had recently appeared in an immense hat ; a piece of foolery, which had rendered a dull play successful. Dryden, therefore, at the King’s House, had caused a hat to be made as large as a cart-wheel, in which Nelly appeared, to the great delight of our forefathers, and especially of Charles himself. The King is described, during the whole scene, as having been in convulsions of laughter, no less on account of her *piquant* manner, than from the excessive drollery of her appearance.

It was in the part of Valeria in “ Tyrannic Love,” that she is said to have captivated the susceptible heart of Charles. Dryden had purposely introduced her in this character, in order to admit of her speaking the epilogue. The great poet, who had been partial to her from the commencement of her career, is said to have composed this particular epilogue,—and, indeed, at other times, to have selected her for agreeable parts,—in order that she might attract the notice of the King. As the epilogue to “ Tyrannic Love” was written expressly to suit the charming extravagances of Nelly’s manner, and as it is said to have been the scene in which she captivated a monarch, probably an insertion of it at length may not be unacceptable. It professes to be, “ Spoken by Mistress Ellen, when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers.”

TO THE BEARERS,

"Hold, are you mad? you d——d confounded dog!
I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.

TO THE AUDIENCE.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted: I'll be civil,
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil.
For, after death, we sprites have just such natures
We had, for all the world, when human creatures:
And, therefore, I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to't, you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights.
And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die,
Out of my calling in a tragedy.
O poet, d——d dull poet, who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheese-cake time!
I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
To excuse his godly out-of-fashion play;
A play, which, if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But, farewell, gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:—
Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a slattern,
Yet died a Princess, acting in St. Cat'rine."

Having now been introduced to this gay creature in her public capacity, we must trust to Pepys to admit us behind the scenes. He was first introduced to her at the King's Theatre, in January, 1667, previous to her becoming the mistress of Buckhurst. She had been acting Cælia, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The

Humorous Lieutenant.”—"Knipp,"* he says, "took us all in, and introduced us to Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Cœlia to-day, very fine, and did it very well: I kissed her, and so did my wife, *and a mighty pretty soul she is.*" There are several notices of her in his Diary, which are full of interest. On a subsequent occasion he says,—

"After dinner with my wife to the King's House, to see 'The Maiden Queen,' a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit, and the truth; for there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark, the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her."

One more extract from the Diary of the soft-hearted Pepys. On the 1st May, 1667, he writes—"To Westminster, in the way meeting many milk-maids, with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them, and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging's door in Drury Lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, *looking upon one*; she seemed a mighty pretty creature." His evident and unqualified admiration of female beauty constitutes one of the principal charms in the *naïve* Memoirs of the otherwise sober-minded secretary.

The first instance of Charles having paid any particular attention to his future mistress, is recorded by Pepys, in

* A married actress of whom little is known. She was on the stage at least as late as 1677.

January, 1668, when he tells us that, at the theatre, the King "sent several times for her." According to Sir George Etherege she was first introduced to him by the Duke of Buckingham. On the other hand, others relate, that being particularly charmed with her performance in a new character, he sent his carriage for her after the performances were over, and took her home to sup with him. According to Burnet, who quotes the Duke of Buckingham as his authority, she required a settlement from the King of five hundred pounds a-year, which Charles refused to allow her. The bishop adds, however, that before four years had elapsed, the King had lavished on her as much as sixty thousand pounds. Burnet happily describes her as the "wildest and indiscreetest creature that ever was in a Court." It is a circumstance not generally known, that, some years afterwards, Nell Gwynn was actually appointed one of the Ladies of the Privy Chamber to Catherine of Braganza, the Queen of Charles the Second. The fact is placed beyond doubt by the books in the Lord Chamberlain's office. She was sworn into the post in 1675: it does not, however, appear that she ever occupied apartments at Whitehall.*

The circumstance is undoubtedly curious, that after she became the royal mistress, Nell Gwynn should have been pretty freely admitted to the best society of the period. Lady Sunderland writes to Lord Halifax, 27th July, 1680,—“There is one place of council I should never have suspected, (my Lady Orrery's,) till I did know that my Lord Shaftesbury, the Duke of Monmouth, and my Lord Cavendish, do meet and sup there, and Mrs. Nelly, who the King hath forbid letting the Duke of Monmouth

* Pegge's *Curialia*, p. 58.

come to her house. To-day my Lord Orrery is gone to Windsor, to furnish for the better diverting them." It appears also by the evidence in the State Trials, on the suit for a divorce between the Duke and the Duchess of Norfolk in 1695, that Nell Gwynn had formerly been the intimate friend of the Duchess.

The intercourse between the lively actress and her royal lover was remarkable for the playful familiarity which was practised by the one, and permitted and enjoyed by the other. She used to speak of her royal paramour as *her* Charles the Third; Charles Lord Buckhurst, and Charles Hart, the actor, having previously been her lovers. Etherege says, with more vulgarity than humour,—

"When he was dumpish, she would still be jocund,
And chuck the royal chin of Charles the Second."

Evelyn mentions his having been the companion of the King one day during one of his walks in St. James's Park, in 1671, when he was an ear-witness to a "very familiar discourse" between his Majesty and Nell Gwynn, whom he styles an impudent comedian. "She was looking," he says, "out of her garden, on a terrace at the top of a wall," while the King continued standing in gay dalliance, on the green walk beneath it. Colley Cibber, in his *Apology for his Life*, relates an amusing instance of her playful humour, and the good-natured forbearance of Charles,—*"This reminds me,"* he says, *"of an anecdote which I had from old solemn Boman, the late actor, of venerable memory. Boman, then a youth, and famed for his voice, was appointed to sing some part in a concert of music, at the private lodgings of Mrs. Gwynn; at which were only present, the King, the Duke of York, and one or two more, who were usually*

admitted upon these detached parties of pleasure. When the performance was ended, the King expressed himself highly pleased, and gave it extraordinary commendations. 'Then, Sir,' said the lady, 'to show you don't speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present.' The King said he had no money about him, and asked the Duke if he had any? To which the Duke replied, 'I believe, Sir, not above a guinea or two.' Upon which the laughing lady, turning to the people about her, and making bold with the King's common expression,—cried, "'Od's fish! what company have I got into?'"

According to Pennant (1791), the London residence of Nell Gwynn was in "what was then called Pall Mall; the first good house on the left hand of St. James's Square, as we enter from Pall Mall. The back room on the ground floor was, within memory, entirely of looking-glass, as was said to have been the ceiling. Over the chimney was her picture, and that of her sister was in a third room." From this house* she appears to have removed to another on the south side of Pall Mall, the back of which, as we learn from Evelyn's trifling anecdote, looked into St. James's Park. In a letter from one of Granger's correspondents, a Mr. Ewin, dated 7th March, 1771, we trace some further particulars respecting it. "My friend, Dr. Heberden," says the writer, "has built a fine house in Pall Mall, on the Palace side; he told me it was the only freehold house on that side; that it was given by a long lease by Charles the Second to Nell Gwynn, and upon her discovering it to be only a lease under the Crown, she returned him the lease and conveyance, saying she had always *conveyed free* under the

* It stood on a part of the site of the present Army and Navy Club.

Crown, and always would ; and would not accept it till it was conveyed free to her by an act of Parliament, made on and for that purpose. Upon Nelly's death it was sold, and has been conveyed free ever since." * This house—No. 79, Pall Mall, now occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—is still the only freehold residence on the Park, or south side, of the street.

Nell Gwynn had also a house close to the castle at Windsor, which was afterwards the residence of Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark ; and another in the King's Road, Chelsea, about two miles and a half from London, built, it is said, by the architect of Chelsea Hospital. The latter residence, which is now called Sandford Manor-house, and is occupied by a Gas Company, is nearly in the same state as when the laughing actress received the visits of Charles : indeed, his frequent journeys to her suburban residence are said to have given the name of the King's Road to that particular route.

Nelly, it is to be feared, indulged but too frequently in the very indifferent habit of swearing. Latterly she seems to have rattled out her merry oaths with the view of diverting her royal lover. The habit, however, was one of the vices of her profession, and was apparently contracted long before her acquaintance with Charles. Pepys informs us, 5th October, 1667,—“ To the King's House ; and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms, and to the woman's shift, where Nelly was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit : and

* Granger's Letters, p. 308.

here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me through all her part of 'Flora's Vagaries,' which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play." Sir George Etherege, also, in his satire entitled "Madam Nelly's Complaint," has the following allusion to her unfortunate habit:—

"Before great Charles let quacks and seamen lie,
He ne'er heard swearers till Moll Knight and I:
Never heard oaths less valued, or less true;
And yet 'tis said he's paid for swearing too:
Louder we swore than plundering dragoons,
S'blood follow'd s'blood, and zounds succeeded zounds."

"Anybody," said her rival the Duchess of Portsmouth, "might know she had been an orange-girl by her swearing." She liked to play deep at the basset-table, and is said on one occasion to have lost no less than 1400 guineas to the Duchess of Mazarin.

As soon as she had become the acknowledged mistress of Charles, the name of Nelly, by which she had hitherto been familiarly known, became dignified into the title of Madam Ellen. Her lively and fascinating manners, her joyous laugh, her wild extravagance of speech, her warm-hearted disposition, and imperturbable good-nature, not only established her rapidly in the affections of Charles, but rendered her so necessary to his ease and happiness, as to constitute her a dangerous rival to the then reigning sultana, the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Madame De Sevigné, speaking, in one of her letters, of the influence of the French mistress, draws an amusing

picture of her rivalry with the open-hearted English actress. "The Duchess of Portsmouth," she says, "has not been disappointed in anything she proposed. She desired to be mistress to the King, and she is so: he lodges with her almost every night, in the face of all the Court; she has had a son, who has been acknowledged, and presented with two duchies. She amasses treasure, and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee that she should find a young actress in her way, whom the King dotes on; and she has it not in her power to withdraw him from her. He divides his time, his care and his health, between these two. The actress is as haughty as the Duchess: she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her; she frequently steals the King from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour. She sings, she dances, she acts her part with a good grace. She has a son by the King, and hopes to have him acknowledged. She reasons thus: 'This Duchess,' she says, 'pretends to be a person of quality; she affirms she is related to the best families in France, and whenever any person of distinction dies, she puts herself in mourning. If she be a lady of such quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtesan? She ought to die with shame. As for me, it is my profession; I do not pretend to anything better. The King entertains me, and I am constant to him at present. He has a son by me: I pretend that he ought to acknowledge him; and I am well assured that he will, for he loves me as well as the Duchess.' "

An expedient adopted by the light-hearted actress, to procure the advancement of her young son to the same rank which had been conferred by Charles on his other

natural children, is described as amusing enough. The King happened to be in her apartments, when the boy was amusing himself with some childish sport. "Come here, you little bastard!"—was the free-spoken summons. Charles, to whose ears the term sounded somewhat harsh, blamed her, in his good-natured way, for the expression. "Indeed," she said demurely, "I am very sorry, but I have no other name to give him, poor boy!"

There is extant an amusing pasquinade, entitled "A pleasant battle between two lap-dogs of the Utopian Court." Part of the argument is,—

"The English lap-dog here does first begin
The vindication of his lady, Gwynn :
The other, much more Frenchified, alas,
Shows what his lady is, not what she was."

The two curs, Tutty and Snap-short,—the former the property of Nell Gwynn, the other of the Duchess of Portsmouth,—enter into a ludicrous and snarling discussion respecting the merits of their respective mistresses. This dispute is about to end in a fray, when the rival ladies sweep into the room, and conclude a diverting scene with the following dialogue :—

"DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.—Pray, Madam, give my dog fair play; I protest you hinder him with your petticoats; he cannot fasten. Madam, fair play is fair play.

"MADAM GWYNN.—Truly, Madam, I thought I knew as well what belonged to dog-fighting as your ladyship: but since you pretend to instruct me in your French dog-play, pray, Madam, stand a little farther, as you respect your own flesh, for my little dog is mettle to the back, and smells a Popish Miss at a far greater distance: pray, Madam, take warning, for you stand on dangerous ground. Haloo, haloo, haloo! ha brave Tutty,

ha brave Snap-short! A guinea on Tutty,—two to one on Tutty: done, quoth Monsieur; begar, begar, me have lost near thousand pound.

“Tutty it seems beat Snap-short, and the bell
Tutty bears home in victory: farewell!”

Nell Gwynn, to the last, was an especial favourite with the public. When Rochester says of her,—

“Look back and see the people mad with rage,
To see the —— in such an equipage,”

he evidently says what is not the truth. The world regarded her with kindness; not only from the recollection of her playful manner and delightful performances on the stage; but, what is far more strange, they seemed to have looked upon her as the Court champion of the Protestant interests, in opposition to the Papist Duchess of Portsmouth,—a lady who was ever on the watch to advance Romish doctrines and French interests. That the two great divisions of the Christian Church should mutually have looked up to, and have courted the chamber-influence of, a couple of courtesans, is a fact as astonishing as it is true. Nell Gwynn was one day passing through the streets of Oxford in her coach, when the mob, mistaking her for her rival the Duchess of Portsmouth, commenced hooting and loading her with every opprobrious epithet. Putting her head out of the coach window, “Good people,” she said, smiling, “you are mistaken; I am the Protestant mistress.”

There is evidence indeed that the erring and low-born actress especially prided herself on her orthodoxy, and her regard for the Church of England. She was one day ascending Ludgate-hill in her coach, when, perceiving a large crowd, and enquiring the occasion of it, she was

told that some bailiffs were in the act of hurrying an unfortunate clergyman to prison. Having ordered her coachman to stop, she sent for some persons whom the poor debtor named as attestators to his character, and, finding the case a very distressing one, she not only defrayed the debt, but afterwards obtained preferment for the worthy clergyman. Her charities indeed were as just as they were frequent; neither was there a grain of avarice in her disposition.

It was to the credit of Nell Gwynn that, after her elevation, she never lost sight of her old theatrical friends. She was also ever the benefactor of genius in distress. The former kindnesses she had received from Dryden were generously remembered; and Otway, Lee, and Butler, are known to have shared the contents of her purse. The fact of her having instigated Charles to erect Chelsea Hospital as an asylum for disabled soldiers, and her having given the ground on which the building stands, as an encouragement to the undertaking, afford illustrious evidences of her generosity and kindness of heart. A tavern in the neighbourhood of the Hospital still exhibits her head as its sign; and one of the first toasts, which were formerly drunk by the veteran inmates of Chelsea on the anniversary of the birth-day of Charles, was to the memory of their benefactress, Nell Gwynn.

An agreeable anecdote, illustrative of the affection with which she was regarded by the public, is related by an anonymous writer of the last century.* "She was the most popular of the King's mistresses: an eminent goldsmith, who died about fifteen years ago, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, assured me that when he was a prentice, his master made a most expensive service

* *Gent. Mag.* 1752, vol. xxii. p. 199.

of plate (the King's present) for the Duchess of Portsmouth. He remembered well that an infinite number of people crowded to the shop out of mere curiosity; that they threw out a thousand ill-wishes against the Duchess, and wished the silver was melted, and poured down her throat; but said 'twas ten thousand pities his Majesty had not bestowed this bounty on Madam Ellen."

Nell Gwynn is believed to have quitted the stage about the year 1671. By Charles she was the mother of two children,—Charles Beauclerk, born in Lincoln's Inn Fields on the 8th May, 1670, created Baron of Heding-ton and Earl of Burford in 1676, and Duke of St. Alban's in 1684: her remaining son, James Beauclerk, died in his childhood in France. Their mother was perhaps the only one of the mistresses of Charles whose fidelity to their royal master was never questioned. His affection for her continued to the last, and one of his latest injunctions was, "Do not let Nelly starve." She is believed to have remained virtuous after his decease.

The death of Nell Gwynn took place at her house in Pall Mall, in the month of November, 1687. "Her repentance in her last hours," writes Cibber, "I have been unquestionably informed appeared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity." Her funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Tennison, Vicar of St. Martin's, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. In his discourse, he spoke warmly of her charities, her real goodness of heart, her sincere repentance, and pious end. The encomiums which he bestowed on the repentant actress were afterwards maliciously dwelt upon to the Queen of William the Third, in hopes that it would weaken his growing influence at court. The reply of Mary was creditable to her heart. "I have heard as much," she said: "it is a sign that the poor unfortunate

woman died penitent ; for if I can read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a pious and Christian end, the doctor could never have been induced to speak well of her."* Nell Gwynn, according to a wish expressed by her in her last will, was buried in the beautiful church of St. Martin's in the Fields.

The personal beauty of Nell Gwynn is placed beyond a doubt, both from the tributes of her contemporaries and the portraits that remain of her. On the other hand, she was somewhat low in stature and careless in dress. Granger says, "She continued to hang on her clothes with her usual negligence when she was the King's mistress, but whatever she did became her." It may be remarked, that Messrs. Child, the well-known bankers in Fleet Street, still retain in their possession the checks which she drew on their ancestors.

* Biog. Brit., vol. vi. p. 3926.

MARY DAVIS.

A beautiful Comedian—Captivates the Heart of Charles in the Character of Celania—Supposed to be the natural Daughter of the Earl of Berkshire—Jealousy of the Queen, the Duchess of Cleveland, and Nell Gwynn, on Mary Davis becoming the King's Mistress—Characteristic Manner in which each discovered her Spleen—Notices of two other Mistresses of Charles, Jane Roberts and Mary Knight; the former the Daughter of a Clergyman—Her contrite Repentance—Admonishes the King in her last Moments—Conduct of Bishop Burnet on the Occasion—Mary Knight—Her beautiful Face and charming Voice—Her Habit of Swearing—Believed to have died Penitent—Portrait of her by Kneller.

THIS beautiful comedian, whose fair face and exquisite voice captivated the susceptible heart of Charles, is said to have completed her conquest by singing before him, in the character of Celania, "The Mad Shepherdess," the song,—

"My lodging is on the cold ground."

There is reason to believe that she was a natural daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. She first appeared at the Duke's Theatre at the commencement of the year 1667, where she speedily caught the King's eye, and almost as speedily became his mistress. According to Pepys, her noble father had complaisance enough to introduce her to the King. The fact, however, is not sufficiently clear. The Earl of Berkshire, in 1667, was Thomas Howard, the first Earl, celebrated for his loyalty during the civil troubles, and, moreover, a man of virtue and honour, who, at this period, must have been in his eighty-eighth year. The probability is, that she was a

daughter of Charles Howard, the second Earl of Berkshire, of whom little or nothing is known. Pepys, in revising his Diary, may possibly have spoken of the *then* Earl, by a title which did not belong to him when the scandalous circumstance transpired.

Pepys informs us that, in 1667, Mary Davis was publicly acknowledged by Charles; that he presented her with a ring valued at seven hundred pounds, and furnished for her a house in Suffolk Street. Pepys happened to be one day passing through the street at the moment when she was stepping into her coach; and he tells us, a "mighty fine coach" it was. Pepys, who speaks slightly of her in other respects, describes her dancing as "beyond anything in the world."

Her intercourse with the King excited a considerable commotion at Court. The Queen, the Duchess of Cleveland, and Nell Gwynn, were each more or less affected by the circumstance; and the manner in which each discovered her spleen is sufficiently characteristic. When it was the turn of the new favourite to dance a jig at Court, poor Catherine, we are told, contented herself by quietly retiring, as if unwilling to be rendered publicly contemptible. On the other hand, the Duchess of Cleveland, with the usual irritability of spoiled and insulted beauty, was unable to conceal her indignation. A lady of the Court told Pepys, that, during the acting of some private theatricals at Whitehall, the King kept his eyes so constantly fixed on his new favourite, that the Duchess was unable to conceal her chagrin, and was "in the sulks" during the whole of the play. Pepys on another occasion was present at the theatre, when the King, during the whole evening, kept gazing at a particular box. Mary Davis was the heroine of the night: the Duchess of Cleveland, he says, turned up her eyes to

discover the object of the King's regard, and perceiving who the person was, grew so enraged, that "she looked like fire."

The affection of Charles for his new mistress was, according to Burnet, neither very ardent nor of very long duration. However, as she had a daughter born by the King nearly six years after their intercourse commenced, the fact may reasonably be doubted. The child in question was Mary Tudor, who married, in 1687, Francis Ratcliffe, afterwards Earl of Derwentwater. Their son was the gallant and unfortunate nobleman of that name who was executed for his share in the Scottish Rebellion in 1715. Of the history of Mary Davis, after she ceased to be under the protection of Charles; of the manner in which she lived or died; or even of the period of her decease, we have failed to discover any particulars. Her portrait was painted by Lely, and is now at Billingbere, in Berkshire.

There were two other mistresses of Charles, Jane Roberts and Mary Knight, without a passing notice of whose butterfly existence our annals of the meretricious Court of Charles the Second would be incomplete.

JANE ROBERTS, beyond the story of her frailty, and the fact of her having been the daughter of a clergyman, possesses but slight claim to the notice of the historian. The tale of her fall from virtue appears to have been attended by circumstances unusually distressing, and, in her hours of solitude and reflection, were dwelt upon by the unfortunate creature with the bitterest remorse. "Her first education," says Bishop Burnet, "had so deep a root, that, though she fell into many scandalous disorders, with very dismal adventures in

them all, yet a principle of religion was so deep-laid in her, that, though it did not restrain her, yet it kept alive in her such a constant horror of sin, that she was never easy in an ill course, and died with a great sense of her former ill life." The bishop, to whom she applied for spiritual consolation when she was dying, was a frequent attendant in her sick chamber during the three last months which preceded her dissolution. In the enthusiasm of her heart-felt repentance, she expressed an anxious desire to address a letter to the King, expressing the bitter sense she entertained of the wickedness of their past life. She was no less desirous of reminding her royal lover of the value of his own soul, and of the disastrous consequences which attend a life of pleasure. She was too weak, however, to indite the letter herself, and accordingly, at her express wish, the bishop undertook the task.

It was an affecting appeal, which would probably have gone far to touch the heart of Charles, had not Burnet thought proper to accompany it by some impertinent admonitions of his own. The bishop even went so far as to express a hope, in his ill-timed epistle, that "the reflections on what had befallen his Majesty's father on the 30th of January, might move him to consider these things more carefully." Can we wonder that Charles was deeply offended? "Lord Arran," writes the bishop, "happened to be then in waiting, and he came to me next day, and told me he was sure the King had a long letter from me; for he held the candle to him while he read it. He knew at all that distance that it was my hand. The King read it twice over, and then threw it in the fire; and not long after, Lord Arran took occasion to name me, and the King spoke of me with great sharpness; so he perceived that he was not

pleased with my letter." Charles, there can be little doubt, was well acquainted with the character of the gossiping prelate. Burnet tells us in the same page, "Nor was the King well pleased with my being sent for by Wilmot Earl of Rochester when he died: he fancied that he had told me many things, of which I might make an ill use." Charles was undoubtedly aware of the bishop's propensities, and that he was capable of gleaning scandal even amidst the horrors of a death-bed.

Colley Cibber, in his "Apology for his Life," alluding to Burnet's contemptuous remarks on the death-bed repentance of Nell Gwynn, is justly indignant at the "mitred historian" for slurring over the merits of one penitent, while he enhances the contrition, and softens down the frailty of the other. "The repentance of Nell Gwynn," he says, "appeared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity;" and, consequently, as Burnet could scarcely have been ignorant of the fact, Cibber naturally traces the invidious distinction from the circumstance of the one having been the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, and the other having been merely a frail "sister of the theatre."

The penitent and unfortunate creature, who forms the subject of the present memoir, appears to have died in 1681. Her portrait was undoubtedly painted by Lely, but of the fate of the picture we have no record.

MARY KNIGHT, another mistress of Charles, was principally remarkable for the lustre of her beauty and the sweetness of her voice. She appears to have become the

mistress of the King as early as the year 1667, when, according to a lampoon of the period, she was employed by him to procure the favours of Nell Gwynn. The very fact of the King's engaging a former mistress, in a transaction of so delicate a nature, would naturally imply a total cessation, if not of confidence, at least of either sentiment or regard. It would seem, however, that Charles continued the intimacy during a lapse of many years. On the 13th March, 1682, Pepys writes to Lord Brounker:—"I have not yet been to Mrs. Nelly's, but I hear that Mrs. Knight is better, and the King takes his repose there once or twice daily." Her admirable singing probably served to prolong the connection long after mere personal beauty had ceased to charm. The singular sweetness of her voice is celebrated by Pepys; and, moreover, in Waller's Poems we find "a song sung by Mrs. Knight to her Majesty on her birth-day:"—

"This happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious saint, a matchless Queen;
Both named alike, both crown'd appear,
The saint above, the Infanta here."

These lines, it is needless to remark, are sufficiently indifferent. With a Queen for the subject of his eulogy, and a beautiful girl to sing his verses, the genius of the poet might have soared a higher flight.

According to the lampoons of the period, Mary, or Moll Knight, was no less celebrated for her profane swearing than for the angelic sweetness of her voice. There seems reason to believe that, like her companions in frailty, Nell Gwynn and Jane Roberts, she died sorrowful and repentant. Her picture by Kneller represents her in mourning, kneeling in a devout posture before a crucifix.

Although the portrait seems to have been taken when she was in the decline of life, her countenance nevertheless exhibits exceeding beauty. Her arms are meekly folded upon her breast, while penitence and humility are strongly impressed upon her features.*

* Granger's Letters, p. 162.

MRS. MIDDLETON.

Summary of the remaining Beauties at the Court of Charles II.—Lineage of Mrs. Middleton—Tributes to her Beauty—She is the Friend of Waller and St. Evremond—De Grammont becomes her Suitor—His Portrait of her—Epitaph on her by St. Evremond—Person and Character of Miss Boynton—Her Marriage with Richard Talbot—Miss Wells—Her Beauty and Frailty—Her singular Mishap at Whitehall—Notice of Miss Warnestré—Her agreeable Supper-parties—Supposed to have been seduced by Lord Taaffe—Banished the Court—Her Marriage with Sir Thomas Vernon—Her Sister, the Countess of Oxford—Notice of Miss Price—She is lampooned by Lord Rochester—Her Portrait by Lely.

THE recapitulation of such ephemeral qualities, as mere beauty and questionable wit, is a task sufficiently wearisome to the author, and may not be very acceptable to his reader. There remain, however, more than one fair face and doubtful character, whose connection with the gay Court of Charles, and whose position in the lively pages of De Grammont, demand at least a passing record.

Of these, Jane Middleton, a silly and sentimental beauty,—inasmuch as she was the first who attracted the attention of the gay chevalier, De Grammont, after his arrival in England,—shall have the preference. She was a daughter of Sir Roger Needham, and was probably related to Robert Needham, Viscount Kilmurrey, whose daughter Eleanor, Lady Byron, has already been mentioned as having been a mistress of Charles. Respecting her husband, Mr. Middleton, whoever that person may have been, his contemporaries appear to have troubled

themselves little, and consequently the world is left in the dark as to his identity. There can be little question but that her personal charms were of a high order. Granger speaks of Mrs. Middleton as "a woman of small fortune, but of great beauty." Pepys styles her "a very beautiful woman;" and even the philosopher Evelyn warms into something like enthusiasm, when he speaks of that "famous and indeed incomparable beauty, Mrs. Middleton." Simpleton, as she is generally described to have been by her contemporaries, there exist the contradictory facts that Evelyn admired her skill in painting, and that she was the companion of Waller and of St. Evremond.

There must have been a certain charm about Mrs. Middleton, to have fascinated the fastidious De Grammont. Not only was the selection flattering in itself, but his heart was evidently engaged in the pursuit, and we find him lavishing on her the most expensive presents. Notwithstanding, however, this evident partiality, his description of her character and person is anything but flattering. According to the Chevalier's own account, he was cured of his passion by the mere sight of her engaging rival Miss Hamilton. There is a passage, however, in his brother-in-law's *Memoirs*, which renders it more probable that a partiality on the part of Mrs. Middleton for Ralph Montagu, afterwards Duke of that title, was in reality the secret of his apostacy. The conjecture derives greater weight from the fact of Montagu being mentioned in the lampoons of the period as her accepted lover:—

"Next Middleton appeared in view,
Who strait was told of Montagu," &c.

"Mrs. Middleton," says De Grammont, "was one of the handsomest women in town; so much of a coquette

as to discourage no one; and so great was her desire of appearing magnificently, that she was ambitious to vie with those of the greatest fortunes, though unable to support the expense. She was well made, fair, and delicate; but had in her behaviour and discourse something precise and affected. The indolent airs she gave herself did not please everybody: people grew weary of those sentiments of delicacy, which she endeavoured to explain without understanding them herself; and, instead of entertaining, she became tiresome. In these attempts she gave herself so much trouble, that she made the company uneasy, and her ambition to pass for a wit, only established for her the reputation of being tiresome, which lasted much longer than her beauty." It would appear, by one of the pasquinades of the time, that Mrs. Middleton was the mistress of one of the Hydes, probably of Laurence, first Earl of Rochester of that name:—

" Not for the nation, but the fair,
Our Treasury provides;
Bulkeley's Godolphin's only care,
As Middleton is Hyde's."

The Duke of York; Richard Jones, afterwards Lord Ranelagh; and Colonel William Russell, a brother of the Earl of Bedford, also figure as her admirers.

In the first volume of the State Poems, there is a copy of verses, entitled "Cullen with his Flock of Misses," which contain some abusive lines on Mrs. Middleton, too gross for repetition. They support the charge, however, of her having been too tender both to Hyde and Montagu. Later in life, we find Mrs. Middleton one of the most frequent attendants at the gay parties of the Duchess of Mazarin, and, if we may trust St. Evremond,—who has celebrated her in several of his small pieces,—one of

their chief ornaments. The admirable epitaph on her by the witty and courtly poet must not be omitted.

" Ici gît Middleton, illustre entre les belles,
Qui de notre commerce a fait les agrémens :
Elle avait des vertus pour les amis fidèles,
Et des charmes pour les amans.
Malade sans inquiétude,
Résolue à mourir sans peine, sans effort
Elle aurait pû faire l'étude
D'un philosophe sur la mort,
Le plus indifférent, le plus dur, le plus sage
Prennent part au malheur qui nous afflige tous
Passant, interromps ton voyage,
Et te fais un mérite à pleurer avec nous."

Mrs. Middleton was alive as late as 1685, if not considerably later. There is a portrait of her by Lely.

MISS BOYNTON, the "languishing Boynton" of De Grammont, and a maid of honour to Queen Catherine, was a daughter of Matthew, second son to Sir Matthew Boynton, Bart., of Barmston, Yorkshire. Her sister married the celebrated Earl of Roscommon, the poet. "Her person," says De Grammont, "was slender and delicate, to which a good complexion, and large motionless eyes, gave at a distance an appearance of beauty, that vanished upon nearer inspection. She affected to lisp, to languish, and to have two or three fainting fits a-day. The first time that Talbot fixed his eyes upon her, she was seized with one of these fits. He was told that she swooned away upon his account: he believed it, was eager to afford her assistance, and ever after that accident showed some kindness, more with the intention of saving her life, than to express any affection he felt for her. This appearance of tenderness was well received, and at first she was visibly affected by it. Talbot was one of

the tallest men in England, and to all appearance was one of the most robust ; yet she showed sufficiently that she was willing to expose the delicacy of her constitution to whatever might happen in order to become his wife." This was the stalwart coxcomb, Richard Talbot, afterwards Earl and Duke of Tyrconnel, of whom sufficient mention has already been made. The charms of "La belle Jennings" interposed for a time, but on being rejected by her, he returned to her languishing rival, and Miss Boynton subsequently became his wife. She died, Countess of Tyrconnel, about the year 1677.

WINIFRED WELLS, another handsome coquette, and also a maid of honour to Queen Catherine, was, according to De Grammont, of a loyal family, who had faithfully adhered to the fortunes of Charles the First during the civil wars. The second Charles displayed his gratitude to them by seducing their kinswoman. Of the loyalty of the Wells' family we have no record ; unless, indeed, we may mention a Mr. George Wells of Nottingham, who was compelled to compound with the Parliament for his estate.

Pepys mentions his meeting Miss Wells at dinner, in 1660, at the apartments of Chiffinch at Whitehall. The company at first consisted of the sister of the host ; Edward Progers, and Sir Thomas Allen ; and, he adds,— "by and by fine Mrs. Wells, who is a great beauty ; and there I had my full gaze upon her, to my great content, she being a woman of pretty conversation."—"This was a tall girl," says De Grammont, "exquisitely shaped : she dressed well, and walked like a goddess ; and yet her face, though made like those that generally please the most, was unfortunately one of those that please the

least." According to the same authority, her countenance was devoid of expression, and her conversation insipid.

A story is commonly related of Miss Wells, which is thus amusingly touched upon by Pepys:—"1662-3, Captain Ferrers," he says, "tells me, among other Court passages, how about a month ago, at a ball at Court, a child was dropped by one of the ladies in dancing, but nobody knew who, it being taken up by somebody in their handkerchief. The next morning all the Ladies of Honour appeared early at Court for their vindication, so that nobody could tell whose mischance this should be. But it seems Mrs. Wells fell sick that afternoon, and hath diasappeared ever since, so that it is concluded it is hers." Again, he adds, after the lapse of some days:—"Mr. Pickering tells me the story is very true of a child being dropped at a ball at Court, and that the King had it in his closet a week after, and did dissect it; and, making great sport of it, said that in his opinion it must have been a month and three hours old; and that, whatever others think, he hath the greatest loss (it being a boy, as he says), that hath lost a subject by the business." If Charles, as seems probable, were the father of the child, this philosophical investigation affords a singular illustration of delicate sentiment and parental regard. In the pages of De Grammont, an amusing, though not very delicate, reason is assigned, for the very brief period which Miss Wells continued her influence over the heart of Charles.

THE MISS WARMESTRÉE of De Grammont is known, under this fictitious name, to have been Mary Kirk, a maid of honour to Queen Catherine, and daughter of

George Kirk, Esq., Groom of the Bed-chamber to Charles the Second. Horace Walpole believed the name to have been Warminster, of which family, he says, five persons are interred in the cathedral at Worcester. One of them, he adds, was a Dean of Worcester, and, on the authority of his epitaph, a staunch adherent of the Stuarts. There can, however, be no doubt that Miss Warmestré and Miss Kirk were one and the same person. Were any proof required, it was afforded by the testimony of the last Earl of Arran, who may almost be looked upon as contemporary, and whose evidence has established the identity beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The little supper parties, in Miss Kirk's apartments at Whitehall, must have been extremely agreeable. The company, generally speaking, seems to have consisted of the Duke of Richmond; Lord Taaffe, who afterwards lost his life at the battle of the Boyne; the beautiful Miss Stewart; the Count de Grammont; and, for the sake of appearances, the governess of the Maids of Honour. Lord Taaffe was the admirer of Miss Kirk, and apparently the cause of her ruin. "The governess of the maids," says Count Hamilton, "who for the world would not have connived at anything that was not fair and honourable, consented that they should sup as often as they pleased in Miss Warmestré's apartments, provided that their intentions were honourable, and she one of the company. The good old lady was particularly fond of native oysters, and had no aversion to Spanish wine: she was certain of finding at every one of these suppers two barrels of oysters; one to be eaten with the party, and the other for her to carry away: so soon, therefore, as she had taken her dose of wine, she took her leave of the company."

In the midst of these scenes of revelry, while Miss

Kirk was in the pride of her youth and loveliness, there arrived in London Sir Thomas Vernon, a country gentleman of large fortune, and a relation of Thomas Killegrew's. He immediately fell in love with Miss Kirk, and made her an offer of his hand. At this period, however, she had other objects in view, and accordingly she rejected his overtures with disdain. Sir Thomas returned crest-fallen to his country seat, forsook his dogs and horses, and gave himself up to despair.

It was not long afterwards, that Miss Kirk, "in the face of the whole Court," gave birth to a child at Whitehall. The Queen was naturally indignant, and sent to inquire of Lord Taaffe, the presumed seducer of her fair attendant, whether he chose to acknowledge Miss Kirk as his wife. Lord Taaffe, with something of brutality, observed that he acknowledged neither Miss Kirk nor her child; at the same time expressing his wonder that he should have been selected for the honour in preference to others. Miss Kirk was in consequence dismissed the Court, whither the unfortunate creature never appears to have returned.

In the mean time, Miss Kirk's former lover, Sir Thomas Vernon, had continued so disconsolate after his rejection, that, in order to cure him of his folly, his relation Killegrew hastened to him after the affair had transpired, informed him of his idol's disgrace, and congratulated him on his fortunate escape. Instead, however, of being shamed out of his attachment, the honest simpleton exhibited the most ridiculous evidence of joy. He lost no time in renewing his former honourable overtures; and Miss Kirk, under the altered circumstances in which she found herself placed, consented to become his wife. The description which Count Hamilton gives of their married life is pleasing enough:—"His passion,"

he says, "even increased after marriage, and the generous fair one, attached to him at first from gratitude, soon became so through inclination, and never brought him a child of which he was not the father; and though there has been many a happy couple in England, this certainly was the happiest." According to the same authority, Miss Kirk was a person of indifferent figure, but was remarkable for her beautiful eyes and tempting looks. She had a sister, Diana Kirk, who became the wife of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford. Their daughter, Diana, the sole heiress of that distinguished race, married Charles Beauclerk, first Duke of St. Alban's. The character of the Countess of Oxford appears to have been scarcely more immaculate than that of her sister. In a lampoon intitled "Queries and Answers from Garraway's Coffee-house," we find:—

"Q. How often has Mrs. Kirk sold her daughter Di, before the Lord of Oxford married her?

"A. Ask the Prince, and Harry Jermyn."

We should have more readily pardoned the early frailty of Lady Oxford had she borne a twenty-first heir to a gallant and illustrious house. The portrait of her sister, Mary Kirk, was painted by Lely.

HENRIETTA MARIA PRICE, the last of this class of persons whom it is necessary to mention, was also a maid of honour to Queen Catherine. According to De Grammont, she was possessed of considerably more wit than beauty; was far from being afflicted with bashfulness; took a great interest in the amours of others; and, above all things, delighted to be engaged in a love-affair of her own. Her inclination to pry into the secrets of others, obtained for her the unenviable honour of being

satirised by Lord Rochester. It seems that, having discovered some low amour in which the libertine was engaged, she was imprudent enough to publish it to the world. When Rochester was afterwards practising as a mountebank astrologer on Tower Hill, one of the persons by whom he was visited was Miss Price's maid. He told her that she waited on "a good-natured lady, whose only fault was loving wine and men." The girl, as Rochester had anticipated, repeated the scandal to her indignant mistress.

Anthony Wood mentions a Lady Price, who, he says, was the daughter of Sir Edmund Warcup, a cadet of an ancient family in Oxfordshire, and the translator of some topographical works on Italy, Sicily, and other countries. This person, according to the Oxford antiquary, had the vanity to think that Charles would marry his daughter, and in his letters mentions her being "one night and t'other with the King, and very graciously received by him." Granger, in referring his readers to Wood's notice, seems to think it probable that these two ladies were one and the same individual. Miss Warcup, however, and Miss Price, whatever similarity there may have been of character and in name, were evidently very different persons. Miss Price sat to Lely for her picture, of which there is a copy in mezzotinto by Browne.

JAMES II.

JAMES II.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Infancy of James—The Parliament forbid his joining the King—The Marquess of Hertford disobeys their orders and conveys him to York—He falls into the hands of Fairfax—Homage paid to him by Cromwell—James is committed to the Guardianship of the Earl of Northumberland—His Interviews with his Father—Escapes from St. James's in Disguise—His Arrival at Middleburg—Commotion at St. James's on the Discovery of his Flight—His Residence in a Benedictine Monastery—Accompanies Charles II. to Jersey—His Want of Respect for his Mother—Visits Rhenen and the Hague.

JAMES, the second surviving son of Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, was born at St. James's Palace, on the 15th October, 1633. He was immediately proclaimed Duke of York at the palace gates, though the title was not formally conferred on him by patent till the 27th January, 1643. He was christened by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 24th of October, nine days after his birth.

His childhood was passed at St. James's, where he continued to reside with his young brother and sister, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, till the year 1641; when, at the commencement of the civil troubles, he was sent for by the King to attend him to York. The Parliament positively forbade his removal. The gallant Marquess of Hertford, however, to whom the Duke's person had been entrusted, unhesitatingly disobeyed the edict, and found means to convey him to the

arms of his parent. Shortly after this event James was created a Knight of the Garter. He was at this period in his eighth year.

James was present in the town of Hull, in 1641, at the time when his unfortunate father appeared with his retinue at the gates, and was refused admittance by the governor, Sir John Hotham. As Hotham was immediately declared a traitor by Charles, and as it was evident that hostilities must soon commence, it seems strange that so important a personage as the young Duke of York should have been allowed by the rebels to slip through their hands. He was permitted, however, to rejoin his father, under whose guardianship he continued till the surrender of Oxford in 1646, when the unhappy King was not only deprived of the society of his children, but became a King only in name. Previous to this period, the young Duke had been present at the siege of Bristol, and had beheld from an insecure eminence the battle of Edgehill. During the engagement, his life, as well as that of his elder brother Charles, was at one time in imminent danger. They were not only left with very few attendants, but, on one occasion, had a very narrow escape from the fire of the enemy.

In 1646, when Fairfax entered Oxford with his victorious army, he was probably not a little elated at discovering the Duke of York among the number of his prisoners. James, who was then in his fourteenth year, was immediately placed under the guardianship of Sir George Ratcliffe, till the pleasure of the Parliament should be ascertained. Fairfax, attended by his principal officers, shortly afterwards paid him a visit of ceremony. On this occasion, according to James's own account, the General was the only officer present who neglected to kiss his hand: on the other hand, Cromwell, he says,

was the only officer who knelt to him during the ceremony.

In July, the same year, the Duke was removed from Oxford to St. James's Palace, and, with the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, was placed under the guardianship of Algernon Earl of Northumberland. During the period he was under the charge of that nobleman, we have the authority of Lord Clarendon, and indeed of James himself, that nothing could be kinder or more considerate than the Earl's treatment of the royal children.

Previous to the escape of James from the Parliament, in 1647, we find him allowed more than one interview with his unhappy parent. They had been permitted to embrace each other at Maidenhead, at the period when Charles was a prisoner at Lord Craven's seat at Caversham; and subsequently James, with his brother and sister, had permission to spend two whole days with their parent. The same favour was afterwards frequently allowed by the army during the time that Charles was a prisoner at Hampton Court. On these occasions either the royal children were conducted to their father, or else he would ride over to Sion House to enjoy their society. During these interviews it was the great object of Charles to instil a due sense of religion, and especially a reverence for the tenets of the Church of England, into the mind of his son. The effect of these appeals on the Prince will be sufficiently indicated, as we pursue the tale of his subsequent career.

The story of the Duke's escape from St. James's, which took place when he was in his fifteenth year, is replete with an interest which almost amounts to romance. Having previously been twice detected in similar attempts, he had been examined by a Committee of the Parliament,

and threatened with the horrors of the Tower ; indeed, he seems narrowly to have escaped being immured within its walls. A third essay, therefore, of a similar nature, not only discovers considerable courage and firmness of purpose on the part of a mere boy ; but it was also carried out with a degree of cleverness and caution which could scarcely have been expected in one so young. Considering these circumstances, it is singular to find Lord Clarendon speaking of James at this period as a remarkably backward boy.

The only persons to whom James had intimated his intentions, previous to his making the attempt, were a Mr. George Howard and Colonel Bamfield. The latter had formerly served as a Colonel in the royal army ; but, having more recently professed the tenets of the republican party, his connivance was the less likely to be suspected. So cautious indeed was the young Duke in his proceedings, that when on one occasion at the tennis-court, a letter from his mother was privately offered to him by a confidential messenger, he positively refused to receive it, lest it might indirectly lead to a detection of his plans. The particulars of his flight, which took place on the 20th of April, 1648, are related in the Stuart Papers, and bear high testimony to his courage, acuteness, and presence of mind.

"All things," proceeds the narrative, "being in readiness on the night of the aforementioned day, the Duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and, when supper was ended, they went to play at hide and seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and had used to hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly

they were half an hour in searching for him; at the end of which time he came usually out to them of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him, before he really intended his escape; by which means when he came to practise it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half hour, before they could reasonably suspect he was gone.

“His intention had all the effect he could desire; for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself. But instead of so doing, he went first into his sister’s chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then, slipping down by a pair of back stairs, which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back door from the said garden into the park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman who brought a cloak, which he threw over him and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, whence one Mr. Tripp was ready with a hackney coach, which carried them as far as Salisbury House. There the Duke went out of the coach with Bamfield, as if he had intended some visit in that house, and Tripp went forward with the coach, having received directions to drive into the city, and keep the coach as long as he could conveniently at that end of the town. But when they were gone, the Duke and Bamfield went down Ivy-lane, where they took boat, and landed again on the same side of the river close by the bridge. From thence they went into the house of one Loe, a surgeon, where they found Mrs. Murray, who had woman’s clothes in readiness to disguise the Duke. Being immediately

dressed in them, he departed thence, attended by Bamfield and his footman to Lion-key, where there waited a barge of four oars, into which they entered, and so went down the river, the tide serving for the passage.

"They were no sooner in the barge but the master began to suspect somewhat; for when Bamfield bespoke his attendance there with his barge, he had only told him he was to bring a friend, but now, finding a young woman was brought without other company, it made him jealous there was something more in the business than he had first imagined; the consideration of which did so much affright him, that his whole discourse in going down was employed in telling them, it was impossible to pass by the Blockhouse at Gravesend without discovery, and that they had no other way to get on board the ship, which waited for them in the Hope, than to land at Gravesend, and there to procure a pair of oars to carry them on ship-board. And when Bamfield debated the matter with him, showing the difficulty and hazard of procuring a boat which should convey them to their ship, he raised new objections of his own danger, from the shining of the moon and other inconveniences. But while they two were thus reasoning the matter, the master of the barge became fully satisfied concerning those suspicions which he had, that this woman was some disguised person of considerable quality; for peeping through a cranny of the door into the barge-room, where there was a candle burning before the Duke, he perceived his Royal Highness laying his leg upon the table, and plucking up his stocking in so unwomanship a manner, that he concluded his former surmises of him were undoubted truths, as he afterwards acknowledged to them." *

* Clarke's Life of James II., vol. i. pp. 34—36.

The Duke and Bamfield, perceiving that the suspicions of the sturdy navigator were fairly awakened, considered it prudent to impart to him the real secret of their adventure. Their arguments, and more especially the gold which they promised him, had the desired effect, and he consequently agreed to use his utmost endeavours to carry them further down the river, without stopping at Gravesend. By adopting the expedient of extinguishing the lights on board, and, instead of using his oars, of allowing the vessel to float with the tide, he contrived to effect his object. Eventually the fugitives reached a Dutch vessel of seventy tons which was expecting them; and, after twice striking against the bar, in their hurry to get into Middleburg, at length landed in safety at that place.

The discovery of the Duke's flight occasioned an extraordinary commotion at St. James's. According to a communication conveyed in a message from the Lords to the Commons, which subsequently led to a conference between the two Houses,—“The Duke of York, with the Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Elizabeth, being together in a room playing after supper by themselves, the Duke of York privately slipped from them down the back stairs, without cloak or coat, in his shoes and stockings, by way of the Privy Garden, having got a key of the door, by which he escaped through the park, and could not be found; none of his servants who attended him being missing.”* James himself describes the confusion which took place in the palace, on the discovery of his flight:—“He had not gone,” he says, “above an hour, before they began to miss him, and to search for him in every room of the house; where, not finding him,

* Oldmixon, p. 341.

they sent immediate notice of it to Whitehall, and to the General, Sir Thomas Fairfax. Thereupon there were orders issued out, that all the passages about London should be laid for him, especially the northern road, and those towards Wales; imagining he had either taken that way or towards Scotland." Orders were also issued to guard the different sea-ports, but James had already sailed from Gravesend when the despatches arrived. The pursuit, however, was not relinquished, till the fact of his having landed in Holland was established beyond all doubt.

After passing a night at Middleburg, the Duke proceeded to Dort, where he remained in his female attire till the return of a messenger whom he had despatched to his sister, the Princess of Orange. He was immediately supplied with proper habiliments, and a yacht was despatched to convey him to Maesland Sluice, where he was welcomed by the Princess and her husband with all possible kindness. Lord Byron, who had been recently raised to the peerage for his military services during the civil wars, was shortly afterwards appointed his governor. The Duke remained with his relations in Holland till the commencement of 1648, when he received a message from his mother to join her at Paris. He had advanced as far as Cambray on his route, when the news reached him of the tumults in Paris, and the flight of the royal family to St. Germain. He was proceeding to settle himself in an uncomfortable abode at Cambray, when he received a considerate message from the Archduke Leopold, recommending him to take up his abode for the present in the Benedictine monastery of St. Amand. He accepted the proposal, and had reason to be highly gratified at his reception by the kind-hearted monks. They retained him as their guest till February, 1649,

when he received another summons from the Queen, to join her in the French capital. Here he was affectionately received by his remaining parent, and with flattering attention by the French King.

Towards the middle of 1649, we find him accompanying his brother Charles to Jersey, where he had resided about four months, when he received a summons from the Queen to return to France. He so far obeyed her injunctions as to quit Jersey, but, instead of joining her at Paris, he proceeded to Brussels, ostensibly with the intention of paying another visit to his sister the Princess of Orange. According to Lord Clarendon, the over-severity of his mother had diminished his respect and love for her, and was the occasion of his disobedience. On his reaching Brussels, to his great annoyance his sister refused to receive him till he should have made his peace with the Queen. Accordingly, he proceeded to Rhenen, a seat of his aunt the Queen of Bohemia, where he remained till the commencement of 1650, when an invitation at length reached him to visit his relations at the Hague. His arrival there was speedily followed by that of the ambassadors from the British Parliament, and, as it was the intention of the States to welcome them with all due honours, the Duke—in order to escape the mortification of being a witness of the ceremony—repaired hastily to Breda. As soon as the unpalatable rejoicings were at an end, he again visited the Hague. Here he remained till the month of June, when a message reached him from his brother, Charles, desiring him to proceed to Paris, and make his peace with the Queen.

CHAPTER II.

James serves in the French Army under Turenne—His Military Services—Compliment paid to James by the Prince de Condé—He joins the Spanish Service—Indifferent Figure which he presented at the Court of his brother Charles—His Want of social Humour—Anecdotes—Accession of James to the Throne—His first Speech to the Privy Council—His Bigotry—Publicly attends Mass in the Queen's Chapel—The Duke of Norfolk refuses to attend him—Spirited Opposition of the Duke of Somerset—The King's intemperate Zeal in religious matters—Rebuke by the Spanish Ambassador—By the Bishop of Oxford—Cutting Speech of the unfortunate Ayloffe—James discards his Mistress, Catherine Sedley—His Love of Hunting—Ominous Coincidences at his Coronation—Takes up his Residence at St. James's.

FROM the year 1652 to 1658, the history of James is that of a soldier of fortune. In the former year, when he had attained the age of twenty, he obtained, to his great satisfaction, the permission of his mother to serve in the French army under the great Turenne, against the Spanish forces in Flanders. The principal difficulty he had to encounter, was in raising a sum of money sufficient to furnish him with an outfit; which, however, was at length obviated by one Gautier, a Gascon, advancing him three hundred pistoles. His brother Charles added a set of Polish coach-horses, with which he departed in high spirits to his first campaign. His companions were Sir George Berkeley and a Colonel Worden, who, together with three or four servants, composed his retinue.

A regular narrative of his life, during the next five years, would amount to little more than the dry record

of an uninteresting warfare. During a series of campaigns, he appears to have encountered the usual hazards of a soldier, and to have mingled in all the stirring scenes of a military life. Throughout, he is said to have exhibited a capacity of no common order, and especially to have distinguished himself by that constitutional fearlessness, which, with the single exception of his grandfather, was inherent in the race from which he sprang. The reputation, indeed, which he acquired, and more particularly the flattering encomiums of Turenne, procured for him a celebrity at the time, which almost threw the character of his brother Charles into the background. It was a saying of the celebrated Prince de Condé, that if ever there was a man without fear, it was the Duke of York.

James continued to serve under Turenne till the year 1655, when, in consequence of a treaty between Louis XIV. and Cromwell, he was banished from the French dominions. Shortly after this event, he made an offer of his services to the Spanish monarch, which were accepted. He joined his new friends in 1657, and particularly distinguished himself at the defence of Dunkirk, previous to the surrender of that town to the English, in 1658. During the period that he was employed in the Spanish service, he seems to have been allowed a body-guard of fifty men, handsomely accoutred, as well as two hundred pounds a month, to support the expenses of his table.*

After the Restoration, the conduct of James, at the gay Court of his brother Charles, was in no degree creditable to his own conduct; neither were his accomplishments such as to throw grace or brilliancy over the

* *Thurloe's State Papers*, vol. vi. p. 363.

sprightly circles in which he mixed. Unfortunately, neither his duties as a husband nor as a father; neither his respect for the rank which he held, nor the absorbing interest which he professed for his religion, were able to wean him from the then fashionable routine of unprofitable debaucheries, nor from being constantly engaged in some discreditable intrigue. James had as many mistresses as his brother Charles; and, moreover, entertained the same libertine opinions regarding female virtue. His amours, however, were without interest, and his mistresses without beauty. Charles the Second used to say, alluding to their unusual plainness, that the priests had inflicted his brother's mistresses on him as a *penance*.

James appears to have been totally deficient in those charming social qualities, in that agreeable kind of wit, for which his brother was so distinguished. Among Dr. Birch's MSS. however, in the British Museum, an anecdote is related of him which is not without humour. One day, while trying on a pair of new boots, he inquired of his chaplain how he liked them. The divine, observing that he could perceive no particular merit in either their shape or manufacture, inquired of James what price might have been given for them. Being told that they had cost about two or three guineas, he commenced inveighing against the bootmaker as a cheat; declaring his ability to purchase a better pair for thirty shillings. "Hold, Doctor," said James, "I would undertake to purchase a better sermon for sixpence, than ever you preached in your life; and yet it is not at that rate that you value, or that I pay for them."

Bevil Higgon, in his "Short View of English History," relates an anecdote of James, which he professes to prefer to all the wise apophthegms of Plutarch's worthies. James, it seems, shortly before his accession to the

throne, had been induced to speculate in an African company, from which he had recently received a dividend of five hundred pounds. After looking over the account, and having handed a receipt to the person who brought him the money,—“This gold,” he observed, “thus honestly gotten, does me more good than if Parliament had given me a million.” The merit of the saying, however, is scarcely clear. Had the money been earned by intellectual or manual labour, instead of having been the proceeds of what was little better than a gambling transaction, the remark made by James would certainly have been creditable enough. In the present instance the encomium appears to be preposterous.

From the period of the Restoration of his brother Charles till his own accession to the throne, there are few circumstances connected with the personal history of James deserving of particular notice. His marriage with Anne Hyde, to which we shall hereafter advert,—his naval engagements with the Dutch,—his squabbles with Monmouth and Shaftesbury,—his unfortunate declaration of his being a Catholic,—his second marriage with Mary of Modena, and the attempts made in Parliament to exclude him from the throne, are matters too intimately connected with the political history of the period to require any particular comment.

Notwithstanding his unpopularity when Duke of York, and also the well-known fact that he was a Roman Catholic, the news of his accession was received by his subjects, if not with actual joy, at least with decent forbearance and respect. He was immediately proclaimed, with the usual ceremonies, at Whitehall, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange: and, according to ancient usages, wine was liberally distributed among the people. If we are to credit the prejudiced account of Bishop

Burnet, the proclamation was read in solemn silence : "There were no tears," he says, "for the last King, and no shouts for the present one." On the other hand, Echard paints the scene in very different colours. The proclamation, he tells us, was everywhere listened to with enthusiasm : former prejudices were forgotten, and, amidst the loud acclamations of the multitude, "all people began now to wipe their eyes, and to dry up those tears they had so plentifully shed." From the very different accounts of the two churchmen we must draw our own conclusions. It may be remarked, however, that Welwood, from whom no partiality can be expected, alludes to the "loud acclamations" of the populace ; and, moreover, that Dr. Calamy, a non-conformist, observes that his "heart ached within him," as he listened to their shouts. Whatever may have been the amount of enthusiasm displayed by the mob, there could scarcely have been a man of sense in the kingdom, to whom James's notoriously slavish attachment to the Church of Rome, and his high notions of the prerogative, were not matters of deep reflection and serious alarm. On the other hand, the fact is not a little striking that no monarch, on his accession, had ever received a greater number of addresses, nor such as teemed with more servile and fulsome adulation.

The accession of James to the throne took place on the 6th of February, 1685. As soon as the breath had departed from the body of his brother Charles, he gave orders for the assemblage of the Privy Council, and, in the mean time, quitted the scene of death for the solitude of his own apartment, in which he passed about a quarter of an hour. As soon as the Privy Councillors had assembled, he took his seat at the head of the board. The speech which he delivered to

them on the occasion, instead of being the studied composition of his ministers, was entirely his own. With apparently unaffected good feeling and zeal, he expressed, in such strong terms, his determination to maintain the government of Church and State as by law established, as to call for repeated bursts of acclamation from the councillors. His address, which was printed the same day, was, in fact, in every respect calculated to allay past prejudices, and to win for him present esteem. He had been reported, he said, to be in favour of arbitrary power; nor was it the only offence which had been most unfairly brought to his charge. It would be his endeavour to preserve the government, both of Church and State, as he found it by law established. The principles of the Church of England were in favour of monarchy, and the members of it had shown themselves good and loyal subjects: therefore, he said, he should always take care to extend to it his defence and support. "I know," he added, "that the laws of England are sufficient to make the King as great a monarch as I can wish; and as I shall never depart from the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, so I shall never invade any man's property. I have often heretofore ventured my life in defence of the nation, and I shall still go as far as any man in preserving it in all its just rights and liberties." Such was the famous speech of James the Second on his accession to the throne. The council requested it might be printed; and the people received it, not only with satisfaction, but with the most sanguine anticipations of a peaceful, happy, and glorious reign.

Not improbably James at this moment deceived himself. How bitterly he deceived his subjects we have yet to see. Dr. Lingard considers, and apparently with some reason, that, at this period, James rather meditated an

extension to his Catholic subjects of a free exercise of their religious duties, and an exemption from those certainly oppressive restrictions, and "barbarous punishments," to which the laws still subjected them, than to restore the ascendancy of the ancient worship over the Protestant faith. Gross, indeed, must have been the deception, if, in spite of these plausible professions, he in his heart contemplated, at this early period, that sweeping and daring system of misrule and bigotry, for which he afterwards so deservedly forfeited his crown.

Whatever may have been the merits of the case, the agreeable anticipations of his subjects were destined very soon to be signally disappointed. On the following Sunday, two days after his brother's death, James openly insulted the prejudices of his people, and infringed the sanctity of the laws, by publicly attending mass in the Queen's Chapel, at St. James's, surrounded by all the insignia of royalty, and the splendid paraphernalia of the Romish Church. He was attended, both to and from the chapel, by the band of gentlemen pensioners; his life-guards; several of the more complaisant of the nobility; as well as by the Knights of the Garter, in the collars of their Order. It was on this occasion that a Protestant nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, whose office it was to carry the sword of State, stopped short when he came to the door of the chapel, with the evident intention of proceeding no further. James was naturally disconcerted:—"My Lord," he said, "your father would have gone further."—"Your Majesty's father," replied the Duke, "would not have gone so far."

We may mention another instance of praiseworthy opposition which he encountered from one of the ancient nobility. When Signior D'Ada, the Pope's Nuncio, made his public entry at Windsor, Charles Duke of

Somerset was the lord in waiting, in which capacity it was his duty to assist in the reception of any foreign minister. The Duke, however, positively declined to be present, observing, that he had been credibly informed it was contrary to the laws. "Are you not aware," said James, "that I am above the law?"—"If your Majesty be above the law," replied the Duke,—“I at least am aware that I am not.” In consequence of this honourable resistance the Duke was dismissed from all his offices and employments.

In the same spirit of intemperate zeal, the King not only published some private papers which proved his brother Charles to have been a Roman Catholic, but even despatched Caryl as his acknowledged agent to Rome, for the express purpose of paving the way for the re-admission of England into the bosom of the Church. On another occasion, when a Roman Catholic priest was about to kneel to him for the purpose of kissing his hand, James, shocked at the intended act of humiliation, anticipated his design;—"Since you are a priest," he said, "I ought rather to kneel to you and kiss your hand." Again, when another priest lamented to him that his next heir, the Princess of Orange, was a heretic,—"God," he replied, "will provide me with an heir." No wonder, when the subsequent birth of the Prince of Wales took place, that the event was regarded by the superstitious monarch as a miracle wrought in favour of the Catholic faith.* Before the Pope's Nuncio, James

* There is extant a curious pamphlet, entitled "The first Sermon preached before their Majesties, in English, at Windsor, on the first Sunday of October, 1685, by the Rev. Father Dom. P. E. Monk of the Holy Body of St. Benedict, and of the English congregation: published by His Majesty's command," 1686, 4to. The text is Matt. xxii. 37. Four other such Sermons are said to be extant, which were preached

actually fell on his knees in the chapel at St. James's before the whole Court.

The headstrong and impolitic ardour of James was unpalatable even to the Court of Rome ; so much so, that Innocent the Eleventh, the reigning Pontiff, went so far as to remonstrate with him on his precipitancy. James could bear from the father of the church, what he could not endure from another. On another occasion, when Don Pedro Ronquillo, the Spanish Ambassador, remonstrated with him in the same spirit of policy and kindness, the King is said to have been highly incensed at his boldness. "Is it not the custom," he said, "in Spain, for the King to consult on such subjects with his confessor?"—"Yes, Sir," answered the Ambassador, "and that is the very reason that our affairs succeed so ill."

James appears to have received more than one answer, as blunt and unwelcome, from his own subjects. He was once engaged in conversation with Henry Compton, Bishop of Oxford,—who had formerly been a Cornet in the Horse Guards,—when the King, disliking the tenor of his sentiments, observed rather angrily to him, that "he talked more like a colonel than a bishop."—"Your Majesty does me honour," retorted the other, in reminding me that I formerly drew my sword in defence of the constitution : I shall certainly do so again if I live to see the necessity." Compton, who was afterwards Bishop of London, was the same prelate who, in 1688, put himself

before the King, in English, by Philip Ellis, brother of Dr. Welbore Ellis, Bishop of Meath. Among other evidences of the remarkable change, which the example of the King had wrought on the times, it may be mentioned that a mendicant friar, begging alms in the streets of London, was no uncommon sight at the period. A portrait of a fat Franciscan, entitled "*Frater Mendicans*," is inserted among a set of Cries published at the time, and is well known to the curious.

at the head of a gallant troop, and accompanied the Princess Anne in her flight to Nottingham.

Another unpalatable reply to which James was subjected, was from poor Ayloff, the gallant adherent of the unfortunate Argyle. This person, having been apprehended after the Duke's defeat, had been brought up to London, where he was examined by the King in person, who endeavoured to elicit from him the secrets of his party. Ayloff, however, remaining sullen, and refusing to make the slightest discovery;—"Do not you know," said James, "that it is in my power to pardon you?"—"I know it is in your *power* to pardon me," said the other, "but I equally know it is not in your *nature*." Ayloff being a nephew of the great Lord Clarendon, and consequently related to the King, it was expected that he would escape with his life: he received no mercy, however, but was executed with his friends.

Previous to the accession of James, his celebrated mistress, Catherine Sedley, had exercised a powerful influence over her royal lover. Hume observes, somewhat sarcastically,—“Good agreement between the mistress and the confessors of princes is not commonly a difficult matter to compass.” Whether, in this instance, the holy fathers had failed in establishing a proper understanding with the lady, or whether a dangerous illness, under which the Queen was then labouring, had revived a more tender feeling in her husband, certain it is that, though he created his mistress Countess of Dorchester, her reign was interrupted almost as soon as that of her lover commenced. Between this lively lady and the priests there was unquestionably no sympathy. They are said to have been the constant objects of her unbridled raillery; and with James, to smile at a pretended miracle, or to ridicule a cassock, even though it covered

a knave, were crimes of unpardonable iniquity. Lady Dorchester consequently, principally at the instigation of the jealous and indignant Queen, was dismissed to Ireland with a pension. Her absence, however, was of no long duration; and, on her return to London, the King was weak enough to renew his intercourse with his abandoned mistress. It may be noticed, as among the anomalies of human nature, that a man, who sacrificed a throne to his religious principles, and who was, moreover, a husband and a grandfather, should have been so far the slave of his passions, as to be unable to resist the temptation of so disreputable an intrigue.

That James, on his elevation to the throne, had entertained a laudable intention of reforming his own morals, and those of his Court, there is every reason to believe. In a letter of this period we find,*—"The King is very intent on his business, seldom or never absent from council; takes no diversion but hunting, which he does for health once a week, on Mondays, at Putney Heath, or other places not far distant. Soon after his brother's death he forbade Mrs. Sedley the Court; and has since declared he will reform the Court from swearing, drinking, and wenching." Oldmixon, however, gives a different reason for Lady Dorchester's dismissal. The Queen, he tells us, who was then in an ill state of health, was so indignant at her rival having been created a Countess, that on a particular day she collected in her closet as many priests as were in her confidence, and, on their being assembled, despatched a messenger to the King, requesting his attendance in her sick chamber. James, he adds, on finding himself in the midst of such a com-

* Letters, Illustrative of the Herbert Family, vol. i. p. 125.

pany, was not a little surprised; and the more so when they all fell on their knees, and the Queen began to upbraid him for having so publicly distinguished her rival. "The priests told the King," continues Oldmixon, "that a blemish in his life blasted their designs; and the more it appeared, and the longer it continued, the more ineffectual all their endeavours would prove. The King was moved, and out of countenance, for what he had done; but to quiet them all, he promised to see the lady no more. He indeed sent her to Ireland, but she returned after a short stay, and his ill commerce with her was still continued."

One of the few amusements in which the King delighted was hunting, to which there are frequent allusions in the epistolary correspondence of the day. In a letter, dated London, 27th March, 1686, we find,—“His Majesty to-day (God bless him!) underwent the fatigue of a long fox-chase: I saw him and his followers return, as like drowned rats as ever appendixes to royalty did.” And again, in another letter, dated 19th April, 1687, “The King visits Richmond often, makes it his hunting quarter twice a week, and most commonly attends the Queen thither with great civility.”* It was but the following year that the misguided monarch was himself persecuted and hunted down by his own subjects.

King James was crowned with his Queen, in Westminster Abbey, on St. George's day, the 23rd of April, 1685. The ceremony, which was performed by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, though sufficiently splendid, was shorn of many of the triumphs which had distinguished the coronation of his brother Charles.†

* Ellis's Correspondence, vol. i. pp. 82, 271.

† The ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Protestant faith. James, it seems, overruled his conscientious scruples on

There was no creation of Knights of the Bath; the City neglected the customary erection of triumphal arches; and the former gorgeous cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster was omitted. James was inclined to be penurious, and, by curtailing the splendours of the day, is said to have saved himself as much as sixty thousand pounds.

One of the King's fancies was to commemorate any particular event of his life by striking a medal. On the medal which was struck on the occasion of his coronation, his bust was represented, after the manner of the Roman Emperors, with a laurel wreath entwining his head, surrounded by the words: JACOBUS II. D.G. ANG. SCO. FR. ET HIB. REX. On the reverse was a branch of laurel upon a cushion, with an armed hand from the clouds holding out a crown:—the inscription was—A MILITARI AD REGIAM EXURG.

One or two accidents, which occurred during the ceremony of the coronation, gave rise to many gloomy forebodings in the minds of the superstitious. How strange was the delusion, that it was the will of Providence to discover its intentions, by the rustling of tapestry, or the fall of a picture! Nevertheless, the incidents which occurred at the coronation of James, if not supernatural, were not a little curious. During the ceremony, the crown was perceived to be tottering on the King's head, when Henry Sidney, the brother of the high-minded and lamented Algernon Sidney, stepped forward and prevented it from falling:—"It was not the first occasion," he said, "of his family having supported the crown." The subject is again touched upon in a letter of the period. Dr. Hicks writes to Dr. Chartlett,

the occasion, believing it was necessary to the stability of his throne.
- *Lingard*, vol. xiii. p. 16.

23rd January, 1711 :—"I happened to dip in page 46, where I cast my eye on the *Sortes Virgilianæ* of Charles the First.

At bello audacis populi vexatus, &c.

This gave me some melancholy for an hour or two, and made me call to mind the story of Bernini and his bust,* burnt in Whitehall. It made me also call to mind the omens that happened at the coronation of his son, James the Second, which I saw, viz.—the tottering of his crown upon his head, the broken canopy over it, and the rent flag hanging upon the white tower over against my door, when I came home from the coronation. It was torn by the wind at the same time that the signal was given to the Tower that he was crowned. I put no great stress upon omens, but I cannot despise them : most of them I believe come by chance, but some from inferior intellectual agents, especially those which regard the fate of Kings and nations."† The same day, according to Echard, a part of a window in one of the London churches, on which the royal arms were beautifully painted, suddenly fell down in a very unaccountable manner.

James, it may be mentioned, was the first English monarch who inhabited the palace which bears his name ; a measure rendered compulsory in consequence of the destruction of a great part of Whitehall by fire. St. James's, as is well known, was built by Henry the Eighth, who also enclosed the Park. It had formerly been a hospital for leprous persons, a foundation coeval with the Conquest.

* See vol. i. p. 363, *note*.

† Aubrey, *Letters of Eminent Persons*, vol. i. p. 213.

CHAPTER III.

Cruelties permitted by James—Jeffreys' Barbarities after the Suppression of Monmouth's Rebellion—Brutality of Colonel Kirke—The Queen delivered of a Son—Merits of the Warming-pan Story—Remarkable Weather-cock at Whitehall—The Prince of Orange embarks to oppose King James—Lands at Torbay—James is deserted by his Officers—Defection in his own Family—His Grief and Consternation—Anecdotes—The King's Flight from Whitehall—He is seized by the Populace, and Returns to London—His second Flight—His gratifying Reception by the French King—His Bigotry and Imprudence—Lands with an army in Ireland—State of his affairs in that Country—The King's Courage forsakes him—Battle of the Boyne—Return of James to France.

THE barbarities which were practised after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion,—inasmuch as they were not only tolerated by James, but were gratefully and liberally rewarded by him,—have imprinted a deep stain upon his memory. In addition to the judicial slaughters of the drunken and atrocious Jeffreys,—a man with the spirit of a Caligula and the morals of an ale-house,—there were others whose share in the bloody work was scarcely less inhuman than disgusting. One Colonel Kirke, who had formerly served at Tangier, figures among the most prominent. This person on one occasion actually ordered a number of his victims to be led forth and put to death, while he himself drank the King's health, in brutal joviality, with his friends. Observing that the poor creatures trembled excessively through fear, he gave directions for the trumpets to sound, telling them, in the same inhuman strain of

jocularity, that they should not want music for their dancing. His regiment from their ferocity were styled ironically Kirke's Lambs. James subsequently endeavoured to convert Kirke to the Roman Catholic faith. "When I was quartered at Tangier," was the reply of the rough soldier, "I promised the King of Morocco that should I ever change my religion, I would become a Mahommedan." After the return of Jeffreys from his circuit of blood and horror, the King showed how fully he approved of his proceedings by creating him a Peer, and, shortly afterwards, raising him to the chancellorship.*

After Monmouth's rebellion, no fewer than two hundred and fifty persons were executed, and eight hundred and fifty transported. According to Burnet, the King was not only acquainted with the barbarities which were practised in his dominions, but had an account of the executions sent to him every day. These accounts he is said to have taken a pleasure in reading to the foreign ambassadors at his levees; and, among his own circle, is reported to have spoken jestingly of the work of horror, as "Jeffreys' campaign." It may be remarked that, when Jeffreys was dying in the Tower, he was attended by Dr. Scot, an excellent divine, who especially exhorted him to repent of the barbarities of which he had been guilty in his days of insolence and power. "Whatever I did then," said Jeffreys, "I did by express orders; and I have this farther to say for myself, that I was not half bloody enough for him that sent me thither."—

* Such was the general horror conceived of the barbarities of Jeffreys, and with such vividness were the heart-rending accounts of his cruelty transmitted from father to child, that many years afterwards, when his grand-daughter, the Countess of Pomfret, was travelling in the West of England, she was attacked by an infuriated mob, merely on account of her relationship.

"This," says Onslow, "I had from Sir J. Jekyll, who told me that my Lord Somers told it him, and that he (Lord Somers) had it from Scot himself." Nearly the same story is repeated in the Life of Archbishop Sharp. When that prelate, who had formerly received some kindness from Jeffreys, went to visit him in the Tower, he was assured by the wretched prisoner that whatever atrocities he might have been guilty of, had been committed with the connivance and approval of the Court. It must be admitted on the other hand, that the apologists of James have brought forward some favourable evidence on his behalf. Sheffield Duke of Buckingham even affirms, that such was James's commiseration for his suffering subjects, that he never forgave Jeffreys for his wholesale inhumanities. It is elsewhere stated, that when Bishop Ken and Sir Thomas Cutler interceded in favour of some of the condemned criminals, James not only readily extended his mercy to them, but afterwards expressed his thanks to Cutler for his humane interference; regretting that his example had not been followed by others.*

In the worst spirit of tyranny was the revival of the Court of High Commission by the infatuated James. His obstinate contest with Magdalen College, and his committal of the bishops to the Tower, were acts equally arbitrary, oppressive, and unconstitutional. It was in the midst of the universal revilings and discontent, consequent on these measures, that the Queen, on the 10th of June, 1688, was delivered at St. James's of a son.† The event was, of course, as gratifying to the King, as it was displeasing to his Protestant subjects. The one beheld in

* See Burnet, vol. ii. p. 26, *note*.

† The celebrated Philibert Count de Grammont was despatched by the French King to England, to congratulate James and his Queen on the occasion.—*Ellis's Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 5.

his infant the supporter of orthodoxy and the champion of popery in England; while the Protestants, who had long rested their hopes on the succession of the Princess of Orange, anticipated her probable exclusion with the deepest alarm and regret.

So general was the conviction that the King's insane bigotry would carry him to any lengths, that by the Protestant portion of his subjects it was almost universally believed that he imposed on them a surreptitious offspring. The celebrated "warming-pan story," although it has been often and satisfactorily disproved, is, nevertheless, still replete with an interest of a peculiar order.

The arguments, in favour of the parturition having been a fictitious one, were as follows:—It was affirmed, that the King was become constitutionally incapable of having children; that the Queen had continued seven years without bearing a child; that her delivery was mysteriously sudden, and had taken place immediately after changing her apartments; that it occurred on a Sunday, when all the Protestant ladies of the Court were attending Divine service; that neither the Princess of Denmark, the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor the Dutch Ambassador, (the three persons whose attendance was of the most importance,) attended at the birth; that during the labour the bed was not left so open as it ought to have been; that, previous to her delivery, the Queen neither permitted the Princess Anne, nor any one of the Protestant ladies, to satisfy themselves of her pregnancy; that, during her labour, though the weather was hot, and the room heated by the crowd of persons who were present, a warming-pan was introduced into the bed; and lastly, though an imposture had been previously suspected by the nation, that the Court had taken no

precautions to put the question beyond the possibility of a doubt.

To these general arguments, Burnet adds his quota of argument and ill-will. "The Queen," he tells us, "for six or seven years had been in such a wretched state of health, that her death had been constantly anticipated :—she had buried all of her children shortly after they had been born, and her affairs were managed with a mysterious secrecy, to which none had access but a few Papists." These, and many other arguments of less importance, are adduced by the bishop. He adds, however, with much more common sense and justice, that however unfounded the suspicions may have been, yet, considering the malicious reports which were abroad, the Queen not only owed it to herself, to the King, and to the Princesses Mary and Anne, but to the child which she bore in her womb, to prove the fallacy of the accusation to the world.

It would be needless to detail the various and unanswerable arguments, which refute the theory of a surreptitious birth. It would be alone a sufficient refutation, that, besides the necessary attendants, there were present at the time of the Queen's delivery as many as forty-two persons of rank, consisting of eighteen members of the privy-council, four peers who were not of the council, and twenty ladies, all of whom, as far as circumstances and modesty would allow, were witnesses of the birth of the Prince of Wales. By the desire of James, the depositions of these persons were taken down, and may still be seen, with the autographs of the deponents, in the Council Office. The strong resemblance which in after-life the features of the Pretender, as he was called, bore to those of his misguided parent, afforded the last proof that was wanting to relieve James from the charge of foul play.

Notwithstanding the troubled state of the times, the baptism of the young Prince of Wales was celebrated with all the splendour customary on such occasions. The usual congratulations were transmitted by foreign powers, and the Pope consented to become a sponsor to the heir to the throne. The selection of the Pope on this occasion was a step of the greatest imprudence. If anything was wanting to exasperate, and entirely to alienate from James the affections of his subjects, it was the spectacle of the proxy of the sovereign pontiff attending, with all the ceremonials of the Church of Rome, the baptism of their future king. Fortunately, the prospect of bequeathing his throne and his bigotry to a son, whose feelings and principles he hoped would be congenial with his own, was not long destined to be the secret solace of James. It was only a few months, scarcely indeed weeks, before the news reached him of the projected invasion of his dominions by the Prince of Orange.

The submissive and almost pusillanimous conduct of James, during the danger which impended his person and his throne, was both humiliating to himself, and rendered him contemptible in the eyes of his subjects. The High Commission Court was immediately broken up; attempts were made to conciliate the University of Oxford, by restoring to Magdalen College her excluded Fellows; and, moreover, the bishops were once more received into favour. At the same time the King was unbounded in his professions of regret for the past, and his promises of amendment for the future. When the Prince of Orange's intentions at length became no longer a doubt, and the certainty that his dominions were about to be invaded was announced to him, he is said to have turned deadly pale, and unconsciously to have allowed

the despatch which brought the tidings to fall to the ground.

Among other evidences of disquietude which were exhibited by James, was his causing a weather-cock, of no ordinary dimensions, to be placed immediately opposite his own apartments, on the roof of the Banqueting-House at Whitehall. It was intended to give him momentary notice of the state of the wind, and consequently of the progress likely to be made by the Dutch fleet. His anxiety on this subject was not confined to the King, but, according as the wind happened to blow from the east or the west, it was styled the Popish or Protestant wind. The circumstance is alluded to in the merry political ballad of *Lillibulero* :—

“ Oh, but why does he stay behind !—
By my soul 'tis a Protestant wind.”

The weather-cock may still be seen at the north end of the Banqueting-House, and is rendered the more remarkable from its being transversely ornamented with a cross.

The incident of the weather-cock is alluded to by M. Misson, who was in England at the time. On the 23rd October, he writes,—“ James the Second, being restless and uneasy, has ordered a weather-cock to be placed where he may see it from his apartment, that he may learn with his own eyes whether the wind is Protestant or Popish.” And again, M. Misson writes on the 31st of the same month :—“ I was present when James received letters from Newport, informing him, with extravagant exaggerations, of the dispersion of the Prince of Orange's fleet. At his dinner, he said to M. Barillon, the French Ambassador, laughing,—‘ At last the wind has declared itself Popish,’—and he added, (resuming his

serious air and lowering his voice,) 'you know that for these three days, I have caused the Holy Sacrament to be carried in procession.'"

On the 21st October, 1688, the Dutch fleet, consisting of about six hundred vessels manned by sixteen thousand men, set sail from Helvoet-Sluice on their hazardous expedition. Fortune, in the first instance, was not propitious to them. A tempest overtook them; several horses were lost; the fleet was compelled to put back, and the troops to be disembarked. All difficulties, however, having been again surmounted, the fleet again set sail with a fair wind for the West of England. As they passed down St. George's Channel, the heights of Dover and other places were covered with a multitude of people, equally admiring the beauty of the spectacle, and anxiously speculating on the result. On the 5th of November, the anniversary of the "Gunpowder treason," the Prince landed with his army at Torbay.

James, on the first news of the Prince's landing, had marched his army to Salisbury, where, had he exhibited any of the spirit which had distinguished him in his youth, his troops would probably have fought for him to the death. Their number, and their fine state of discipline, seem originally to have inspired James with the most sanguine hopes of success. His conduct, however, soon lost him both their affection and their confidence. His generals, many of whom owed him a large debt of gratitude, began one by one to desert their posts; their example was of course followed by officers of subordinate rank; almost hourly he was informed of the defection of some valued friend; till, at length,—completely miserable, and betrayed on all sides,—he determined on retracing his journey to the capital. The fact is somewhat remarkable, that the trifling circumstance of a

bleeding at the nose, inasmuch as it compelled him to alter his route, prevented his falling into the hands of his enemies.*

Among others who deserted his fortunes for those of the Prince of Orange, was his son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark. The circumstance, however, seems to have affected him with much less pain than might have been expected. When any fresh instance of defection had reached Prince George's ears, he had been accustomed to say affectedly—*Est-il possible ?* When James therefore was informed of the Prince's own departure,—“What !” he said, “has little *est-il possible* left me too ?” His feelings, however, and behaviour were very different, when, on reaching London, he was informed that his favourite daughter Anne had also flown from his hearth. Giving vent to a flood of tears ;—“Good God !” he said, “am I then deserted by my own children ?” In after-years we find him dwelling on her conduct, though with more of sorrow perhaps than of bitterness, in his Memoirs. Reresby also tells us, that “he was so deeply afflicted, that it disordered him in his understanding.” In a moment of bitterness he exclaimed, in the words of the Psalmist, —“*Oh, if my enemies only had cursed me, I could have borne it !*” And again we are told in the Stuart Papers, that “those strokes had been less *sensible*, had they come from hands less dear to him.” The words marked in italics were interlined by his son. Even Burnet admits that James had ever been “a kind and indulgent father” to the Princess.

On his return to London, one of the King's first steps

* The circumstance of the bleeding of the King's nose is alluded to by Lord Clarendon, Burnet, Reresby, Sir Patrick Hume, in his Diary, and in a letter in the Ellis' Correspondence. See especially the last-mentioned work, vol. ii. pp. 328, 329.

was to summon a council of the peers, from whose hereditary attachment to the throne he looked for advice in the hour of his extremity. He expressed to them his firm determination of calling a new Parliament; repeated his assurances of supporting Church and State as by law established; and concluded by appealing to them for their assistance and advice. During the debate which followed, the submissive humility of his manner was remarked by every one:—"Where," it was said, "are the looks, and where the spirit, that but yesterday made three kingdoms tremble?" The sight of humbled pride, the pitiable aspect of fallen greatness, are always painful to behold; and consequently, in that proud assembly, there was probably not one individual, with the exception of his relative, Lord Clarendon, whose pity was not excited on behalf of the afflicted, though undeserving monarch. It was on his way to this assembly that James encountered the old Earl of Bedford, whose son, the celebrated Lord Russell, had lost his head in the last reign, principally at the instigation of James. The King taking the Earl aside, requested him to use his influence, which was considerable, in promoting his views. "I am old, Sir," replied the venerable Earl, "but *I had a son* who might have been of service to your Majesty on this occasion."

Betrayed by his friends, deserted by his army, shunned by the summer crew of parasites and flatterers who had buzzed about him in his prosperity, abandoned at his utmost need by even his own children,—the harassed monarch began to think of consulting his personal safety, and consequently made secret arrangements for escaping into France. Edmund Waller had long before prophesied, that the King would end by being left alone, "like a whale upon the strand." In common with the

wiser part of mankind, the venerable poet had long foreseen the miserable results to which the inordinate bigotry of his sovereign, and his unfortunate selection of his friends and advisers, must eventually lead. He was once in conversation with the King at one of the royal palaces, when James, taking him into his private closet, pointed out to him a particular picture and inquired how he liked it?—"My eyes are dim, Sir," replied Waller, "and I know not who it is." The King intimating that it was the Princess of Orange,—“It reminds me,” said the poet, “from its likeness, of one of the greatest Princesses in the world.” James inquiring who he meant, Waller replied that he alluded to Queen Elizabeth:—"I wonder," said the King, "you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council."—"And pray, Sir," retorted Waller, "did you ever know a fool choose a wise one?"

But we must return to the fortunes of the misguided King. Every measure that prudence could suggest having been adopted to secure his flight, on the night previous to the attempt he imparted his determination to the Duke of Northumberland, the lord in waiting, desiring him on his allegiance to keep it a profound secret, till the necessity for concealment should no longer exist. About three o'clock on the following morning, the 11th of December, attended only by Sir Edward Hales and two servants, he withdrew from Whitehall by a private passage which led to the Thames, where he entered a boat, rowed by only two watermen. He had some time before destroyed the writs issued for the election of a new Parliament; and he now carried with him the great seal, which he threw into the river. The instrument was afterwards found by a fisherman, and restored to the Government.

About the hour when the King was in the habit of rising, his antechamber was thronged, as usual, by those who were in the habit of attending his levee. Suddenly, the door of the bedchamber was thrown open, and, instead of the King, the Duke of Northumberland made his appearance, and informed them of his Majesty's flight. Having performed this last act of kindness for his sovereign, the Duke, who was a natural son of Charles the Second, immediately placed himself at the head of his regiment of Guards, and declared for the Prince of Orange.

James, in the mean time, had proceeded as far as Feversham, when he was boarded by a boat, containing thirty-six armed men, who, as Reresby expresses it, "were bound priest-codding or catching." By these persons, who were entirely ignorant of his rank, James was not only detained a prisoner, but was shamefully ill-treated by them. His sword was taken from him, as well as a considerable sum of money which he carried about his person. According to the authority of his natural son, the Duke of Berwick, he was mistaken by his persecutors for the chaplain of one of the Roman Catholic peers, and it was on the presumption of his being a priest that he met with so little favour. At length, according to the Duke, "Among others that crowded about the King, there came one who knew his face, and who presently fell at his feet, begging his Majesty to pardon the rudeness of the mob, and bidding the fellows return the jewels and gold which they had taken from him. But the King would only receive the jewels, and suffered the populace to share among them the gold, being about four hundred guineas." * Accord-

* Life of the Duke of Berwick, p. 23.

ing to a letter of the time, the King not only refused to receive back his money, but caused another ten guineas to be given to the mob, with which he desired them to drink his health.*

The Prince of Orange had by this time advanced as far as Windsor, and as it was unquestionably his interest that James should quit the kingdom, he was naturally annoyed and disconcerted at the King's progress having been arrested. The Prince immediately despatched a messenger to his father-in-law, desiring him on no account to proceed nearer to London than Rochester. The despatch, however, arrived too late, for James had already advanced some distance on his return to London. Strange as it may appear, not only the mere mob,—who a few hours before had displayed their Protestant zeal by every kind of disorder,—but even the more respectable and enlightened inhabitants exhibited the most enthusiastic joy at his *happy* return to Whitehall. The Duke of Berwick informs us that the whole city was illuminated; nor is there the least reason to question the fact. Beresby mentions the ringing of bells and the lighting of bonfires; and in a letter of the period the fact is thus corroborated:—"The King," says the writer, "returned on Saturday from Feversham to Rochester, and on Sunday, about four in the afternoon, came through the city, preceded by a great many gentlemen bareheaded, and followed by a numerous company with loud huzzas. The King stopped at the Queen Dowager's, before he came to Whitehall, and the evening concluded with ringing of bells and bonfires."†—"This was a day of triumph," says Father Orleans: "no man ever remembered to have seen the like: ringing of bells, bonfires, and all the solemnities

* Ellis' Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 362.

† Ibid.

that are usually exhibited to testify joy, were practised on this occasion."

Gratifying as must have been these evidences of reviving loyalty, his return to Whitehall proved of no advantage to the fallen monarch. He was visited but by very few persons of distinction; he had the mortification of seeing Dutch sentries posted before his windows; and it was evident to the royal bigot that he had ceased to be a king except in name.

James was in bed, when, about midnight, his privacy was suddenly broken in upon by Lords Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delemere. Two of these noblemen had actually been in open arms against him. They informed him that it was the wish of the Prince of Orange that he should leave London the next morning, and take up his abode at the seat of the Duchess of Lauderdale at Ham, in Surrey, about ten miles from London. James preferred a last request. Anxious to be near the sea-shore, he petitioned that Rochester might be substituted for Ham; and, as it suited the views of his adversaries, who were willing to facilitate his escape from the kingdom, the request was readily granted.

It was on a very tempestuous night, not without danger from the elements as well as from man, that the King was conveyed down the river, attended by a Dutch guard. And yet at that very moment, — when the wretched monarch was about to wander an homeless exile over those seas, on which he had more than once ridden the triumphant Admiral of a gallant fleet,—his daughter, the Princess Anne, conducted in her father's coaches, and surrounded by his guards, is said to have displayed herself, decorated with Orange ribbons, at the public theatre.

The King continued at Rochester till the 23rd of

December, on which day it had been determined to make a second attempt at flight. The companions, whom he selected to share his fortunes and his dangers, were his gallant son, the Duke of Berwick; Biddulph, a gentleman of the bedchamber; and a M. L'Abadie, a page of the back stairs. We learn from the account of the Duke of Berwick, that on the night of the 23rd, the King, having retired to bed, and having dismissed his attendants, laid his commands on the Duke to remain with him in his bedchamber. As soon as the apartment was cleared, he rose from his bed, and, having hastily dressed himself, passed from the house by a back-door, and embarked on board a large sloop, which was in readiness to receive him. The account of the night's adventure, as related in the Stuart Papers, is not without interest:—"The King went to bed at his usual hour. As soon as the company were gone, he got up, dressed, and went, by the back stairs, through the garden, where Macdonald stayed for him, with the Duke of Berwick and Mr. Biddulph, to show him the way to Trevanion's boat. About twelve at night, they rowed down to the smack, which was waiting without the fort at Sheerness. It blew so hard right a-head, and ebb-tide being done before they got to the Salt Pans, that it was near six before they got to the smack. Captain Trevanion not being able to trust the officers of his ship, they got on board the Eagle fire-ship, commanded by Captain Wilford; on which, the wind and tide being against them, they stayed till daybreak, when the King went on board the smack." After having encountered adverse and boisterous weather, the fugitives, finding themselves unable to reach Calais, bore away in the direction of Boulogne, and on Christmas Day, 1688, arrived safely at Ambleteuse, in Picardy. The French King received his brother monarch with a sympathy and

kindness, which were as honourable to the one, as they must have been gratifying to the other.

The King's abdication and flight were celebrated, as may well be supposed, by all kinds of vulgar ballads and unfeeling lampoons. Of these a single specimen may be acceptable to the reader.

“ Farewell Petre, farewell Cross ;
Farewell Chester, farewell ass ;
Farewell Peterborough, farewell tool ;
Farewell Sunderland, farewell fool !

Farewell Milford, farewell Soot ;
Farewell Butler, farewell sot ;
Farewell Roger, farewell trimmer ;
Farewell Dryden, farewell rhymers !

Farewell Brent, farewell villain ;
Farewell Wright, worse than Tressilian ;
Farewell Chancellor, farewell mace ;
Farewell Prince, farewell race !

Farewell Queen, and farewell passion ;
Farewell King, farewell nation ;
Farewell Priests, and farewell Pope ;
Farewell !—all deserve a rope !”

However culpable may have been the excessive bigotry of James, and however contemptible may have been his folly, it is impossible not to do credit to that conscientious, though mistaken, rectitude of mind, which induced him to resign a splendid inheritance, rather than diverge from the path which he imagined religion and duty pointed out to him. His zeal was more unfortunate than it was criminal. Dr. King observes, in his curious *Anecdotes of his Own Time*:—“ If James had been indifferent in matters of religion, or had professed the same faith with the Emperor of China, he would have proved one of the best princes who have governed the British Islands. But

his great bigotry obscured all his good qualities, and his zeal to introduce Popery was so violent, and prompted him to such extravagant attempts, as must necessarily, if they had succeeded, have ended in the total ruin, not only of our religious, but our civil liberties. The King's intemperate zeal was ridiculed even by the Court of Rome. And how must he have been mortified, if, upon his first appearance at Versailles, after his abdication, he had heard Cardinal ——— say to the person who stood next him, '*See the man who lost three kingdoms for an old mass !*' "

Even his Queen, Mary of Modena, bigoted as she was in all religious matters, never fully entered into the headstrong enthusiasm of her misguided consort. When Lord Stair was afterwards ambassador at Paris, she bitterly lamented to him the misconduct of her husband, and attributed the whole blame to Father Petre.

Having forfeited his sovereignty over England by his abuse of power, the only hopes which remained to James of being restored to his inheritance, rested entirely on the exertions of his friends in Scotland and Ireland, and especially on the loyalty of the latter country. It would be needless to dwell at length on his unfortunate expedition to Ireland. The French King is said to have offered him an army of fifteen thousand men; but the terms in which he refused the offer, if the anecdote be genuine, does him credit. "No," he said, "I will succeed by the assistance of my own subjects, or perish in the attempt." On the 7th of March, 1689, James embarked at Brest. He was attended by about twelve hundred British subjects, among whom were the Duke of Berwick; another of his natural sons, Henry Fitz-James, commonly called the Grand Prior; the Earls of Dover, Melfort, Abercorn, and Seaforth; and the gay

and gallant brothers, Counts Anthony and John Hamilton. He was accompanied by a fleet of fourteen sail of the line, besides frigates and fire-ships; and, moreover, was liberally provided by the French monarch with arms, money, and ammunition. The same kind friend attended carefully to his personal comforts; presenting him with splendid equipages, plate, and all the household necessities which he was likely to require. At parting, Louis gracefully presented his brother monarch with his own sword:—"The best wish I can make you," he said, "is that I may never see you again."

On the 22nd of March, James landed at Kinsale, and at the end of the month made his public entry into Dublin, amidst the rejoicings and acclamations of the people. He was met at the gate of the castle by a grand procession of the Roman Catholic clergy bearing the Host, which he worshipped with the usual homage. James remained in Dublin till the spring, when he advanced to the siege of Londonderry. He was one day reconnoitering the works, when he narrowly escaped a shot from the town; an officer being killed close to his side.

On the 29th of April, the French fleet, under the command of Château Renaud, was descried off the coast of Ireland, and, on the first of the following month, made its appearance in Bantry Bay. The same day it was engaged by an English squadron under Admiral Herbert, afterwards Earl of Torrington, when the French obtained a slight advantage over their foes. James was in Dublin, when Count Devaux, the French Ambassador, came to inform him of the news, and, with the exaggeration, not unusual to his countrymen, assured him that the English had been entirely defeated. The remark of James was creditable to his heart. Forgetting the

advantage which such an event would naturally confer on his own fortunes, and remembering the time when he had himself led an English fleet to victory, he answered coldly,—“It is then the first time.” It may be remarked, for the credit of our countrymen, that, in the engagement of Bantry Bay, the English fleet was not only ill-manned, but was considerably inferior in numbers to the French. The force of the invaders amounted to twenty-eight sail of the line, while the English fleet is generally believed to have consisted only of eighteen ships, and has never, we believe, been computed at more than twenty-two. Even the circumstance of the French obtaining the advantage has sometimes been disputed, but, it must in fairness be admitted, on insufficient grounds.

James, ever the foot-ball of fortune, had but little reason to be satisfied with the progress of his undertaking. The increasing differences between his French and Irish followers, the slight advantages which he had hitherto obtained, the news of the death of the brave Dundee at Killicranky, the distress and miseries which he saw around him, and of which he knew himself to be the author, as well as the anticipated arrival of King William with an overwhelming force, appear not only to have completely soured his temper, but to have implanted in his mind the deepest despondency, and even the most unbecoming fears.

Already, owing to his timid and irresolute proceedings during the recent invasion of England, and to his pusillanimous abandonment of his throne,—his courage, which in his youth had been so conspicuously displayed under the banner of the great Turenne, had not only been called in question by his enemies, but was even suspected by his friends. But in this, his second extremity, all

sense of honour, every feeling of honest pride and self-respect, appear to have deserted his breast. Although at the head of a powerful and devoted army, no sooner was there the least drawback to success, than, with a dastardly ingratitude, he determined to desert his own standard, and, abandoning to their fate the gallant and faithful followers who were risking life and fortune for his sake, to withdraw himself secretly into France. We have heard much of the ingratitude of the Stuarts, but certainly cowardice was not in general their fault. In the mean time the Prince of Orange had advanced by such rapid marches, that he was already in the neighbourhood of the Irish army, before James had received intelligence that the Prince had even landed in Ireland. Although prepared to seek safety in flight, the utter ignominy, the impossibility, indeed, of flying in the immediate hour of danger seem to have impressed themselves on the mind of James, and to have shamed him out of his dastardly resolution.

On the particulars of the famous battle of the Boyne it would be unnecessary to dwell. No sooner did fortune appear to decide against the Irish, than James, who had kept aloof from the danger, and had posted himself on a hill surrounded by some squadrons of horse, was the first to turn his back on the foe. Instead of attempting to rally his followers,—a measure which might easily have been effected,—he retreated precipitately towards Dublin, and from thence to Waterford; destroying the bridges in his way, at the suggestion of his French followers, in order to arrest the pursuit of the victors.

At Dublin he had the assurance to complain of the conduct of the gallant troops whom he had recently so ignominiously deserted; observing that he would never again trust his fate to an Irish army. Such a speech was

naturally commented upon in no measured terms. It was justly remarked by his insulted followers, that complaints of cowardice came but ill from the mouth of a coward; that he himself had been the first to hurry from the field of battle; and that, in fact, he was the only combatant, not of foreign birth, who had sought to save his life by flying from the kingdom. Only let the English change kings with them, they said, and they would willingly fight the battle over again. At sea James fortunately fell in with a French squadron under the *Sieur de Foran*. He was taken on board a swift-sailing frigate, and landed safely on the coast of France, from whence he proceeded to his former residence at *St. Germain*s.

CHAPTER IV.

Battle of La Hogue—Conduct of James in adversity—His Visit to the Monks of La Trappe—Romantic History of the Abbot, M. De Rancé—The Throne of Poland offered to James—His last Illness—His Dying Interview with Louis XIV.—His Death and Burial—Interesting Inscriptions to his Memory—Miracles believed to have been wrought through his Intercession—Character of James—Children by his two Wives, Anne Hyde and Mary of Modena—His Natural Offspring.

IN the year 1692, a second invasion was prepared by James, with the view of re-establishing himself on the throne of England. Louis again stood forth his friend, and again made extensive preparations to forward his views. James had repaired in person to La Hogue, and was ready to embark with his army, consisting of French troops and British refugees, when on the 19th of May, the English fleet under Admiral Russell, appeared in view of the coast. Orders having been given to both fleets to clear for action, an engagement followed, known as the celebrated battle of La Hogue, in which the French fleet, under Admiral de Tourville, was totally defeated. James, who was a witness of the engagement from the sea-shore, appears to have exhibited deeper feelings on the occasion than were commonly supposed to be in his nature. Observing the fearlessness and activity of the British seamen in scaling from their boats the lofty sides of the enemy's ships, his remark was characteristic of the conflict which was passing in his mind. "None," he said, "but my brave English could

perform such acts of gallantry." Again, at the close of the action, some of the spent balls passing close to his person,—“ Ah ! ” he exclaimed, mournfully, “ I find that Heaven itself fights against me.” Immediately afterwards he retired to the privacy of his own tent.

From this period James became an altered and an improved man. He retired to his little court at St. Germain, where he continued to reside during the few remaining years of his life, reflecting on the vanity of human wishes, devoting his attention to his spiritual welfare, and doing good to his fellow-creatures. He was never heard to speak despondingly of his fortunes, nor virulently of his foes. He ever spoke with enthusiasm of his former subjects; and even among the French, of whom he was a pensioner, dwelt with raptures on the subject of English valour and English glory. According to his biographer Bretonneau, he spoke an ill word of no one; he read, without anger, the scurrilous attacks which were promulgated by his enemies; he reproved those who spoke with bitterness of his persecutors; was severe in his penances and constant at his devotions; was extremely abstemious, and regarded the loss of his kingdom as a just ordination of the Supreme Being, and as a wholesome infliction for the errors of his past life. Watching over the dignity and respectability of his little court, and living on affectionate terms with his family, he took an interest in the happiness of his servants and the economy of his household, and lived frugally on the pension awarded him by the French Court. Were we to estimate the character of James from his mode of life at this period, it would be difficult to draw a more amiable portrait. Harmless in his amusements, kind and considerate to those about him, and strict in his religious duties, what more can be said of the wisest and the best !

One or two visits paid by the exiled King to the rigorous and exemplary monks of La Trappe, in Normandy, appear to have made a deep impression on his mind.—According to a curious contemporary account, the first visit of James to La Trappe was on the 20th of November, 1690; on the evening of which day he arrived on horseback at the door of the monastery. As soon as the King had alighted, the Abbot, M. de Rancé, who was in readiness to receive him, prostrated himself at his feet. It was an act of respect, it appears, which the Abbot was in the habit of performing to all strangers. James, shocked at seeing so holy a man in so humiliating a posture, immediately raised him up, and solicited his benediction. The blessing having been solemnly given, they proceeded together to the chapel, and, after the service was over, conversed together for an hour. In the evening, the King again attended evening service, with which he expressed himself much comforted and edified. The writer, in his very interesting narrative, gives a minute account of what followed:—

“The King’s supper was served by the monks, and consisted of roots, eggs, and vegetables. He seemed much pleased with all he saw. After supper, he went and looked at a collection of maxims of Christian conduct, which were framed and hung up against the wall: he perused them several times, and, expressing how much he admired them, requested a copy.

“Next day the King attended the chapel, and communicated with the monks, which he did with great devotion. He afterwards went to see the community occupied at their labour for an hour and a half. Their occupations chiefly consisted of ploughing, turning, basket-making, brewing, carpentering, washing, transcribing manuscripts, and book-binding.

"The King was much struck with their silence and recollection. He, however, asked the Abbot, if he did not think they laboured too hard. M. de Rancé replied, —'Sire, that which would be hard to those who seek pleasure, is easy to those who practise penitence.'

"In the afternoon the King walked for some time on a fine terrace, formed between the lakes surrounding the monastery. The view from this place is peculiarly striking."

During his stay, James paid a visit to a holy recluse, who resided in a small hut which he had himself constructed among the woods of La Trappe. This person, who was said to be a man of rank, had formerly been one of the King's followers, and had highly distinguished himself by his personal gallantry in the royal cause. Wearied of the world and of its vanities, he had retired to this gloomy retreat, where he was in the habit of inflicting on himself the most severe tortures and privations, exchanging speech with no one except the pious Abbot of La Trappe. The King was not a little shocked at the contrast between the once gay and gallant soldier, and the wretched wreck of humanity which stood before him. Among other questions which he put to the recluse, he inquired of him at what hour in the winter mornings he attended service in the convent. The hermit replying, "At about half-past three,"—"Surely that is impossible," interrupted Lord Dumbarton; "how can you traverse this intricate forest in the dark, at a season of the year, too, when, even in the day-time, the road must be undiscernible from frost and snow?"—"My Lord," replied the recluse, "I should blush to esteem these trifles as any inconveniences, in serving a heavenly monarch, when I have often braved dangers, so much more imminent, for the chance of serving an earthly one."

Some minutes afterwards, Lord Dumbarton observing to the recluse that he must be thoroughly tired of passing his time alone in so gloomy a forest: "No," interposed the King,—“he has indeed chosen a path widely different to that of the world: but death, which discovers all things, will show that he has chosen the right one.”—“There is a difference,” he proceeded, turning to the hermit, “between you and the rest of mankind: you will die the death of the righteous, and you will rise at the resurrection of the just; but they—” Here the King paused; the tears gathered in his eyes, and his thoughts seemed to be occupied with the most painful recollections. After a few moments he rose hastily, and, taking a kind leave of the recluse, returned with his retinue to the monastery.

During the remainder of his stay at La Trappe, James assisted in all the religious offices of the institution, and gave evidence of the most fervent devotion. At his departure, he threw himself on his knees before the Abbot, and, with tears in his eyes, requested his blessing, which the other gave with the most affecting solemnity. While in the act of rising from his knees, James was assisted by one of the monks, who offered him his arm for the purpose. Happening to cast his eye on the countenance of this person, the King recognised another of those gallant and faithful followers, who had fought for him in his necessity, and had afterwards accompanied him into exile.—“Sir,” said the King, “I have never ceased to regret the generosity with which you made a sacrifice of a splendid fortune in behalf of your King. I can, however, grieve at it no longer; since I perceive that your misfortunes in the service of an earthly monarch have proved the blessed means of your having devoted your heart to a heavenly one.” The King then

mounted his horse and proceeded to depart.* On taking leave of the Abbot,—“Reverend father,” he is reported to have said, “I have been here to perform a duty which I ought to have done long before. You and your monks have taught me how to die; and, if God spares my life, I will return to take another lesson.” From this period he became a correspondent of the Abbot; and, during the remainder of his life, paid a visit to the pious monks, at least once a year.

The interesting monastery of La Trappe is situated in a large valley surrounded by mountains. The Order was long considered one of the most severe and self-denying in Europe. The Abbot, at the period of James’s visit, was Bouthillier de Rancé, a French nobleman, who had been a man of pleasure and gallantry in his youth. The story of his conversion is itself a romance. In his youth, he had been devotedly attached to the beautiful Duchess de Montbazon. His love was returned; and, in order to secure secrecy to their guilty meetings, the Duchess admitted him at all hours to her apartment by a private staircase. His affairs having obliged De Rancé to absent himself for some weeks from Paris; on his return he was anxious to give his mistress a joyful surprise, and accordingly mounted the accustomed staircase uninvited. A private key admitted him to her apartment. On opening the door, the horror of his feelings may be easily conceived: his mistress had died of the smallpox during his absence; her disfigured remains were lying before him; and in a dish on the table was her head, which the surgeons, the coffin being too short, had just severed from the body. The shocking sight had such an effect upon De Rancé, that he became an altered man; and, shutting

* “A Tour to Alêt and La Grande Chartreuse, from Dom Claude Lancelot, &c. &c. By Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck.” 1816.

himself up in the convent of La Trappe, remained there during the rest of his life, passing his days in devotion, and inuring himself to the most cruel penances.*

It has been affirmed that, during his residence at St. Germain, the vacant throne of Poland was offered to James, but that he declined it with the significant observation, that "if he accepted the Sarmatian crown, it would truly be an abdication of his own." One of the arguments at the Revolution, for declaring the throne of England vacant, was the ingenious one that James had virtually abdicated by quitting the kingdom. It was probably to this circumstance that he alluded.

During the last years of his life, the acquisition of an earthly crown appears to have been the object farthest from the thoughts of the royal recluse. His affections were fixed on another world, and his prayer was to be speedily removed. "I am a great sinner," he said, "and yet cannot but desire death with all my heart." The wish for death appears to have been as constantly on his lips as in his heart. "The Queen," according to the Stuart Papers, once arguing this point, said, with tears in her eyes,—“Is it possible, Sir, you should have so little consideration for me and your children,—what would become of us if you were gone?”—“Madame,” he replied, ‘God will take care of you and my children; for what am I but a poor weak man, incapable of doing anything without Him: whereas He has no need of me to execute

* The house, which was the scene of the terrible spectacle we have just recorded, may still be seen (No. 14) in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain l'Auxerrois, at Paris. It is now known as the Hôtel Ponthieu. It is singular, that one of the apartments in the same hotel beheld the death of the great Admiral Coligny during the massacre of St. Bartholomew; that in the same apartment was born Sophie Arnould in 1740, and that it was afterwards tenanted by the celebrated French painter, Vanloo.

His designs !' And when one who was present saw how afflicted the Queen was at his discourse, and begged of him not to hold it any more before her, he answered,—‘I do it on purpose to prepare her for it ; for, according to all appearance, and the course of nature, I shall die first, and a stroke which is foreseen makes a slighter impression.’”

The last illness of James appears to have commenced on the 4th of March, 1701, when he fainted away in the chapel at St. Germain's. A passage in the Psalms, singularly applicable to his own misfortunes, is said to have affected him so sensibly as to produce the attack. Successful remedies, however, were applied, and, on his partial recovery, the physicians recommended the waters of Bourbon, whither, in accordance with their advice, he proceeded. On his return, however, which was about the beginning of September, he was again seized in the chapel with a similar fit. Animation appears to have been speedily restored ; but, on his removal to his chamber, he suddenly relapsed into his former state, and fell powerless into the arms of the Queen. Her state of mind is described as having been agonizing in the extreme. The next day the King was somewhat better ; but a third seizure on the following Sunday left him for a considerable time without any appearance of life. It was at last considered necessary to force open his mouth. This was no sooner done, than, to the great alarm of the Queen and her attendants, he vomited a quantity of blood. On his revival, he was the only person in the apartment whose countenance appeared unconcerned. According to the Stuart Papers : —“His long desires of death had rendered the thoughts of it so familiar to him, that neither the terrors of its approach, nor the torments that attend it, gave him the least anxiety or disquiet. There was no need of exhorting

him to resignation, or a due preparation of it: that was the first and only thing he thought of; he had made general confession just before he fell into that fit, and, as soon as his vomiting ceased, he desired his confessor to send for the blessed Sacrament; and, fancying he could not last long, pressed for expedition, minding him to take care he wanted none of the rites of the church. In the mean time he sent for the Prince his son, who, at his first entrance, seeing the King with a pale and dying countenance, the bed all covered with blood, burst out, as well as all about him, into the most violent expressions of grief. As soon as he came to the bedside, the King, with a sort of contentedness in his look, stretched forth his arms to embrace him, and then, speaking with a force and vehemence that better suited with his zeal than the weak condition he was in, conjured him to adhere firmly to the Catholic faith, let what might be the consequence of it, and be faithful in the service of God; to be obedient and respectful to the Queen, the best of mothers; and to be ever grateful to the King of France, to whom he had so many obligations. Those who were present, apprehending that the concern and fervour with which he spoke might do him prejudice, desired the Prince might withdraw, which the King being troubled at, said, 'Do not take away my son till I have given him my blessing at least,' which, when he had done, the Prince returned to his apartment, and the little princess was brought to his bedside, to whom he spoke to the same effect; while she, with the abundance of her innocent tears, showed how sensibly she was touched with the languishing condition the King her father was in."

Having received the sacrament, the dying monarch expressed himself at charity with all the world; adding, that he forgave his enemies with all his heart. He

desired particularly that the Prince of Orange, the Princess of Denmark, and the Emperor, might be informed that they had his forgiveness. The King of France visited him more than once in his sick chamber. His last visit is thus described in the Stuart Papers:—"His most Christian Majesty went in to the King, and, coming to the bedside, said, 'Sir, I am come to see how your Majesty finds yourself to-day;' but the King not hearing, made no reply; upon which one of his servants telling him that the King of France was there, he roused himself up and said, 'Where is he?' upon which the King of France said, 'Sir, I am here, and am come to see how you do;' so then the King began to thank him for all his favours, and particularly for the care and kindness he had shown him during his sickness; to which his most Christian Majesty replied, 'Sir, that is but a small matter, I have something to acquaint you of greater importance.' Upon which the King's servants imagining he would be private, the room being full of people, began to retire, which his most Christian Majesty perceiving, said out aloud, 'Let nobody withdraw,' and then went on; 'I am come, Sir, to acquaint you that whenever it shall please God to call your Majesty out of this world, I will take your family into my protection, and will treat your son the Prince of Wales in the same manner I have treated you, and acknowledge him, as he then will be, King of England.' Upon which all that were present, as well French as English, burst into tears, not being able any other way to express that mixture of joy and grief with which they were so surprisingly seized. Some indeed threw themselves at his most Christian Majesty's feet; others by their gestures and countenances (much more expressive on such occasions than words and speeches) declared their gratitude for so generous an action; with which his

most Christian Majesty was so moved, that he could not refrain weeping himself. The King all this while was endeavouring to say something to him upon it, but the confused noise being too great, and he too weak to make himself be heard, his most Christian Majesty took his leave and went away; and as he got into his coach, called the officer of the guard who waited upon the King, and gave him directions to follow and attend the Prince of Wales as soon as the King was dead, and show him the same respect and honours he had done to the King his father when he was alive."

The conduct of Louis, throughout the last illness of James, was highly creditable to his feelings. James, however, was fast progressing towards that state, in which human kindness or human sympathy could avail but little. On the day on which he died—"The King," according to the Stuart Papers, "found himself something better, so the Prince was permitted to come to him, which he was not often suffered to do, it being observed that when he saw him, it raised such a commotion in him, as was thought to do him harm. As soon, therefore, as he came into the room, the King, stretching forth his arms to embrace him, said, 'I have not seen you since his most Christian Majesty was here, and promised to own you when I was dead: I have sent my Lord Middleton to Marly to thank him for it.' Thus did this holy Prince talk of his approaching death, not only with indifference, but satisfaction, when he found his son and family would not be sufferers by it; and so composed himself to receive it with greater cheerfulness, if possible, than before; nor was that happy hour far from him now, for the next day he grew much weaker, and was taken with continual convulsions." *

* Clarke's Life of King James, vol. ii. p. 593, &c.

The particulars which we have inserted from the Stuart Papers are corroborated by a letter of the period. "The sad news," says the writer, "which some of King James's enemies have coveted and frequently published, is certainly come to pass. The account of his last sickness and decease is thus described by one of your society. He saith, the beginning of his last sickness was by a fainting fit, which lasted half an hour: afterwards he vomited clots of blood in great quantity, and after that streams of pure blood: when that stopped a little fever seized him, but such as did not give much disturbance to his physicians, till on Saturday he was pressed with a drowsiness, which approached almost to a lethargy. Blisters, nor anything else they could apply, were of force to rouse him. In this condition he continued till Tuesday, and then he came to himself, and was very sensible of his condition, and thereupon he desired and did receive the sacrament. As a preparatory to it, he asked pardon of all whom he might have any ways injured. At the same time he forgave all the world, the Emperor, the Prince of Orange, his daughter, and every one of his subjects who had designedly contrived, and contributed to his misfortunes."

The account given by Charlotte-Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, in her Memoirs, is of equal interest:—"King James," she says, "died with great firmness and resolution and without bigotry; that is to say, in a very different manner from what he lived. I saw and spoke to him exactly twenty-four hours before his death. I told him I trusted very shortly to see him restored to health. He turned to me with a smile,—'And if I die,' he said, 'shall I not have lived enough?'"* Such were the last moments of King James. Whatever errors,

* *Mémoires de Duchesse d'Orléans*, p. 332.

either of faith or conduct, he may have been guilty of in the earlier period of his career,—stern as may have been his nature,—and reprehensible as was his bigotry,—the Christian will, nevertheless, admire him for his sincerity; the philosopher will envy him his resignation; and the wise man, whatever his creed may be, will pray that in the hour of dissolution his last end may be like his.

King James died at St. Germain's, on the 16th of September, 1701, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He had desired in his will that he should be buried in the parish church; that he should be attended to the grave with only such ceremony as was usual at the interment of a country gentleman, and that a plain slab should be his only monument. The words, "Here lies King James," he requested might be his only epitaph. These injunctions, probably from pious motives, Louis took upon himself to disobey. The remains of the deceased King were embalmed on the day of his death, and their interment was conducted with regal ceremony. His body was inhumed in the parish church of St. Germain's; his bowels in the English College at St. Omer; his brains, and the fleshy part of his head, were sent to the Scots' College at Paris; and what remained, after this singular distribution, was interred in the English Benedictine Monastery in that city. An interesting account of the discovery of King James's remains, on digging the foundation of the new church at St. Germain's, has recently been published. From this account we learn that, on the 9th September, 1824, the remains of King James, on the completion of the edifice, were carefully re-interred beneath the altar.

In the chapel, of what was once the Scots' College at Paris, in the Rue des Fossés St. Victor, may still be seen a monument of black and white marble, executed by

Louis Garnier, to the memory of the exiled King. The inscription, which is deeply interesting, has never hitherto, we believe, appeared in print :—

D. O. M.

MEMORIÆ

AUGUSTISSIMI PRINCIPIS

JACOBI II^{di}, MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ, ETC. REGIS.

Ille patris terrâ ac mari triumphis clarus, sed
 Constanti in Deum fide clarior, huic regna, opes, et
 Omnia vitæ florentis commoda postposuit ; per summum
 Scelus a suâ sede pulsus, Absalonis impietatem, Achitophelis
 Perfidiam, et acerba Semei convitia, invictâ lenitate
 Et patientiâ, ipsis etiam inimicis amicus, superavit.
 Rebus humanis major, adversis superior, et cœlestis gloriæ
 Studio inflammatus, quodd regno caruerit, sibi visus
 Beatior ; miseram hanc vitam felici, regnum
 Terrestre cœlesti, commutavit.
 Hæc domus, quam pius princeps labantem
 Sustinuit et patriæ fovit, cui etiam ingenii sui
 Monumenta omnia, scilicet sua manuscripta,
 Custodienda commisit, eam corporis ipsius
 Partem quâ maximè animus viget,
 Religiosè servandam suscepit.
 Vixit annis LXVIII. Regnavit XVI. Obiit XVII. Kal. Octob.
 An. Sal. Hum. MDCCL.

Jacobus Dux de Perth,* Præfectus institutioni
 Jacobi III. Magnæ Britanniae, &c. Regis,
 Hujus Domûs Benefactor,
 Mœrens posuit.

The monument was formerly surmounted by an urn of gilt bronze, which contained the brains of the King.

* James Drummond, Earl of Perth, and Lord Chancellor of Scotland, in which latter capacity his misconduct and maladministration are well known. To escape being called to account he is said to have turned Roman Catholic, upon which the Marquis of Halifax observed that "his faith had made him whole." He accompanied James into exile, and shortly afterwards was created a Duke, and made governor to the pretended Prince of Wales. He died at St. Germain in 1716.

During the Revolution it was removed by sacrilegious hands, and, it is to be feared, will never be restored.

In the parish church of St. Germain's there is a no less interesting monument to the memory of the unfortunate James. It was erected at the private expense of George the Fourth, and is not a solitary instance of respect paid by that monarch to the memory of the ill-fated Stuarts. Of the opening words the idea and the expression are equally beautiful:—

Regio cineri pietas Regia.

*Ferale quisquis hoc monumentum suspiciis,
Rerum humanarum vices meditare.
Magnus in prosperis, in adversis major,
Jacobus 2^{us} Anglorum rex,
Insignes ærumnas dolendaque nimium fata
Pio placidoque obitu exsolvit
In hac urbe
Die xvi^a. Septembris anni 1701;
Et nobiliores quædam corporis ejus partes
Hic reconditæ asservantur.*

*Qui prius angustâ gestabat fronte coronam
Exiguâ nunc pulvereus requiescit in urnâ.
Quid solium, quid et alta juvant? terit omnia lethum;
Verum laus fidei ac morum haud peritura manebit.
Tu quoque, summe Deus, regem quem regius hospes
Infauftum excepit, tecum regnare jubebis.*

So great was the reputation which King James had acquired for piety; and such was the admiration which he had inspired in the zealots of his own faith by his having lost three kingdoms in his attempts to force Popery upon his unwilling subjects, that the Church of Rome actually contemplated his canonization. That, in the closing years of his life,—after he had been effectually deprived of the power of doing further mischief,—his conduct was eminently that of a contrite, humble, and

pious Christian, even the most bigoted Protestant will scarcely be willing to deny. But on the other hand, when we find it positively asserted that, after his death, miracles were wrought through his intercession; when we find pointed out to us, as the selected mediator between man and his Maker, a being whose gross adulteries had been only checked by the chill approaches of age, and whose cruel and arbitrary acts had only been arrested by the tyrant having been rendered powerless, we wonder no less at the pious fraud that could invent, than at the simplicity which could credit his miraculous interposition.*

The character of James appears to have comprised greater contradictions than that of most men. He was weak in judgment, bigoted in his principles, cold and overbearing in his nature and feelings, and stern and unrelenting in his dispensation of justice. On the other hand, his conduct was marked by less of duplicity than that of many others of his family, and he was a strict respecer of his word. A careful husbänder of his time, he never permitted the enticements of pleasure to interfere with the duties of the day. Although his capacity rather fitted him to carry out the dry details of business, than to be the originator of important measures, he was nevertheless distinguished by an industry and a careful attention to public affairs, which do him infinite credit. He loved and was proud of his country; and probably no one of our monarchs ever had its honour and glory more deeply and even enthusiastically at heart. He was extremely frugal of the public money; he not only gloried in the magnificent naval power of England, but he watched personally and vigilantly over the interests of the naval

* See Macpherson's State Papers, vol. i. p. 597.

service, and, more than any other prince, gave encouragement to trade, and improved the commercial relations of the empire.

Numerous and heinous as were the offences of this wrong-headed monarch, it must at least be admitted that, if he was arbitrary, it was from principle; that if he was unrelenting, it was from policy; and that if he was intolerant, it was from conviction. If he was an unforgiving enemy, he was also a staunch friend. On the other hand, his excessive profligacy in regard to women; the misery which his senile infidelities occasioned a young, beautiful, and devoted wife; as well as the lamentable fact that they were practised at the very time when he was displaying the most rampant and intemperate zeal in the cause of religion, certainly constitute very offensive features in his character. In other respects, he was a kind and considerate husband, and was also an indulgent father. As regards his overweening bigotry, his flagrant abuse of power, and the gross oppression and intolerance for which he so deservedly forfeited his crown, little can be brought forward in his defence. The best that can be said of him is, that he was a conscientious martyr to what he believed to be the truth; that he regarded the Protestant faith as the source of all sedition, heresy, and rebellion; that he traced to its liberal principles the death of his father on the scaffold, and the misfortunes which had subsequently befallen his race; and that consequently, being himself by conviction a Roman Catholic, he looked upon a crusade against Protestantism not only as the best safeguard for his temporal interests, but as pointing out the surest path to heaven.

In private life, James by nature was inclined to be as affable as his brother Charles. He was eminently deficient, however, in the easy and ingratiating manners

of his predecessor, and moreover, like his unhappy father, was afflicted with an imperfection in his speech, which rendered still more ungraceful the natural coldness and reserve of his address. In person he rather exceeded the middle stature; his limbs were strong and well-proportioned, his face somewhat long, his complexion fair, and the expression of his countenance not unpleasing. In early youth, his features are said to have borne a strong resemblance to those of his father. In allusion to these circumstances, it was observed by Sir Francis Wortley that the epithet of "Jacobissimus Carolus," which had been applied to the latter, might be converted more happily into "Carolissimus Jacobus." The remark reminds us of a witty saying of De Foe, that the father had suffered a *wet*, and the son a *dry* martyrdom.

James, by his wives and mistresses, was the father of a numerous offspring. By his first wife, Anne Hyde, he had ten children:—

Charles, Duke of Cambridge, born 22nd October, 1660, died at Whitehall, 5th May, 1661.

Mary, afterwards Queen of England, born 30th April, 1662.

James, Duke of Cambridge, born at St. James's 12th July, 1663,* died young.

The Dukes of Kendal† and Cambridge (twins), born

* "On the 22nd of this month [July] was christened James, son of his Royal Highness, in the chapel of St. James's, by the Bishop of London, then elect Archbishop of Canterbury. His Majesty and the Lord Chancellor were godfathers, and the Queen-mother was godmother. The State was borne by the Earl of St. Albans and the Earl of Sandwich, and the Duchess of Buckingham held the infant."—*Heath's Chronicle*, p. 523.

† "The Duke and Duchess have had a most sensible loss of the young Duke of Kendal; and it is the heavier, in that the Duke of

at St. James's 4th July, 1664: the former died 22nd May, 1667, and the latter 20th June following.

Anne, afterwards Queen of England, born 6th February, 1665.

A son born 4th July, 1666.

Edgar, Duke of Cambridge, born at St. James's 14th September, 1667, died 8th June, 1671.

Henrietta, born at Whitehall 13th January, 1669, died 15th November following.

Catherine, born at Whitehall 9th February, 1671, died 5th December, the same year.

By Mary of Modena, his second wife, James had six children:—

Charles, Duke of Cambridge, born at St. James's 7th November, 1667, died 12th December following.

Catherine-Laura, born at St. James's 10th January, 1675, died 4th October following.

Isabella, born at St. James's 28th August, 1676, died 2nd March, 1681.

Charlotte-Maria, born at St. James's 15th August, 1682, died 6th October following.

James, commonly called the Pretender, born 10th June, 1688.

Maria-Louisa-Teresia, born at St. Germain's 28th June, 1692, died there 8th April, 1712.

His natural children were not so numerous. By Catherine Sedley he had one daughter, Catherine Darnley, who married, first, James Annesley, third Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced; and afterwards John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. By Arabella

Cambridge lies also sick, past hopes of recovery. On Sunday the Court mourning for the former." Letter from the Earl of Arlington to Sir W. Temple, dated 24th May, 1667.—*Arlington's Letters*, vol. i. p. 165.

Churchill, the sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, James was the father of four children:—James, the celebrated Duke of Berwick:—Henry Fitzjames, commonly called the Grand Prior:—Henrietta, married to Sir Henry Waldegrave; and a daughter who died a nun.

ANNE HYDE,
DUCHESS OF YORK.

Her Partiality for Henry Jermyn—Contracted to James, Duke of York—Opposition of the Royal Family—Married at Worcester House—Court of the Duchess of York at St. James's—Her generous Conduct to her Maligners—Her Attachment to Henry Sidney—Indulges in the Pleasures of the Table—Her Character—Her Merit as an Authoress—Becomes a Convert to the Roman Catholic Religion—Her Death and Burial.

ANNE HYDE, the eldest daughter of the great Lord Clarendon, and the mother of two Queens, was born in 1638. During the exile of the royal family she attended her father abroad, and at an early age was appointed a Maid of Honour to the Princess of Orange, the eldest sister of Charles the Second. Of her history, previous to the Restoration, little is known. She seems, while at the Hague, to have been infected with the general partiality in favour of Henry Jermyn. To whatever extent, however, her feelings may have been engaged, there is no reason to suspect that she was guilty of any notable impropriety.

Her acquaintance with James Duke of York, then a young and gallant soldier, commenced when Miss Hyde was in her twenty-first year. She had accompanied the Princess of Orange to Paris, on a visit to the Queen-mother, when the Duke accidentally met, and fell in love with her. Whether, at this period, he really proposed to make her his wife, or whether he found it impossible to remove her scruples by any other means, it is certain

they were contracted at Breda, on the 24th November, 1659. The obligation, as far as the Duke was concerned, was of little importance. Had he chosen to swerve from his engagement, or had the King refused his consent to the marriage, whatever verdict might have been passed against him in a tribunal of honour, Miss Hyde had certainly no remedy in a court of law.

In the mean time, the Restoration had taken place, and unfortunately the Maid of Honour gave promise of becoming a mother. Naturally pure in mind, and, moreover, the child of a virtuous and illustrious father, her position was rendered painful in the extreme. As long as the English Court had remained in poverty and exile, there had survived some hope in her mind that the Duke might be induced to fulfil his imprudent engagement. No sooner, however, were the royal family restored to their ancient splendour, than the prospect of her ever becoming the wife of the heir to the throne presented but a visionary idea. Not only had her lover begun to grow weary of her charms; not only was their marriage likely to encounter the violent opposition of the royal family; but the Duke was also surrounded by selfish and worldly friends, who, aware how fatal so unsuitable a marriage must prove to his interests, endeavoured, by every argument in their power, to induce him to secede from his engagement. The most active of her enemies was Sir Charles Berkeley, who at this period exercised an extraordinary influence over the Duke. At Berkeley's instigation, three other friends of the Duke, Lords Arran, Jermyn, and Talbot, were bold enough to assert to the Duke, even to his face, that Miss Hyde had not only encouraged their addresses, but that they had severally and repeatedly shared her favours. Failing in these cruel attempts to

convince the Duke of the infidelity of his mistress, Berkeley coolly assured his royal master that he himself had been among the number of her favoured lovers ; adding, says Lord Clarendon, that "for the Duke's sake, he would be content to marry her, though he well knew the familiarity between them." Probably Berkeley's motives were penetrated by James, who, in consideration of their being well-intentioned, seems to have thought it incumbent upon him to pardon the maligners. At all events, it was to the credit of James that he allowed his better feelings to triumph, and that he used his utmost exertions to raise the woman, who had confided in his honour, to that station, which, after all, by nature no one was better qualified to adorn.

In the "Continuation of his Life," the Chancellor gives a detailed and interesting account of the circumstances which preceded the elevation of his daughter. In this statement, the conduct, both of James and his brother Charles, reflects the highest credit on the honour of the one, and the good-nature of the other. Lord Clarendon, according to his own account, was one of the last persons who was made acquainted with his daughter's dishonour and doubtful position, and subsequently was the most active person in endeavouring to prevent the Duke from leading her to the altar. On being acquainted by the Marquess of Ormond and the Earl of Southampton, that his daughter had not only been contracted to the Duke, but that she was on the eve of becoming a mother, he broke out, he tells us, into an immoderate passion of grief and rage ; insisted that he would turn her out of his house "as a strumpet to shift for herself ;" and even recommended her committal to the Tower.

The fact of a marriage-contract having been mutually

signed by James and Anne Hyde was first communicated to Charles by the Duke himself. Falling on his knees, he implored his Majesty, with tears in his eyes, to give his consent to their marriage; adding, that if the boon were denied, he should immediately quit the kingdom, and pass the remainder of his life abroad. Had the boon of concession rested entirely with Charles, probably few difficulties would have arisen. There were, however, other members of the royal family, to whom the projected marriage was in the highest degree unpalatable, and who, of course, opposed every obstacle in their power. So incensed was the Queen Dowager, that she immediately hastened to England; observing publicly, that—"whenever that woman should be brought into Whitehall by one door, she would instantly quit it by another, and never come into it again." Her children, the Princess of Orange and the Duke of Gloucester, supported her in her opposition. The Princess was naturally unwilling to give precedence to a private gentlewoman, and especially to one who but a few months since had been her own attendant.

The authority and personal interference, however, of the good-natured Charles at length prevailed, and Miss Hyde became Duchess of York. King James tells us, in his Memoirs:—"The King, at first, refused the Duke of York's marriage with Miss Hyde. Many of the Duke's friends and servants opposed it. The King at last consented, and the Duke of York privately married her, and soon after owned the marriage." The ceremony was performed on the night of the 3rd of September, 1660, at Worcester House, in the Strand, then the residence of Lord Clarendon. They were married by Dr. Joseph Crowther, the Duke's chaplain; Lord Ossory giving the lady away.

Her marriage was no sooner declared to the world, than preparations were made to enable the new Duchess to keep her Court at St. James's with the usual state. Although her position must at first have been rather distressing than otherwise, we find her demeaning herself with the same dignity and composure as if royalty and splendour had been her birthright. De Grammont, no indifferent judge on such an occasion, pays a just tribute to her conduct and behaviour. "She had a majestic air," he says, "a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit, that whoever of either sex were possessed of it, were sure to be distinguished by her: an air of grandeur, in all her actions, made her be considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne." We learn from the same authority, that her Court, though not so numerous attended, was always more select than that of the Queen-mother. According to Burnet, she "took state on her," rather more than was necessary.

As the Court of England, in modern times, has been shorn of much of the splendour and circumstance which formerly invested it, a list of the persons who composed the Court of the Duchess and those of her infant children, in 1669, may perhaps be glanced over with interest by the curious. Wherever it has been ascertainable, the salary attached to each office has been inserted against the name.

Groom of the Stole—The Countess of Rochester, 400*l*.

Lady of the Bedchamber—The Countess of Peterborough, 200*l*.

Four Maids of Honour—

Mrs. Arabella Churchill, 20*l*.

Mrs. Anne Ogle, 20*l*.

Mrs. Dorothy Howard, 20*l*.

Mrs. Mary Blague, 20*l*.

Mother of the Maids—Mrs. Lucy Wise.

Four Dressers—

Mrs. Catherine Elliot, 200*l*. Mrs. Lelis Cranmer, 150*l*.
 Mrs. Margaret Dawson, 150*l*. Lady Apsley, 150*l*.

Starcher—Mrs. Mary Roche, 120*l*.

Sempstress—Mrs. Ellen Green, 80*l*.

Laundress—Mrs. Mary Cowerd, 250*l*.

Lace-Mender—

Secretary to her Highness—Sir Phil. Froud, 100*l*.

Two Gentlemen Ushers; each 80*l*.

Six Gentlemen Waiters; principal one, 100*l*.; the others, 40*l*.

Four Pages of the Back Stairs; each 80*l*.

Yeoman of the Month, 50*l*. Tailor, 90*l*.

Shoemaker, 36*l*. 10*s*. Master Cook, 40*l*.

Eighteen Watermen; each 2*l*.

Master of the Horse to the Duchess—Sir Rich. Powle, 266*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*.

Two Equerries; each 100*l*. Five Grooms; each 32*l*. 10*s*.

Four Pages; each 52*l*. Two Chairmen; each 39*l*.

Eight Footmen; each 29*l*. Postilions and Helpers.

Four Coachmen; each 78*l*.

Officers and Servants of the Duke of Cambridge.

Governess—Lady Frances Villiers, 400*l*.

Under-Governess—Mrs. Mary Kilbert, 150*l*.

Wet Nurse, 80*l*. Dry Nurse, 80*l*.

Tutor of the French Tongue—Monsieur Lesne, 100*l*.

Three Rockers; each 70*l*. Cook, 38*l*. 5*s*.

Laundress to the Body, 60*l*. Musician, 31*l*. 4*s*.

Sempstress. Two Pages; each 52*l*.

Laundress to the Table. Four Footmen.

Page of the Back Stairs, 60*l*. One Groom.

One Coachman, Postilion, and Helper.

Officers and Servants belonging to the Princess Mary.

Two Dressers. *Laundress*—Mrs. Elizabeth

Mrs. Anne Walsingham, 80*l*. Brookes, 90*l*.

Mrs. Mary Langford, 80*l*. Page of the Back Stairs, 60*l*.

Rocker—Mrs. Jane Leigh, 70*l*. Dancing Master, 200*l*.

Sempstress. Singing Master, 100*l*.

Servants of the Princess Anne.

Dresser. Sempstress.

Three Rockers. Page of the Back Stairs.

It may be mentioned that, at this period, the Princess Mary was only seven; the Princess Anne only five; and the Duke of Cambridge only two years old. The Princesses Mary and Anne were afterwards successively Queens of England.

One of the strongest proofs of the good sense of the Duchess, was her demeanour to Sir Charles Berkeley and his libertine associates, who had so infamously maligned her character previous to her elevation. What must have been their feelings, when the Duke, without any previous intimation of his marriage, introduced them to her as Duchess of York! "They were so completely possessed," says Count Hamilton, "both with surprise and astonishment, that, in order to conceal it, they immediately fell on their knees to kiss her hand, which she gave to them with as much majesty as if she had been used to it all her life." The account is corroborated by her father. "The Duke," says Lord Clarendon, "had brought Sir Charles Berkeley to the Duchess, at whose feet he cast himself, with all the acknowledgement and penitence he could express; and she, according to the command of the Duke, accepted his submission, and promised to forget the offence." The scandal, however, was long remembered, and many still affected to believe that she had been too kind to Berkeley before her marriage. Andrew Marvell, in one of his satires, speaks of "Falmouth's pregnant wench," and the charge is elsewhere raked up in other lampoons of the time.

For some years after her marriage, the character of the Duchess appears to have been altogether irreproachable. It was destined, however, to the "handsome Sidney" to prove that her heart was not invulnerable. Her affections appear to have been really engaged. It is even affirmed that she proposed to her husband the journey which he

undertook to York in 1665, in order to afford more favourable opportunities for the intrigue: the Duchess and her ladies were of the party, and Sidney was in the train of the Duke. The intrigue appears not only to have been notorious at the time, but to have been carried on with so little discretion, that it was perceptible even to the dull intellects of the provincialists. After alluding to the arrival of the Duke and Duchess at York, Sir John Reresby proceeds in his Memoirs,—“It was observed,” he says, “that Mr. Sidney, the handsomest man of his time, and of the Duke’s bedchamber, was greatly in love with the Duchess; and indeed he might well be excused, for the Duchess, daughter to Chancellor Hyde, was a very handsome personage, and a woman of fine wit: the Duchess, on her part, seemed kind to him, but very innocently.” The story is repeated by Pepys, De Grammont, and Burnet. The latter informs us, that as soon as the Duke’s suspicions were awakened, he precipitately dismissed Sidney from his court: moreover, the Bishop adds that the Duchess never afterwards recovered her influence over the mind of her husband. Burnet had once the assurance to repeat this story before the Duchess’s daughter Queen Mary. “It was in a good deal of company,” says Lord Dartmouth, “as the Earl of Jersey, who was present, told me; only with this difference, that he did conceal the gentleman’s name.” There is no question, however, as appears by Pepys, Reresby, and De Grammont, that Henry Sidney was the hero of the tale.*

* Henry Sidney, *le beau Sidney* of De Grammont, was the youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Leicester, and brother of the celebrated Algernon Sidney. For the aid which he subsequently contributed in effecting the Revolution of 1688, he was created by William and Mary, 9th April, 1689, Baron and Viscount Sidney, in Kent; and,

Another of the Duchess's failings is recorded by De Grammont. "The Duchess of York," he says, "was one of the greatest eaters in England, and as this was not a forbidden pleasure, she indulged herself in it, as an indemnification for other self-denials. It was really an edifying sight to see her at table. The Duke, on the contrary, giving way to new caprices, exhausted himself by his inconstancy, and was gradually wasting away; whilst the poor Duchess, gratifying her good appetite, grew so fat and plump, that it was a blessing to see her."

In the character of Anne Hyde there seems to have been more to excite admiration than to inspire love. She was possessed rather of dignity than grace; rather of masculine sense than feminine gentleness. Bishop Burnet, who was unlikely to be prejudiced in her favour, speaks pointedly of her as "a very extraordinary woman:"—"She composed well," he says; "had acquired considerable information from books; was a kind and generous friend, but a severe enemy." She had begun to write the life of her husband, of which Burnet saw the first volume, but, unfortunately, it was never completed. On the mere credit of this unfinished memoir, Walpole has included her among his "Noble Authors." He certainly could have little to say in favour of her as an authoress, since the work which he speaks of he had never seen, and Burnet, who had seen it, says nothing in its praise. The Duchess, however, was the author of a "Character" of her sister-in-law, the Princess of

25th April, 1694, was advanced to the Earldom of Romney. Swift calls him an "idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour." Burnet, on the contrary, characterises him as "a very graceful man, who had lived long in court; of a sweet and caressing temper; and one who had no malice in his heart, but too great a love of pleasure." He died, unmarried, in 1704, when his titles became extinct.

Orange; a circumstance of which Walpole appears to have been ignorant. Waller, in a copy of verses addressed to the Princess of Orange, thus alludes to the incident:—

“ While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native isle does with your praises ring ;
But above all, a nymph of your own train
Gives us your character in such a strain
As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.”

Some time before her death, the Duchess had become a convert to the Roman Catholic religion ; a fact which, to the last, had been scarcely more than suspected even by her own relations. During the last fifteen months of her life, they had remarked that she neglected to take the Sacrament. When the omission had been alluded to by her spiritual adviser, Bishop Morley, she had either pleaded ill-health or business as the excuse ; affirming, that her belief in the Protestant faith remained unshaken. It was only in her last moments that she acknowledged her conversion ; and subsequently received the Sacrament from the hands of Hunt, a Franciscan friar. After her death, a paper was published which will be found in Bishop Kennet's History, containing the arguments which had established conviction in her mind. It seems that, previously to her decease, only five persons had been in the secret of her conversion. A report, however, which was prevalent, that she was wavering in her faith, had been for some time a source of great distress to the Chancellor, who was then in exile. Accordingly he addressed to her a long letter on the subject, which will be found inserted in his Life of himself. But before it reached its destination, she had expired. Of her two brothers,—the Earl of Rochester and Lord Cornbury,—the former, disbeliev-

ing the reports of her apostasy, paid her a visit in her last moments. Lord Cornbury, on the other hand, who was a zealous Protestant, appears to have been fully satisfied of her conversion, and accordingly absented himself from her sick chamber.

According to the Stuart Papers, the Duchess died "convinced and reconciled" to the Catholic Church; and, having received all the Sacraments of that faith, expired with "great devotion and resignation." Shortly before she breathed her last, she requested the Duke, her husband, not to stir from her bedside till life had departed. She further enjoined him, should any of the Protestant bishops demand entrance to her sick chamber, to impart to them candidly the fact of her conversion; adding, that if they would carefully refrain from disturbing her with controversial discussions, she had no objection to their being admitted.

When the Duchess was almost in the agonies of death, Dr. Blandford, Bishop of Worcester, came to pay her a visit. He had previously been received in the drawing-room by the Duke, who acquainted him with the state of the Duchess's mind, and of the solemn injunctions which he had received from her. The Bishop, according to the Stuart Papers, while he intimated his regret at her having deserted the faith of her fathers, had nevertheless the charity to express his belief that she was in a fair way to salvation, inasmuch as her change of opinion had its origin, not in worldly motives, but in the conscientious and full conviction that she was pursuing the path of duty and truth. "He afterwards," we are told, "went into the room to her, and made her a short Christian exhortation, suitable to the condition she was in, and then departed."

It appears by Burnet's account, that on entering the

apartment, Bishop Blandford discovered the Queen, Catherine of Braganza, seated by the bedside of the dying woman. "Blandford," says Burnet, "was so modest and humble that he had not presence of mind enough to begin prayers, which probably would have driven the Queen out of the room; but that not being done, she pretended kindness, and would not leave her. He happened to say, 'I hope you continue still in the truth:' upon which she asked,—'*What is truth?*' And then her agony increasing, she repeated the word, Truth, Truth, Truth, often." A few minutes afterwards she expired.

The death of the Duchess took place at St. James's Palace on the 31st March, 1671, in her thirty-fourth year. She had been ill many months; and, according to a letter from the Earl of Arlington to the English Ambassador in Spain, was afflicted with a complication of diseases. Her remains were privately interred in the vault of Mary Queen of Scots, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

MARY OF MODENA,

QUEEN OF JAMES II.

Lineage of this Princess—Married by Proxy to James, Duke of York—Her Youth and Beauty—Character of Mary—Her Uneasiness at her Husband's Amours—Her Conduct on her Elevation to the Throne—General Dalziel's Rebuke to her—Character drawn of her by the Princess Anne—Her Flight from England at the Revolution—Laments the Imprudence and Bigotry of her Husband—Her strong Attachment to him—The Princess Louisa—Her charming Character and lamented Death—Her interesting Epitaph at Paris—Death of the Exiled Queen.

MARY BEATRICE ELEONORA, descended from the ancient house of Este, was the daughter of Alphonso the Fourth, Duke of Modena. She was born on the 5th October, 1658, and was early adopted by Louis the Fourteenth as his daughter. When in her fifteenth year, she was married at Modena by proxy to James, then Duke of York, and shortly afterwards was conducted by her mother to England. The Duke's proxy on the occasion was Henry Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.

The acceptance of the Duke's proposals by the house of Este, and the fact of his having been actually married, were announced to James at the same moment. Lady Vaughan writes to Mr. William Russell, on the 23rd September, 1672,—“The news came on Sunday night to the Duke of York, that he was a married man: he was talking in the drawing-room, when the French Ambassador brought the letters in, and told the news: the Duke turned about and said,—‘Then I am a married

man.' It proved to be the Princess of Modena; for it was rather expected to be Canaples' niece.* She is to have 100,000 francs: and now we may say she has more wit than ever woman had before; as much beauty and greater youth than is necessary. He sent his daughter, Lady Mary,† word, the same night, he had provided a playfellow for her." ‡

James, shortly after her landing, met his young bride at Dover, where the nuptials were solemnised and consummated the same day, the 21st November, 1673. So unpopular was the marriage at the time, from the fact of the Princess being a Roman Catholic, that Dr. Crew, Bishop of Oxford, was the only prelate who could be prevailed upon to accompany the Duke of York to Dover, for the purpose of performing the ceremony:—"The Duke and Duchess of York," say the Stuart Papers, "with the Duchess of Modena her mother, being together in a room where all the company was present, as also was my Lord Peterborough, the Bishop asked the Duchess of Modena and the Earl of Peterborough, 'Whether the said Earl had married the Duchess of York, as Proxy of the Duke?' Which they both affirming, the Bishop then declared it was a lawful marriage. After this, their Royal Highnesses arrived at Whitehall, the 26th of November, having been met by the King, attended by the principal nobility, on the river." According to Oldmixon, her marriage-portion, amounting to about two hundred thousand pounds, was paid by the magnificent Louis.

* A daughter of the Duc de Crequi: M. de Canaples, here mentioned, was a younger brother of that nobleman.

† Daughter of the Duke of York, by his first wife, Anne Hyde. She afterwards married the Prince of Orange, and became Queen of England.

‡ Lady Russell's Letters, p. 6. 4to.

The advantages of youth, beauty, innocence, and good-nature, naturally rendered Mary of Modena a favourite at the Court of Charles. Her exquisite symmetry, her fair complexion, and especially her dark and lustrous eyes, are dwelt upon enthusiastically by her contemporaries. Lord Lansdown thus celebrates their brilliancy :—

“ Our future hopes all from thy womb arise ;
Our present joy and safety from your eyes ;
Those charming eyes which shine to reconcile
To harmony and peace our stubborn isle.”

And again :—

“ Those radiant eyes whose irresistible flame
Strikes envy dumb, and keeps sedition tame.”

In his allusions to her in “The Progress of Beauty,” Lord Lansdown grows still warmer in her praise. In reference to her subsequent misfortunes, Mary of Modena was poetically spoken of by her contemporaries as the “Queen of Tears.”

It was not without reason that, on the arrival of the Duchess in England, the enemies of the Duke affected to sympathise with her extreme youth, and to deplore her union with a man, alike fickle in his affections, cold in his feelings, and ruined in constitution. In Andrew Marvell’s “Advice to a Painter,” there is a passage, too gross to be inserted at length, but which concludes with the following lines :—

“ Poor Princess ! born beneath a sullen star,
To find such welcome when you came so far !
Better some jealous neighbour of your own,
Had called you to a sound though petty throne :
Where, ’twixt a wholesome husband and a page,
You might have linger’d out a lazy age ;
Than on dull hopes of being here a Queen,
Ere twenty die, and rot before fifteen.”

As long as the young Princess continued Duchess of York, her obliging manners, and her apparent innocence and goodness, endeared her to all who knew her. Burnet, of course, with his usual prejudice, insinuates that these pleasing and popular qualities were all assumed. "So artfully," he says, "did the young Italian behave herself, that she deceived even the oldest and most jealous persons, both in the Court and country: only sometimes a satirical temper broke out too much, which was imputed to youth and wit, not enough practised to the world. She avoided the appearance of a zealot or a meddler with business, and gave herself up to innocent cheerfulness, and was universally esteemed and beloved so long as she was Duchess."

Notwithstanding the cheerfulness ascribed to her in the above passage, the profligate amours of her husband were a constant source of unhappiness to the young and single-hearted Duchess. In the letters of Lady Sunderland, the "Sacharissa" of Waller, there is more than one allusion to her domestic infelicity. On the 8th of July, 1680, she writes to Lord Halifax:—"The Duchess is not with child: she prays all day almost: she is very melancholy, the women will have it, for Mrs. Sedley: she looks further than that, if she has as much wit as is thought by some." This, and other passages, afford a painful picture of the position of one so young, friendless, and inexperienced. Notwithstanding, however, his unfortunate connection with another woman, James appears, in their personal intercourse, to have treated his wife with marked attention and respect. Of this fact we have several evidences in the correspondence of the time. In a letter addressed to John Ellis, Esq., dated 27th July, 1686, "His Majesty," says the writer, "as a piece of gallantry, made all his four thousand horse march at two

in the morning into Staines meadow, and attend the Queen from thence to the Heath, where she honoured Lord Arran with dining with him." And again we find, in a letter dated 19th April, 1687:—"The King visits Richmond often; makes it his hunting-quarter twice a week, and most commonly attends the Queen thither with great civility."*

That the conduct of Mary of Modena, after her elevation to the throne, altered in some degree for the worse,—that her manner assumed something of haughtiness,—and that she interfered in the stirring events of her husband's brief reign, and partook of his pious ardour, there can be little question. It must be remembered, however, that from the age of fifteen, she had been moulded by her husband to all his principles and prejudices: she entertained for him the most devoted attachment; and, consequently, surrounded as he was by enemies and dangers of every kind, she naturally took the highest interest in whatever was likely to affect either his life or his happiness. As regards her character in social life no person could be more amiable. Her chastity has never been impugned; she was charitable and pious; and, under peculiarly trying circumstances, invariably figures as an affectionate mother, and a devoted and exemplary wife.†

* Ellis' Correspondence, vol. i. pp. 153, 272.

† James speaks very feelingly of her conduct to him when he was banished into Scotland in 1679: "The Duchess, notwithstanding her late illness and vomiting blood at sea, the short time it was designed the Duke should stay in Scotland, and the King's pressing her for that reason to remain at Court, would nevertheless accompany him; and though she was not then above twenty years old, chose rather, even with the hazard of her life, to be a constant companion of the Duke her husband's misfortunes and hardships, than to enjoy her ease in any part of the world without him."—*Clarke's Life of James the Second*, vol. i. p. 574.

The haughtiness, of which her enemies accused her, has been illustrated by the following anecdote :—When James, during the reign of his brother Charles, was sent as a kind of state exile into Scotland, he happened one day to invite the famous General Dalziel to dinner. The Duchess, observing three covers laid upon the table, and ascertaining from James the quality of their intended guest, objected, it is said, to sit at dinner with a private gentleman. Dalziel, who happened to enter the room at this particular moment, overheard the spirit of the conversation: "Madam," he said, with proper pride, "I have dined at a table where your father stood behind my back." He alluded to the period when he had served in the Imperial army, when her father, the Duke of Modena, had attended as a vassal of the Emperor, on an occasion when Dalziel happened to dine in state at the Imperial table. Dalrymple attributes to this circumstance, that James, who had previously disgusted the Scotch by his distant manners, entirely changed his demeanour, and gained their favour by his familiarity.

The following extract of a letter from the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne, to her sister the Princess of Orange, is too curious to be omitted. It will be seen, by the date of the letter, that it was written only a few weeks previous to the Queen's delivery of the Prince of Wales. The portrait drawn by Anne of her young mother-in-law is certainly far from being a pleasing one. The Princess, however, had every reason to be prejudiced against those who surrounded her father's hearth; and, moreover, as the Queen's delivery of a son removed her at an unwelcome distance from the throne, it was only natural that she should have viewed the character of her mother-in-law in no very favourable light :—

“Richmond, 9th May, 1688.

“The Queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty humour; and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, yet one sees that those who make their court that way, are very well thought of. She declares always that she loves sincerity, and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems exceedingly well pleased with it. It really is enough to turn one's stomach, to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with it. All these things Lady Sunderland has in perfection to make her court to her: she is now much oftener with the Queen than she used to be. It is a sad, and a very uneasy thing, to be forced to live civilly, and as it were freely, with a woman that one knows hates one, and does all she can to undo everybody, which she certainly does.

“One thing I must say of the Queen, which is, that she is the most hated in the world of all sorts of people; for everybody believes that she presses the King to be more violent than he would be himself; which is not unlikely, for she is a very great bigot in her way, and one may see that she hates all Protestants. All ladies of quality say that she is proud, that they don't care to come oftener than they must needs, just out of mere duty: and indeed she has not so great court as she used to have. She pretends to have a great deal of kindness for me; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see proofs of it, but rather the contrary.” *

Whatever may have been the conduct and principles of Mary of Modena in prosperity, she certainly bore the bitter reverse of fortune, which awaited her, with exem-

* Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 174.

plary fortitude and pious resignation. The time was fast approaching when her person could no longer be secure in England. The public mind was inflamed against her on account of her supposed influence over the King; the mob had already proceeded to the most daring outrages; and the chapels and houses of the Roman Catholics were being demolished almost within the hearing of the terrified Queen. The King had sent for the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, and desired them to put a stop to the tumult. They told him plainly, however, that the rabble were too powerful and too infuriated to be interfered with. James then sent for the Constable of the Tower, and desired him, by firing off some cannon, to endeavour to intimidate the offenders. The garrison, however, mutinied, and even threatened to kill the officer if he attempted to obey the orders of his sovereign.

It was in the midst of this lawless outbreak that it was decided the Queen should seek for safety in flight. According to Burnet, "*She went to Portsmouth, and from thence, in a man of war, went over to France, the King resolving to follow her in disguise.*" This is not only entirely a mistake, but it is astonishing to find the Bishop so ill-informed on the subject. The Queen, it is true, went to Portsmouth; but, in consequence of the Earl of Dartmouth objecting to the Prince of Wales quitting the kingdom "without more positive orders," she returned disheartened with her infant to London.*

The particulars of her final escape were as follow: On the evening of the 6th of December, the King sent for the Count Lauzun; and, without previously intimating his intentions to the Queen, desired him to make instant preparations for her departure from Whitehall.

* Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. p. 166.

James then retired harassed and miserable to bed. Everything having been duly prepared, at the appointed hour Count Lauzun,* accompanied by Monsieur de St. Victor, entered the King's apartment, and acquainted him with the steps which they had taken. James instantly rose

* Antoine Nompur de Caumont, Count de Lauzun. His personal history is not without interest. Sprung from a distinguished family in Gascony, he became an especial favourite with Louis XIV., who distinguished him on all occasions. Towards the ministers, as well as the courtiers, of Louis, he demeaned himself with the greatest haughtiness : indeed his insolence rose to such a height, that, when Louis consented to his marriage with Mademoiselle de Montpensier,—whom he had already privately espoused,—he insisted that the marriage should be celebrated with honours such as were used at the espousals of the royal family. The Princes of the blood remonstrated, and Louis desired him to think no more of the match. Lauzun, however, had the audacity to show his rage in the royal presence ; accusing the King of having forfeited his word, and breaking his sword before the King's face, telling him it did not deserve to be drawn in future in his service. In consequence of this outrage, and his refusal to give up Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the King ordered him to the Castle of Pignerol. Here he remained some years, till Mademoiselle de Montpensier gave up the Principality of Dombes to the Duke de Mayenne, in order to obtain his release. He then paid a visit to England, and was shortly afterwards employed by James to conduct the Queen to France. At the intercession of that Princess, Louis pardoned, and afterwards promoted him to a Dukedom ; while James showed his gratitude to him by honouring him with the Garter. He was sent to Ireland after the Revolution in command of the auxiliary troops, on which occasion the Duke of Berwick says, that if he ever had any military knowledge, he had by this time forgotten it, though otherwise reported to be a man of great personal courage. The Duke describes him as the model of a courtier, —noble, generous, and sumptuous in his mode of living ; fond of high play, yet always playing like a gentleman. He adds, however, that he turned everything to ridicule, and wormed out the secrets of others, merely for his own amusement and to play upon their foibles : “ His person,” adds the Duke, “ was so diminutive, that it was impossible to conceive how he had ever been a favourite with the ladies.” After the death of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Lauzun united himself to a daughter of the Maréchal de Lorges. He died in 1723, in the convent des petits Augustins at Paris, at the age of ninety-three.

from his bed, and proceeded to the Queen's apartment. Having awakened her from her sleep, he informed her that not an hour was to be lost, and that she must prepare for her instant departure. Astounded by the suddenness of the announcement, she fell at her husband's feet, and implored him, in a passion of grief, to allow her to remain with him and share his dangers. James, however, was inflexible, and issued further orders that the two nurses of the Prince should be awakened. It was not till his infant was brought into the apartment, that his natural coldness gave way to his better feelings. Affectionately embracing his child, he gave the most particular injunctions to Count Lauzun to watch carefully over his charge.

It was between three and four o'clock in the morning, in the most inclement season of the year, that the unhappy Queen, carrying her infant in her arms, stole in disguise down the privy stairs at Whitehall to the river-side. The principal fear of the fugitives was lest the cries of the royal infant should attract the attention of the guards. Fortunately, however, it slept the tranquil sleep of infancy; protected alike from the inclemency of the elements, and unconscious of the cruel revolution which was being effected in its destinies. At the water-steps of the Palace, the Queen was handed into a small boat, which had been provided to carry her to the opposite side of the river. The night was an unusually dark one; there was a high wind; the rain poured in torrents, and the river was swollen far above its ordinary level. Lauzun had given directions for a hired coach to be in readiness at Lambeth; but for some reason it had not arrived. The Queen, therefore, was not only for a considerable time exposed to the fury of the elements, but also had to undergo all the miseries of fear and suspense.

"During the time that she was kept waiting," says Dalrymple, "she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth, turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes upon the Prince, unconscious of the miseries which attend upon royalty, and who upon that account raised the greater compassion in her breast, and sometimes to the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which she in vain explored the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence." While in this situation the fugitives had a narrow escape from being discovered. "The Queen," says Father Orleans, "waiting in the rain under the church wall, for a coach that was making ready, the curiosity of a man, who happened to come out of a neighbouring inn with a light, gave considerable cause of alarm. He was making towards the spot where she was standing, when Riva, one of her attendants, suddenly rushed forward and jostled him, so that they both fell into the mire. It was a happy diversion, as the stranger believing it to be the result of accident, they both apologised, and so the matter ended." From Lambeth, the Queen was conducted by land to Gravesend. At this place a vessel was expecting her, in which, after an expeditious voyage, she arrived at Calais about four o'clock on the following afternoon. The Duke de Charost, Governor of Calais, received her on landing, and conducted her with all due honour into the town.

The kindness with which she was received by the French King was beyond all praise. He had already taken the precaution of ordering several vessels to cruise in the Channel for the purpose of securing her escape; and, moreover, the Marquis de Beringhen was sent with the royal carriages, to conduct her honourably to St. Germain. Her thoughts, however, dwelt entirely

on her absent husband. He had promised to rejoin her in twenty-four hours: but instead of his keeping his word, a report reached her ears that he had been seized and ill-treated by the mob. She immediately made up her mind to return and share his misfortunes; nor was it without the greatest difficulty that she could be persuaded to relinquish the project. At the same time she addressed an affecting letter to Louis; appealing powerfully to his feelings, and imploring him to allow her to remain at Boulogne, in order that she might be nearer to her husband.*

It may be mentioned that, some years afterwards, the House of Lords passed a bill for the attainder of the exiled Queen, but it was not pressed in the Commons. The Parliament even affected to regard her in the light of a Queen Dowager, and her jointure of 50,000*l.* a year was ordered to be regularly paid. This sum, though it annually passed the accounts as having been sent to her, was never remitted by King William. It was argued by that monarch, that were the measure suffered to take effect, it might be used as an argument against his own authority. Nevertheless, the money was paid into his coffers, and was apparently appropriated by him to his own purposes.

During the life-time of her husband, Mary of Modena resided with him at St. Germain; interesting herself in the various plots which were contrived for his re-instatement on the throne, and apparently far more anxious for their success than James himself. So far, however, from her having previously hurried on her husband to his most violent measures, she is said, in her conversation with the English Ambassador, Lord Stair, to have deeply

* Clarke's *Life of James the Second*, vol. ii. p. 246. Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 212. *Life of the Duke of Berwick*, p. 21.

lamented the egregious imprudence which had lost her husband his throne. The fact is well-known, moreover, that no one opposed with more sensible arguments, or with greater earnestness, the introduction of the dangerous Jesuit, Father Petre, to the Privy Council. Her devotion to her husband continued to the last. She appears to have hung about his dying bed; to have attended to his slightest wants; and to have anticipated his approaching dissolution with the most distressing grief. After his decease, she retired for a period from the world, and indulged her sorrow uninterruptedly in the convent of Chailiot.

"Lord Hailes," says Horace Walpole, "is very rich in anecdote. He told me that the Earl of Stair, when ambassador in France, showed marks of respect to the exiled Queen of James the Second. She sent to thank him, and to say that she had received less attention where she had reason to expect more." Lord Hailes has himself published this account, adding that, at the approach of Queen Mary's equipage, Lord Stair always made his own stop, thus showing her the same attention as if she had been Queen of England.

A misfortune, almost as insupportable as the death of her husband, awaited the exiled Queen. In the year 1692, about four years after her banishment, she had become the mother of the Princess Louisa, a princess, who, as she increased in years, presented a character so feminine and faultless, as to have won the love and admiration of all who moved within her sphere. This excellent young Princess died of the small-pox in 1712, when only in her twentieth year. It is difficult to read, without emotion, the brief and passing notices of her, which have been handed down to us by her contemporaries. Madame de Maintenon writes in one of her letters,—“I

had the honour of passing two hours with the Queen of England, who is the very image of desolation. The Princess had become her friend and only consolation. The French at St. Germain's are as disconsolate at her loss as the English, and indeed all who knew her loved her most sincerely. She was truly amiable, cheerful, affable, anxious to please; attached to her duties, and fulfilling them all without a murmur; docile to her governess as at the age of six, having a real affection for the Queen, her mother. Her chief happiness consisted in pleasing her: she was affectionately devoted to the King her brother, and thought only of preventing his leaving the Queen, which he is sometimes apt to do in his little court: it was in the exercise of these virtues that God has taken her to himself."

Even Louis the Fourteenth, in his old age, appears to have been deeply affected by the loss of this young and virtuous Princess. "The Queen," says Lord Dartmouth, "showed me a letter wrote in the King of France's own hand, upon the death of her sister; in which there was the highest character that ever was given to any princess of her age."—"She was admired," says Burnet, "by all that knew her, as in all respects a most extraordinary person." As she was the daughter of parents whom he detested, the praise of Burnet is in this instance as valuable as it is honest.

The entrails of the Princess Louisa were interred in the Scotch College, at Paris. Over them is a plain slab, inscribed with the following interesting memorial:—

D. O. M.
Hic sita sunt
Viscera Puellæ Regiæ
Ludovicæ Mariæ
Quæ Jacobo II. Majoris Britannici Regi
Et Mariæ Regiæ divinitus data fuerat,

Ut et parentibus optimis perpetui exilii
 Molestiam levaret,
 Et fratri dignissimo Regii sanguinis decus,
 Quod calumniantium improbitate detrahebatur,
 Adsereret.
 Omnibus naturæ et gratiæ donis cumulata,
 Morum suavitatis probata terris,
 Sanctitate matura cælo,
 Rapta est ne malitia maturet intellectû
 Ejus, eo maxime tempore quo, spe fortunæ
 Melioris oblata, gravius salutis
 Æternæ discrimen videbatur,
 Aditura
 XIV. Kal. Maii MDCCLXII.
 Ætat. an. XIX.

From this period little is known of the exiled Queen. She continued to reside at St. Germain's, and lived to see the failure of her son's expedition to Scotland in 1715. Her death took place in the Castle of St. Germain's, 7th May, 1718, in the thirtieth year of her exile, and the sixtieth of her age. In the chapel of the Scots' College, at Paris, is the following hitherto unnoticed inscription:—

D. O. M.
 Sub hoc marmore
 Conditæ sunt
 Viscera Mariæ Beatricis Reginæ Mag. Britan.
 Uxoris Jacobi II. Regis.
 Rarissimi exempli princeps fuit
 Fide et pietate in Deum, in conjugem, liberos eximia,
 Caritate in suos, liberalitate in pauperes, singulari.
 In supremo regni fastigio Christianam humilitatem,
 Regno pulsa dignitatem majestatemque
 Retinuit.
 In utrâque fortunâ semper eadem;
 Nec aulæ deliciis emollita,
 Nec triginta annorum exilio, calamitatibus,
 Omnium prope carorum amissione
 Fracta.
 Quæ vitam in Domino VII. Maii, an. MDCCLXVIII.
 Ætatis anno LX°.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES,

DUKE OF BERWICK.

Birth and Education of the Duke of Berwick—His extraordinary Character and Early Piety—Distinguishes himself at the Battle of Sedgmoor—Joins the Imperial Army—Anecdote—The Duke's military Services—His first and second Marriage—Killed at the Siege of Philipburgh—His Children and their Descendants.

THIS admirable person, and gallant soldier, was the illegitimate son of James the Second, by Arabella Churchill, sister to the great Duke of Marlborough. He was born, according to his own account, on the 21st of August, 1670, at Moulins, in the Bourbonnois, whither his unfortunate mother appears to have retired for the purpose of concealing the evidence of her frailty and her shame.

The Duke further informs us, in his curious Memoirs, that, at the age of seven, he was sent to France, with the express object of being educated in the Roman Catholic faith. He was, in the first instance, intrusted to the care of Father Gough, priest of the Oratoire, by whom he was placed in a college of the Jesuits, at Jully, the same seminary in which his unfortunate cousin, the Duke of Monmouth, had been previously educated. On the death of Father Gough, he was removed to the College of Plessis.

The extraordinary character of the Duke of Berwick was early displayed. Nursing visions of future glory, even when a mere child, instead of joining in the amusements which are usually so delightful to boyhood, he

addicted himself to such studies and manly sports, as were calculated to obtain future celebrity for him in the military profession. His early piety, and more especially his marked predilection for the Romish faith, rendered him an especial favourite with his bigoted father.

About the period of James's accession to the throne, he returned to England. Immediately afterwards took place the invasion by the Duke of Monmouth, on which he earnestly entreated his father to allow him to serve under Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, against his unhappy cousin. As he was only fourteen years of age, the King was naturally unwilling to grant his request. His importunities, however, eventually prevailing, the Duke of Albemarle was directed to receive him as his aide-de-camp, but with strict orders to watch over his safety, and guard him from unnecessary peril. In the early part of the battle of Sedgemoor, he was entrusted by the general to convey an order to a body of five hundred horse to make an immediate charge against the enemy's cavalry. Not content with merely executing his commission, the gallant boy placed himself at their head, and assisted in entirely defeating the enemy.

He was still only fifteen, when he obtained the King's reluctant consent to serve in the Imperial army against the Turks. Accordingly, in 1686, he set out for Vienna, and, on his arrival, was kindly and graciously received by the Emperor. On his introduction, his Imperial Majesty made the most minute inquiries respecting the details of Monmouth's rebellion, and the manner in which the Duke had demeaned himself in his last moments. They were subjects naturally interesting to a despot.

A characteristic anecdote is related of the Duke of Berwick at this period. Count Stralman, the Imperial

Minister of State, had despatched a gentleman belonging to his household to invite the Duke to dinner. This person, from information which he received at the Duke's lodgings, had followed him to the church of Capuchin Friars, which it was the daily habit of the young soldier to frequent. On entering the sacred edifice, he discovered the future hero not only prostrate at the altar, but so completely wrapt up in his devotions, that the Count's messenger at first mistook him for some zealous proselyte, desirous of being admitted into the Order. The story was repeated to the Count, and appears to have been a subject for much raillery to the Imperial minister.

The camp of the Emperor, in consequence of the number of the young French nobility who flocked to his standard eager to prove their valour against the infidels, was at this period rendered unusually brilliant. The Duke of Berwick, however, kept aloof from their wild frivolities. His manners and behaviour, indeed, were rather those of a young divine than of a youth who had been educated in a court, and who was just entering the gay field of arms and pleasure. His piety and his modesty, however, had certainly no prejudicial effect upon his valour. At the siege of Buda, in 1686, his daring gallantry was so remarkable, that the Elector of Bavaria, who commanded the Imperial army,—fearing that the King of England might have to hereafter impute to him the loss of his son,—was obliged to send a message to him in the heat of the engagement, desiring him to be more sparing of his person. James was so gratified with his conduct in this campaign, that he created him, on the 19th March, 1687, Baron of Bosworth, Earl of Tinmouth, and Duke of Berwick; besides conferring upon him the Earl of Oxford's regiment of horse. The year following, he invested him with the Order of the Garter. The

outbreak, however, of the Revolution prevented his regular instalment, and his election was afterwards declared void by King William.

The history of the Duke of Berwick is from henceforward comprised in the military history of the period. His conduct as a general in after-life was fully answerable to the promise he had given in his boyhood. His merits, indeed, as a soldier require no comment. He accompanied King James in his attempt to recover his dominion over Ireland, in which country, on the departure of the Count de Lauzun, though only nineteen years of age, he was appointed to the temporary command of the forces. After the failure of the Irish expedition, he entered the service of the King of France, and subsequently served in his army in Flanders. In the engagement near Liege, in 1693, although on the victorious side, he fell into the enemy's hands, and became the prisoner of his uncle the Duke of Marlborough. How little could he have imagined, when he first quitted his father's court, that in a few short years he should become the antagonist of his own uncle, and his father's *then* most trusted friend. President Montesquieu says, in his panegyric of the Duke of Berwick,—“Such, indeed, was the fate of the house of Churchill, that it gave birth to two men, who were destined, at the same time, each of them to shake and support the two greatest monarchies of Europe.”

After enduring a brief captivity, the Duke, in 1698, was despatched on a secret mission to England, for the purpose of conferring with the leaders of the Jacobin party on the most feasible means of restoring James to the throne. Montesquieu dryly observes, that it was a strange kind of commission, of which the object was to induce persons to act against common sense.

During a series of subsequent campaigns, the Duke of Berwick contended in person against his illustrious uncle the Duke of Marlborough. His conduct at the battle of Almanza, in 1707,—in which he defeated the combined forces of England and Portugal,—and indeed his brilliant services in half the countries of Europe, are sufficiently well known. The honours which he reaped were well deserved. He was created Duke of Fitz-James by the French monarch, and rose to be a Marshal of France. By the Spanish King he was created Duke of Liria and Xerica, a grandee of Spain, and a knight of the Golden Fleece.

The Duke was twice married. In 1694, at his father's desire, he united himself to Honora de Burgh, daughter of William Earl of Clanricarde, and widow of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. She survived their union only two years. The Duke is described as having been inconsolable at her loss, and it is even said that his health was seriously affected by his bereavement. Relinquishing, for a time, the pursuit of glory, he retired to Pezenas, the place of her interment, where he passed several hours every day in praying beside her tomb. Her heart he preserved in a silver box, which he constantly kept in his possession, and regarded as a sacred relic. His second wife, whom he married about two years after the loss of his first Duchess, was Sophia, daughter of Henry Bulkely, a brother of Lord Bulkely. She is described as having been a person of beauty and merit. By her mother, Sophia Stuart, a daughter of Lord Blantyre, she was related to King James, to whose wife, Mary of Modena, she was for some time a lady of the bedchamber.

The manner of the Duke of Berwick's death was probably such as he himself would have chosen. He fell in the trenches at the siege of Philipsburgh, 12th June,

1734, at the age of sixty-three. Count Daun, who conducted the defence of the town, had ascertained, by means of a spy, that the Duke was about to reconnoitre the works, and that in all probability he would present himself on a certain hour at an exposed post. Daun instantly directed the erection of a battery to command the spot; giving a discretionary power to the engineer to fire whenever he considered himself secure of his aim. The expertness of this person proved fatal to the Duke. He was in the act of mounting his horse,—the Duke de Duras being on one side of him, and one of his sons on the other,—when he was struck in the neck by a cannon ball which carried away his head. The son is said to have been covered with the blood of his father.

By his first wife, the Duke of Berwick had only one son, James Francis, to whom in his life-time he had transferred his Spanish titles of Liria and Xerica. This nobleman married Catherine, daughter of Pierre, Duke of Veraguez, by whom he had several children. His descendants, we believe, are still *grandees* of Spain.

The Duke, by his second wife, Sophia Stuart, was the father of five children:—James, who died without issue in the life-time of his father,—Francis, who rose to eminence in the church,—Henry, who also entered into holy orders,—Charles, who succeeded to the Dukedom of Fitz-James in France, and from whom the present Duke is descended,—and Maria, married to the Duke of Miranda, a Spanish *grandee* of the first class. The English Dukedom of Berwick had been declared forfeited in 1695. The title, however, was retained in his life-time by the great Duke, though it was subsequently dropped by his children and their descendants.

CATHERINE SEDLEY,

COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER.

Her Wit and Want of Beauty—Becomes the acknowledged Mistress of James II.—Their temporary Separation—She wages a War of Wit with the Roman Catholic Priests—Lord Dorset's Ode to her—Marries Sir David Colyear—Anecdotes—The Countess's Children by James II.—Her Death.

CATHERINE SEDLEY, a lady of more wit than beauty, and more indelicacy than either, was the only daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, baronet, the celebrated poet and wit. She was for many years the acknowledged mistress of James. On his accession to the throne, the King, from conscientious motives, determined to break off the connexion. To soften, however, as much as possible the bitterness of separation and the unwelcomeness of disgrace, he created her (2nd of January, 1686) Baroness of Darlington, and Countess of Dorchester, *for life*. The fact of the King so publicly distinguishing his mistress, appears to have caused the greatest uneasiness, not only to the Queen, but to her troop of confessors. Evelyn, who about this period was present on two different occasions when the Queen dined in state, observes, that such was her indignation, that she could scarcely be prevailed upon to eat a morsel, and even refused to enter into conversation with her husband.

About three weeks after her elevation to the peerage, Lady Dorchester removed from her apartments at Whitehall, to a house which had been taken for her in St.

James's Square. Here she remained till the following month, (February, 1686), when we find her journeying towards Ireland, which had been fixed upon by her royal lover as the scene of her exile. She had proceeded, however, only three miles beyond St. Alban's, when she was taken in labour, and suffered a miscarriage. A long illness, which nearly proved fatal to her, was the consequence. Whether her sufferings touched the heart of James; whether he was actuated by reviving attachment, or whether by the force of habit, certain it is that the unfortunate connection was again renewed. Accordingly, about the month of April following, we find Lady Dorchester was once more installed in her splendid mansion in St. James's Square.

This renewed intimacy, however, was of short duration. The tears and entreaties of the Queen, as well as the denunciations of the father confessors, finally proved too powerful for Lady Dorchester's influence over her bigoted lover. She had for some time waged a war of wit with the holy fathers; amusing the Court by her open ridicule of their sanctity, and even showing her contempt of them to their faces. Her final expulsion, therefore, must have been as gratifying to the priests, as it was mortifying to the discomfited mistress. According to Reresby, the King settled on her a pension of four thousand a-year, on the express condition that she should retire to France. The fact is a significant one, that, after James had himself been driven into exile, he continued to correspond with his former mistress.*

Lady Dorchester had little to boast of on the score of beauty; indeed her own remark on the subject is a sufficient proof of the fact. "I wonder," she said, "for

* See Clarendon and Rochester Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 279.

what qualities James chooses his mistresses. We are none of us handsome, and if we have wit, he has not enough himself to find it out." She is said to have endeavoured to make up for the want of personal advantages, by the extravagant costliness of her dress; a circumstance to which Lord Dorset alludes in the well-known ode which he addressed to her in 1680:—

TO DORINDA.

" Tell me, Dorinda, why so gay,
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace ?
Can any dresses find a way
To stop the approaches of decay,
And mend a ruined face ?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
And ogle in the ring ?
Canst thou forget thy age and p— ?
Can all that shines on shells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing ?

So have I seen in larder dark
Of veal a lucid loin,
Replete with many a brilliant spark,
(As wise philosophers remark)
At once both stink and shine.

Her wit, which was hereditary, as often shocked by its indelicacy as it diverted by its sprightliness. Neither time nor place, however unseasonable they might have been, could restrain the unhallowed license of her tongue. The first Earl of Dartmouth, who was probably well acquainted with her, observes,—“ Her wit was rather surprising than pleasing, for there was no restraint in what she said of or to anybody: most of her remarkable sayings were what nobody else would in modesty or discretion have said.” Her spirits seem to have been as high as her wit was exuberant. “ Dr. Radcliffe

and myself together," she said, "could cure a fever."* According to Lord Dartmouth her mother died in a mad-house. Not improbably the affliction was partially inherited by her offspring.

One would have thought that a woman who, even in her youth, had possessed few claims to beauty, and who had now passed the meridian of life—one, moreover, who had been for years the mistress of another man, and the mother of his children—would, on being discarded by her first lover, have found some difficulty in discovering a man sufficiently infatuated to make her his wife. Sir David Colyear, however, afterwards first Earl of Portmore, made her an offer of his hand, and was accepted. It was the victory of wit over beauty. The Earl of Dorset,—who appears to have entertained a natural and invincible abhorrence of Lady Dorchester's character,—in another of his gay and scattered trifles, alludes to the projected alliance:—

"Proud with the spoils of royal cully,
With false pretence to wit and parts;
She swaggers like a battered bully,
To try the tempers of men's hearts.

Though she appears as glittering fine,
As gems and jests, and paint can make her,
She ne'er can win a breast like mine,
The devil and Sir David take her!

By her husband, Lady Dorchester became the mother of two sons, of whom Charles, the only one who survived her, was the grandfather of the late Lord Portmore. When her two sons were taken from her to be sent to school;—"If anybody," she said, "call either of you a son of a —, you must bear it; for you are so: but if they

* Chesterfield's Letters, vol. i. p. 427.

call you bastards, fight till you die; for you are an honest man's sons."

Though received with a certain degree of coldness by Queen Mary, she presented herself at the court of William the Third, and even figured at the drawing-rooms of the first George. In the latter reign, meeting the Duchess of Portsmouth, the French mistress of Charles the Second, and Lady Orkney, the favourite of William, at one of the assemblies at St. James's,—“By Jove,” she said, “who would have thought that we three —s should have met here!”

According both to Burnet and Beresby, Lady Dorchester was the mother of several children by King James, of whom, however, only one daughter survived her. This person, to whom James gave the name of Catherine Darnley, was married first to James Annesley, third Earl of Anglesey. On being divorced from that nobleman, she became the wife of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. Her likeness to Colonel Graham, a witty and fashionable hanger-on of the Courts of Charles and James, as well as her mother's well-known partiality for that person, caused a question to be raised whether she were in fact the daughter of King James. Her mother is reported to have one day said to her:—“You need not be so vain, daughter, you are not the King's child, but Colonel Graham's.” Graham was himself not unwilling to have the story believed. The Duchess of Buckingham, and Graham's legitimate daughter, the Countess of Berkshire, were thought to be extremely alike;—“Well, well,” said Graham, “Kings are all powerful, and one must not complain; but certainly the same man is the father of those two women.”

The following couplet, in Dr. Johnson's “Vanity of Human Wishes,” would lead us to suppose, either that

Lady Dorchester became a penitent in the close of life, or that she latterly encountered misfortunes which were in some measure attributable to her early frailty:—

“ Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Sedley cursed the charms which pleased a king.”

There is nothing, however, in what we know of her history to prove that such was the case. On the contrary, her life appears to have been a long career of undeserved prosperity. The name was probably selected incidentally by Dr. Johnson for the want of a better. Boswell we believe it is, who suggests that the substitution of the names of Shore and Valière would have made the illustration happier, and the couplet more effective.

Lady Dorchester died at Bath,—under what circumstances is not known,—on the 26th of October, 1717. She seems, like many of the royal mistresses both of Charles and James, to have affected an interest in religion, as soon as wrinkles and paint took the place of youth and comeliness. In a letter of the period, dated 6th of April, 1686,—“ I imagine,” says the writer, “ your Countess of Dorchester will speedily move hitherward, for her house is furnishing very fine in St. James’s Square, and a seat taken for her in the new consecrated St. Anne’s Church.” Possibly, however, the pew at St. Anne’s may have been merely a necessary appendage to a fashionable character of the period.* There exists a portrait of Lady Dorchester, painted by Kneller, and there was also another portrait of her by Dahl at Strawberry Hill.

* The Ellis’ Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 92.

ARABELLA CHURCHILL.

Account of her Family—She becomes the Mistress of James II., then Duke of York—Her Children by James—She marries Colonel Charles Godfrey—Her Death.

ARABELLA CHURCHILL is the only remaining mistress of James who is known to have borne him children. She is principally remarkable as having been the sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, the mother of the Duke of Berwick, and the paramour of a King. In regard to accomplishments, whether of person or mind, she appears to have been deplorably if not utterly deficient.

Miss Churchill was a daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, of Wotton Bassett, in the county of Wilts, a man once famous as an historian, but whose literary merits have long since faded in the eyes of posterity. He suffered for his loyalty during the civil troubles, and, like more than one other person under similar circumstances, was rewarded at the Restoration by the seduction of his daughter.

The young lady was born in 1648. She appeared at the Court of Charles, about the age of eighteen, in the dangerous capacity of Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. The description of her in the *Mémoires de Grammont* is far from flattering. She is there spoken of as "a tall creature, pale-faced, and nothing but skin and bone." She must, however, have possessed charms, which, though imperceptible to others, at least capti-

vated the heart of the Duke of York. An intrigue, formed in the Court of Charles, was not very easy to be concealed; and accordingly, before Miss Churchill had been many months at Whitehall, the predilection of James became no less a subject of annoyance to his Duchess, than of ridicule to Charles and his merry associates.

Considering the conspicuous position of Miss Churchill, not only from her connection with James, but from her close relationship with the two most illustrious men of their time, it is singular how little is known of her career. The want, indeed, of all stirring interest in her story and character, regarded in a negative sense, may be considered as in her favour. It certainly proves, that though she unfortunately strayed from the paths of virtue, she neither attempted to dazzle the world by impertinent wit, nor insulted it by shameless effrontery.

Besides the Duke of Berwick, Miss Churchill had three children by her royal lover. Henry Fitz-James, her second son, was born in 1673. He followed his father's fortunes, and was in consequence outlawed in 1695. He afterwards became a Lieutenant-General and an Admiral in the French service, and subsequently Grand Prior of France. He died on the 7th of December, 1702, leaving by his wife, Mary-Gabrielle, daughter of the Marquis of Lussau, an infant daughter who died without children. Miss Churchill's remaining offspring by James, were Henrietta, born in 1670, who became the wife of Sir Henry Waldegrave, afterwards created Baron Waldegrave,—the ancestor of the present Earl, and a younger daughter, whose name has not been preserved, who died a nun. Lady Waldegrave appears to have been a considerable favourite with her

unfortunate father. Among Sir Henry Ellis's "Original Letters" are preserved several very interesting ones which he addressed to her during his exile.

After her connection with James was at an end, Miss Churchill united herself to Colonel Charles Godfrey, Comptroller of the Household and Master of the Jewel Office. By this gentleman she had two daughters,—Charlotte, married to Hugh Boscawen, first Viscount Falmouth, and Elizabeth, who became the wife of Edmund Dunch, Esq. The frail subject of the present Memoir died in May, 1730, at the advanced age of eighty-two.

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